Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

AN

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE ART OF

CARICATURING.

WITH

GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT occurred to the Author of the following sheets, that the Art of Caricaturing having reached a degree of perfection which has rendered it one of the means for the correction of vice and improper conduct, it became a fit subject for an historical sketch of its progress. If the exercise of the art could be confined wholly to the chastisement of immorality and folly, the sting of this description of satire would be more severe; but unfortunately it is applied in cases that are of too little importance to deserve public reprehension, and is often made the vehicle of personal resentment. Those Caricatures which apply to political events and characters are now considered as the necessary consequence of holding a place under the Government, or wishing to obtain one; and in both instances little more is occasioned than a laugh by, and at the expence of, the parties: yet it cannot be doubted it has its use, in checking many aberrations from propriety in such breasts as are not callous to the shame of seeing their persons exhibited in the shape of human monsters performing acts they could wish to be buried in eternal oblivion. Were he inclined to insist still further on the utility of the present sketch, he might safely refer to the number of persons employed in this way, and the number of shops appropriated to the sale of Caricatures, as a proof of the importance the Publick has attached to them.

In

In treating on the subject, the author has endeavoured to be as brief as possible, and hopes he has succeeded in rendering it as entertaining as brief. The History of Caricaturing, although even intended to be general, would naturally narrow into that of English Caricatures; for the obvious reason, that in no other country has the art met with equal encouragement, because no other portion of the globe enjoys equal freedom. The reader will therefore perceive that little has been advanced on foreign satires of this nature. In describing the Caricatures chronologically, he enables the reader to form a judgment of his own as to the improvement of the art in wit and humour; and he would have appropriated the characters, had the task been less invidious and dangerous; besides, he did not think himself justified in turning a species of allegory into libels, supported only by conjecture. Numbers of others might have been added; but he trusts enough is done to make the subject connected and regular.

In concluding, he begs leave to make known his obligations to the Honourable the Trustees of the British Museum, who by their special permission granted the author to make drawings from Saxon and other antient Manuscripts, the Missals of Richard II. and Queen Mary, and from the King's Collection of Pamphlets; nor should he do justice to his feelings, did he not thus publicly thank Joseph Planta, Esq. Principal Librarian, for the facilities afforded him on that occasion.

Plate I. p. 8.

Malcolm del.

Plate II. p. 8.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Malcolm. del. et sc.

Fig. 1.

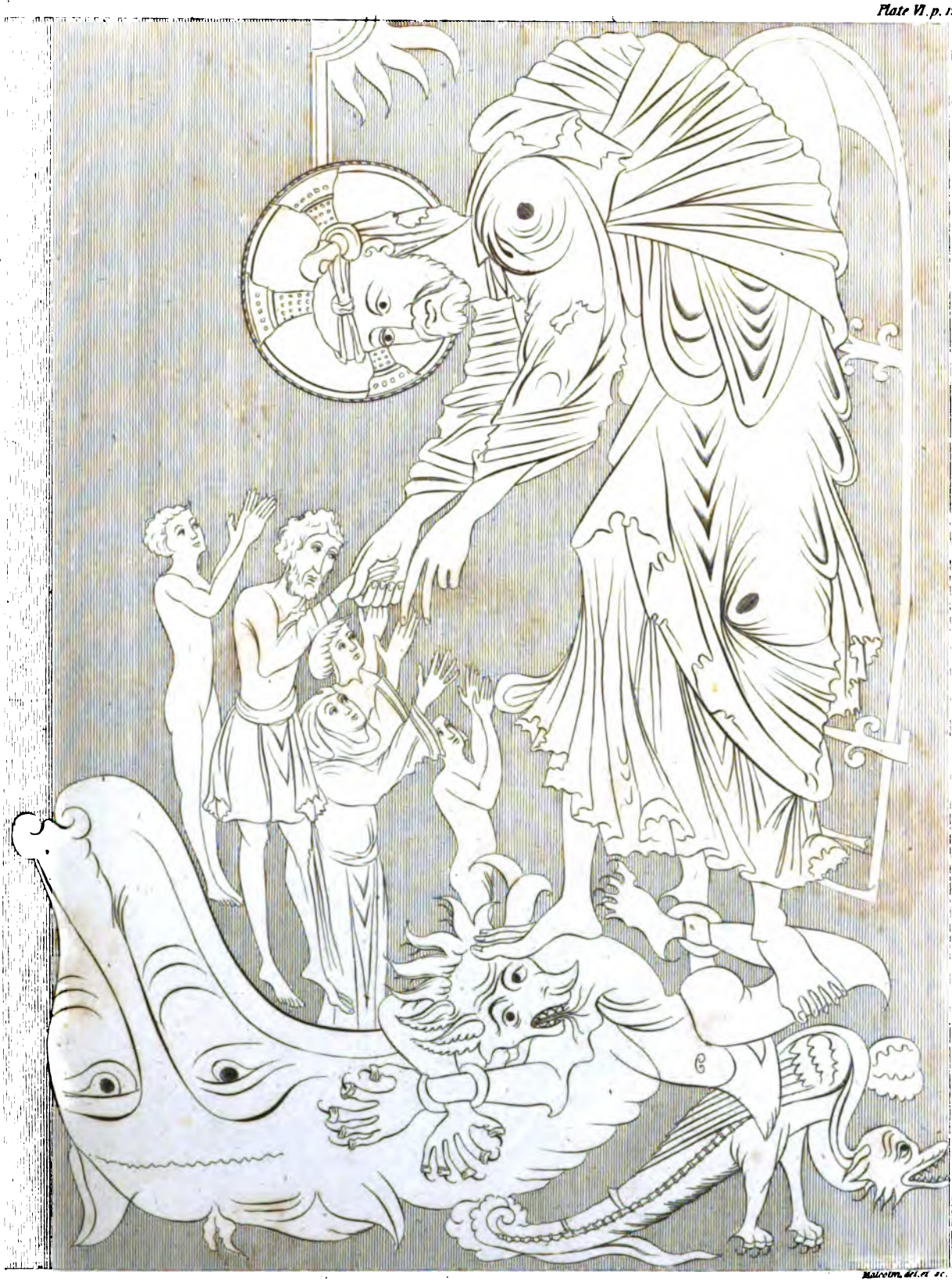
Plate III. p. 8.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.


Fig. 1.
Fig. 2.
Fig. 3.
Fig. 4.
Fig. 5.
Fig. 6.
Fig. 7.

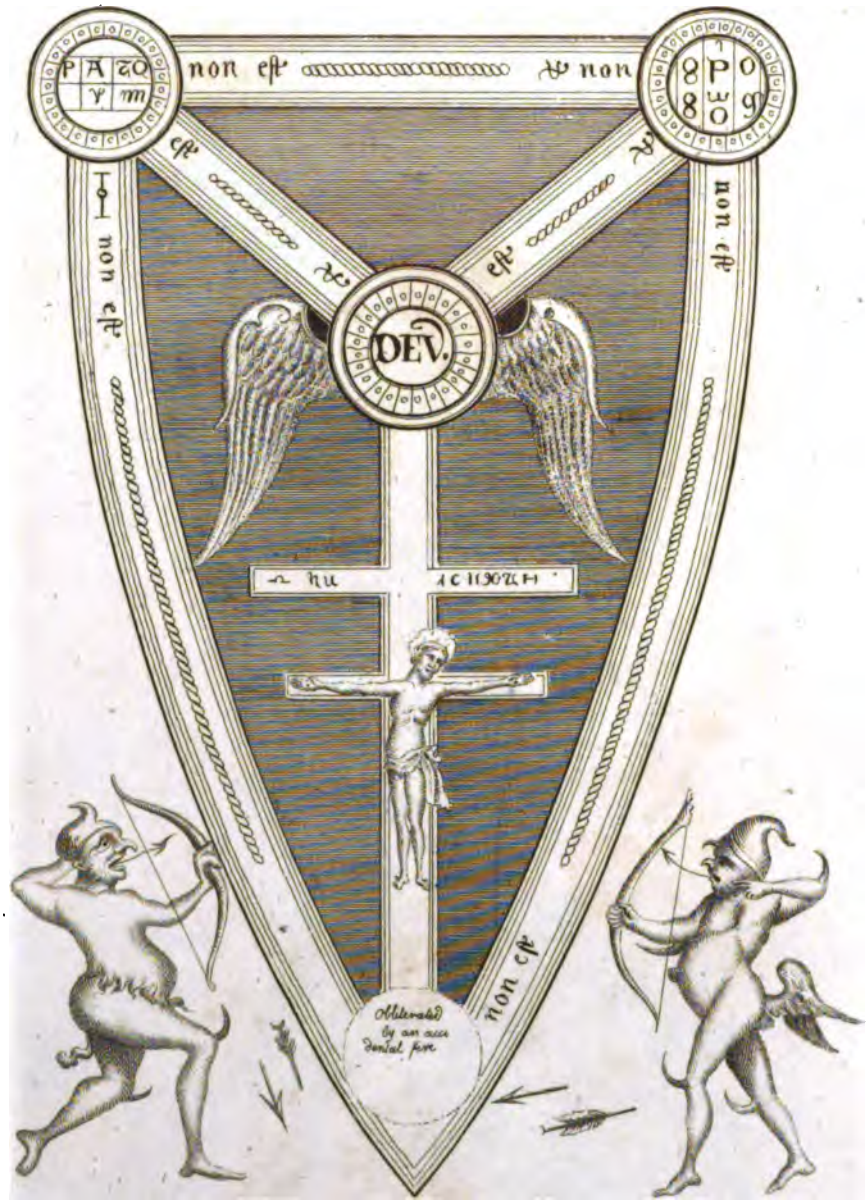
Malcolm. del. et sc.



Malcolm. del. et sc.

Malcolm. del. et sc.

Plate VIII. p. 12



Malcolm. del. et sc

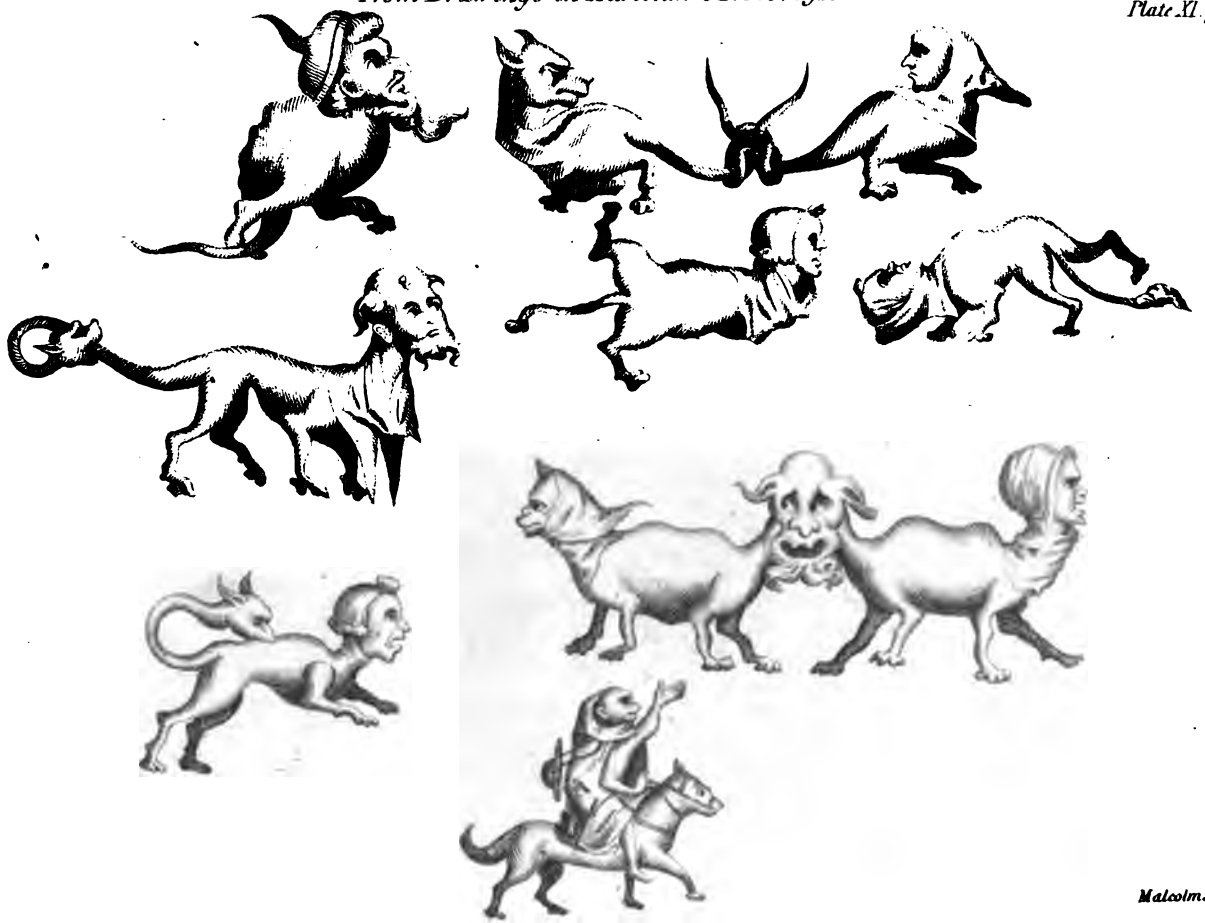
Plate II. p. 13

Malcolm d.l. et sc.

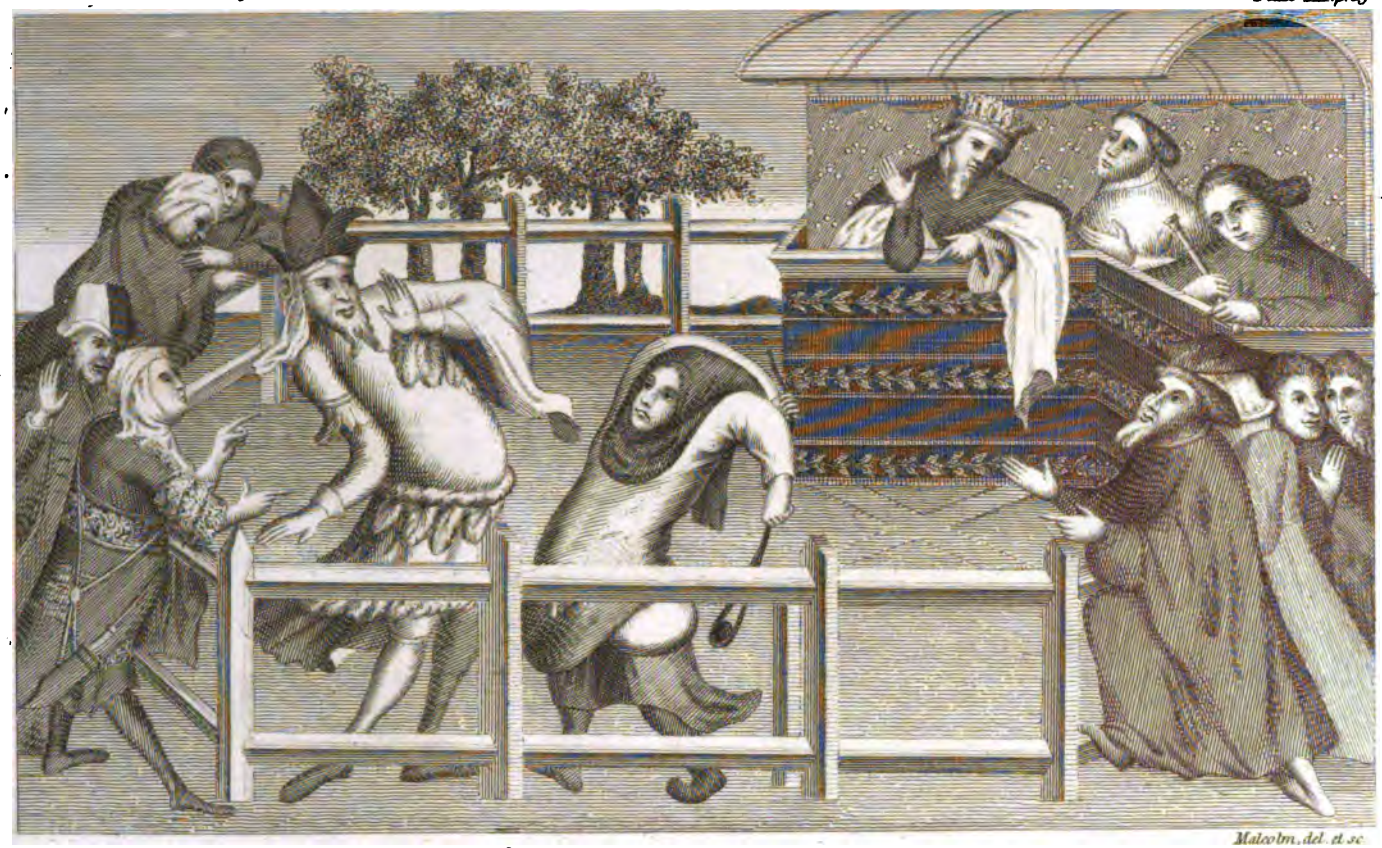
Plate X. p. 13.

From Drawings in Harleian M.S. N°928.

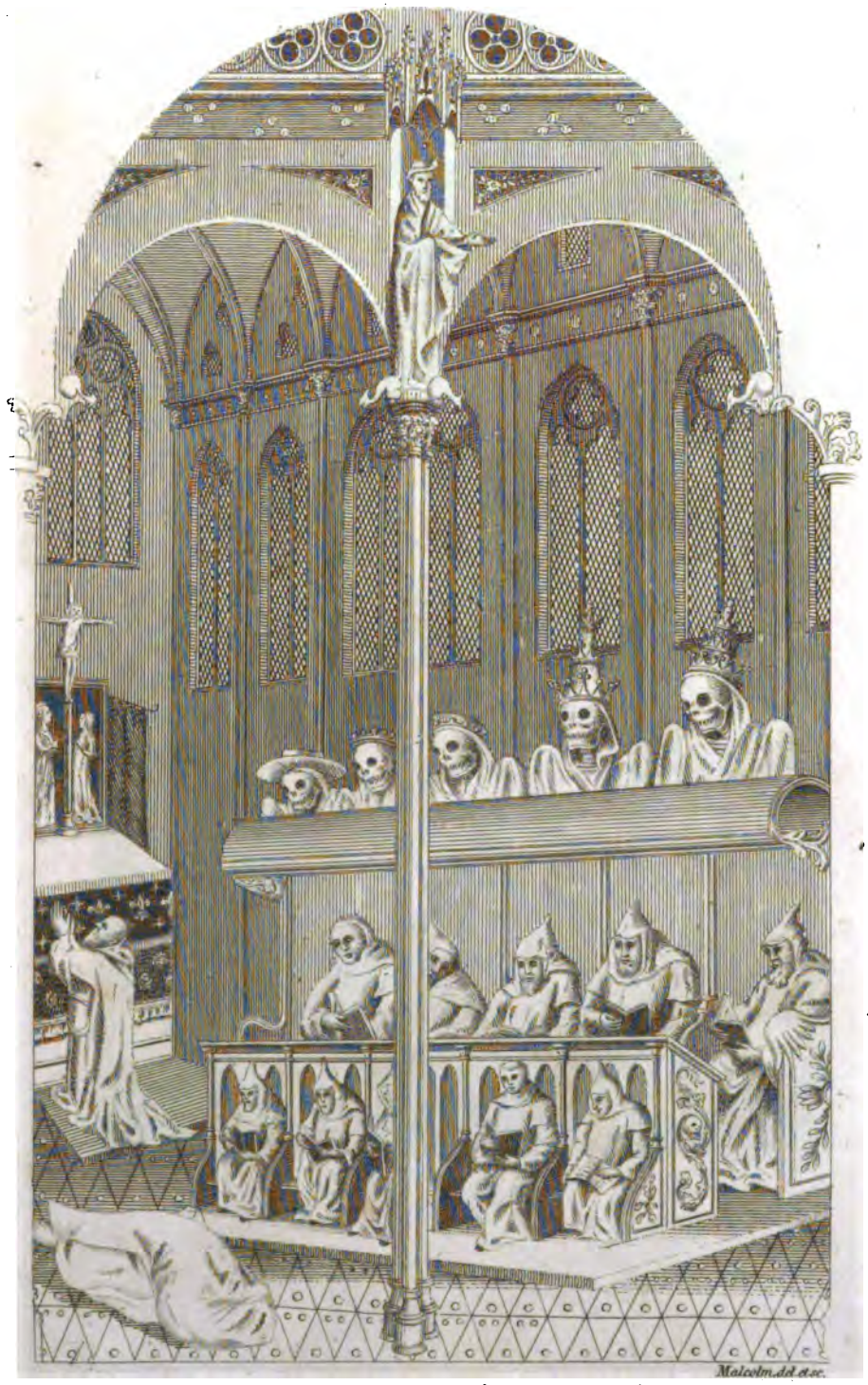
Plate XI. p. 13.



Malcolm. del et sc.



From the Mass Book of Richard II.



From a Drawing in the Maſs Book of Richard II.


Malcolm del. et sc.

Plate IV. p.17.

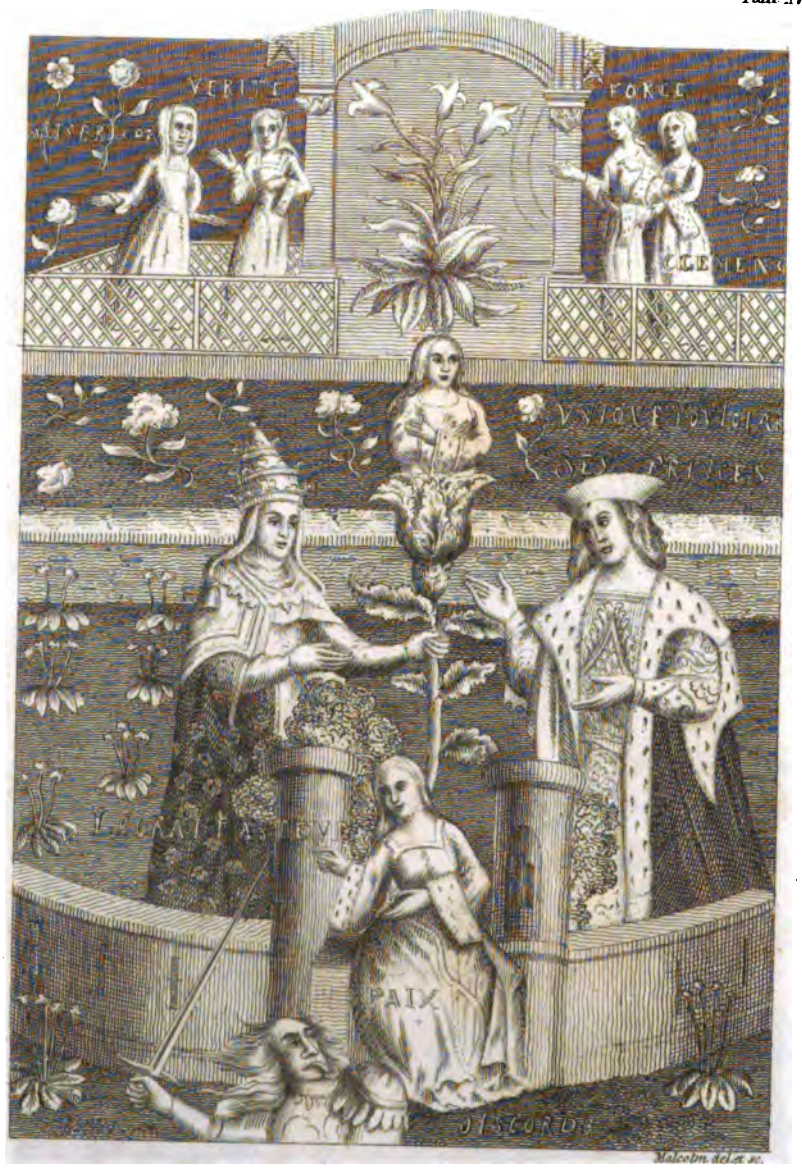


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 4.

Malcolm, del. et sc.

From the Mass Book of Queen Mary.

Malcolm. del et sc

Fig. 1.

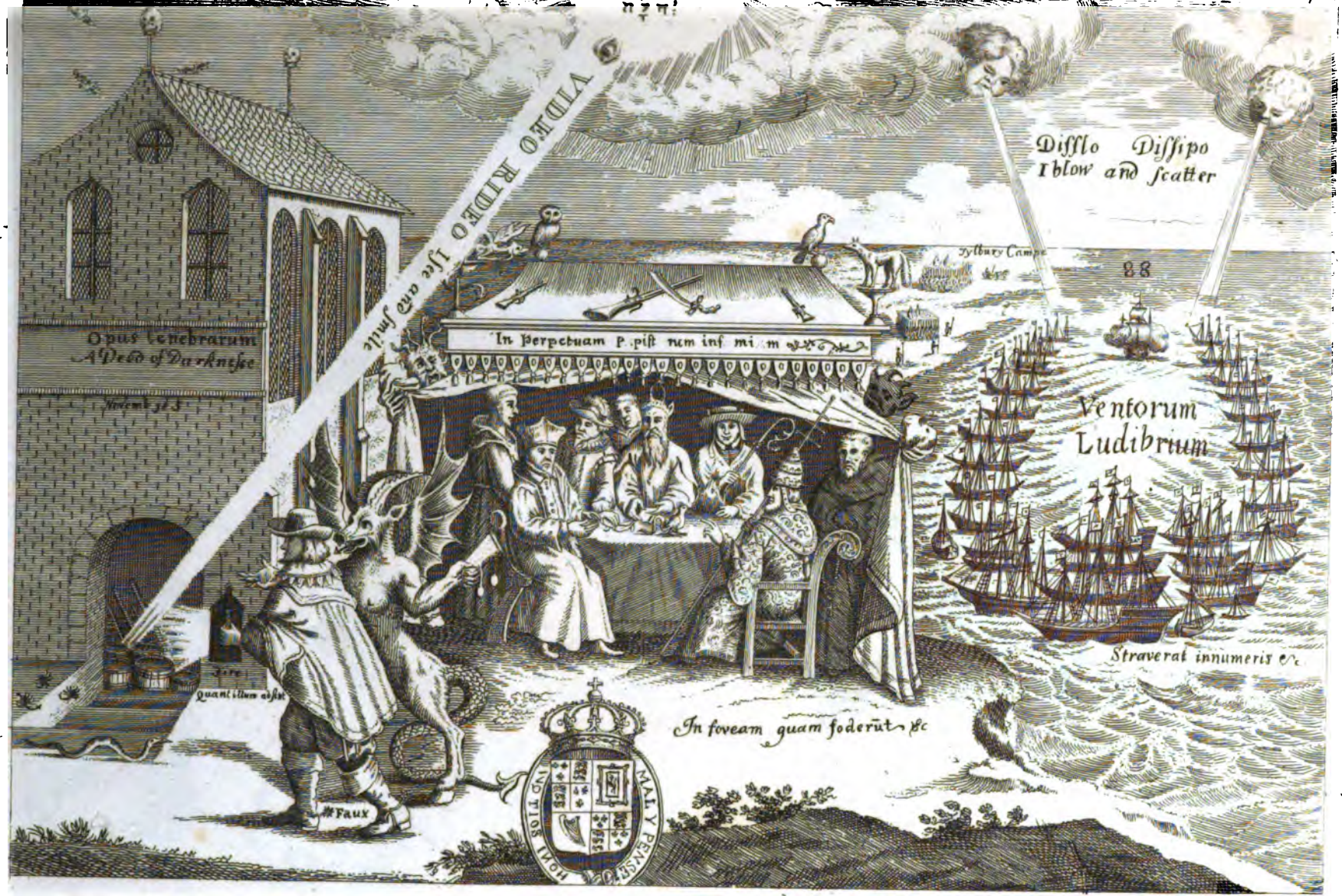
Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Malcolm, del. et sc.


ARISTOCRATE CROYANT À LA CONTRE REVOLUTION
ARISTOCRATE MAUDISSANT LA REVOLUTION.



Malcolm. del. et sc

SPAYNE AND ROME DEFEATED.


Fig. 1.
Fig. 2.
Fig. 3.

Malcolm del.


The childe of wickednes
A
Lecherie
D
Wrathe
Envy
O
N
The Barrell of Sinne
H
B
C
E
Cosenage
2
Violence
L
G
I
K
M
F
Inquisition

Malcolm. del. & sc.

Malcolm. del. et sc.

Malcolm del. et sc.


A late Duke.
Fig. 8.
A late Statesman.
Fig. 3.
Fig. 4.
Fig. 6.
Lord M.
Fig. 1.
Fig. 2.
A late M.P.
Fig. 5.
The K. and Q.
Fig. 9.
Fig. 7.
Mr. Pitt.
Earl D—
Malcolm del. A.S.


Fig. 2.
Fig. 3.
Fig. 4.
Fig. 5.
Fig. 6.
WORMS
Liberty
Trade
From an old Caricature
Malcolm del. et sc.

HISTORY

OF THE

ART OF CARICATURING.

CHAP. I.

THE term *Caricature*, which we have adopted from the Italian language, is used at present in a very extensive sense; and not always with propriety, as there are many cases where a subject may be treated satirically without descending to Caricature.

Nature has permitted caricaturing from the earliest stages of creation: had any given number of persons, the nearest related to our first parents, been arranged for examination on this head, individuals could have been selected whose features afforded that peculiarity of expression and distortion of features which constitutes Caricature; nor has she ceased her caprices at this moment, as the most superficial examination of mankind demonstrates.

The proportions of the face were fixed by the Creator; and, where accident or the passions have not interfered, nothing short of Omniscience could amend them. Nature, the term we apply to the secret operations existing in the human frame, or the power of expansion from a certain point, would strictly adhere to the laws of the Creator, were *she* or *it* not interrupted; but, being interrupted, she makes a forehead too high or too low, and instead of the graceful line of curvature, forces it into the segments of several circles, turns a nose on one side, places an eye lower than its fellow, or makes a mouth too large or too small.

The causes of the interruptions alluded to cannot be inquired into at present: they more properly belong to the Surgeon; but they may safely, in most cases, be attributed to the want of due care and circumspection in the mothers of those persons whose features or limbs are thus distorted.

It has been frequently remarked, that the society of Friends, or Quakers, consists almost universally of well-made people, placid and handsome in their features: this fact may be satisfactorily accounted for, when we remember that, whatever are the feelings or agitation of the mind a Quaker may experience, every effort is made to suppress it; and their *females*, not mixing in the usual amusements of the world, are not liable to those accidents which would cause caricatured lineaments in their offspring.

It is also a common remark, that children alter greatly in the course of their growth; many who are really beautiful in their infancy, becoming very monsters in expression before they are adults. In these unhappy cases, neither Nature nor accident has interfered: it is the passions that caricature, and friends that direct their slow but certain effects.

See an urchin disappointed in some inexplicable whim fix its jaws as far asunder as the muscles will permit, close its eyes, and bellow with the lungs of a young Hercules till they are exhausted of air; then, the blood stagnating, the eyes glare, and the face becomes black, the body convulsed — and this is the caricature of Vexation. In another instance the parent has indulged the favourite frequently in some way equally imprudent and dangerous, and is resolved to discontinue such indulgence: the favourite cannot comprehend why the change has occurred, and becomes exasperated to madness; the features swell with rage, the blood rushes from the heart to the head, an universal flush is the consequence; and this caricature of Phrenzy clenches its hands and stamps like a maniac. The same cause existing in a different and sulky temperament produces a caricature of Grief, and sobs and sighs of long continuance. Thus these different passions more or less are ever after apparent in their countenances.

Mothers and nurses often implant an expression of alarm and terror on the features of infants, by throwing them about in the most violent manner under the idea of giving the child exercise; and it may be supposed, that the excitement of frequent and excessive laughter must contribute to derange the features. Let these various affections be compared with the serene aspect of an infant asleep, or playing in its own way in the mother's arms, and the necessity of attempting to keep our passions quiescent will be strongly apparent.

A child may be ushered into the world a complete Caricature, without a consciousness of imprudence on the part of the mother; but, on the other hand, we are certain that children who are not born in that state may be preserved in a great

great degree from becoming the ridicule or abhorrence of the rest of mankind. The author was once in a mixed-company of Quakers and members of the Established Church: two of the party, each of the different religions, had sons present nearly of the same age. The Quaker child, habited in the fashion of his sect, sat with the gravity of a preacher; he smiled only when the conversation excited risibility, and, when he spoke, his sentences were correct and applicable to the subject. The other little fellow was full of life and spirit; he laughed till he cried, and leaped about till he was exhausted. So striking a contrast attracted universal attention; and the issue was a trifling wager, that every effort of a gentleman of great eccentricity and pleasantry (one of the company) would prove ineffectual to produce a smile in the face of the young Friend. He tried the experiment, and every person laughed but the object of the wager. Can there be a more convincing proof that parents and guardians are too frequently Caricaturists?

Such are the sources whence artists in all ages have derived their ideas of Caricature; that is, the matured artist. He that draws the human face divine for the first time is a caricaturist *per* force: he views the lines of the original, and, attempting to imitate them, produces a monster; and it is only by patience and perseverance he conquers his propensity to distortion: indeed, some industrious individuals are disappointed in all their endeavours, and caricature to the end of the chapter. This is also the case with certain ingenious natives of countries still in a state of uncultivated nature; and it must be acknowledged they excel all competitors antient or modern in the art I am treating of, and have done so from time immemorial.

The Greeks are well known to have brought the art of sculpture to great perfection at a very early period in the annals of mankind; and that circumstance has prevented us from judging how far they originally distorted the human outline.

The Egyptians, who have left stupendous monuments of their skill in architecture, may be said to have indulged in a peculiarity of drawing, which, though it deprives Nature of its graceful forms, can hardly be pronounced caricature; but, as it will be necessary to enter more particularly into this part of the subject, we must not lose sight of the Savage caricature and caricaturist, who is to be found in the wilds of Siberia, throughout Africa, the recently-discovered regions of the globe, and North America.

And first we should observe that, for causes which have their origin far above our limited comprehensions, whole nations appear to others assemblages of caricatures. They call to their recollection the noble countenances of some of their male population, and the soft and exquisitely-formed contours of numbers of their fair countrywomen; and those they make the standards by which they judge of the faces of the rest of the world.

Swinburne, in describing Naples, second edition of his "Travels in the Two Sicilies," p. 100, says: "The fury with which they pursue the game (the lottery) is inconceivable to every one who is not acquainted with their impetuosity of character: cloaths, furniture, victuals, are pawned, robberies committed, and trusts betrayed, in order to raise a stake for the *lotto*, which, next to St. Gennaro, excites the most tempestuous agitations in the soul of a Lazzarone. On a day of drawing, the crowd and tumult in the hall are prodigious; ragged fellows are seen pressing up to the table, in hopes of being able to shake the precious box that contains the ninety fatal numbers. As the five winning lots come up, it is highly entertaining to observe the fierce expressions of joy or disappointment that strain or relax the features of each eager face, according as the number tallies with the combinations upon which the owner has betted his money. Hogarth should have visited Naples, to have beheld the very sublime of caricature: in our phlegmatic countenances he saw only feeble specimens and demi characters."

It would be almost absurd to remind the reader that the heads of quadrupeds so far resemble those of bipeds, that both have eyes, nose, and mouth; but it may be pardoned when it is mentioned with a view to shew the infinity of variations the Creator has been pleased to ordain those organs capable of, which in some instances produce the most pleasing sensations, and in others the most disgusting. In short, such are the caricatured resemblances of man in the brute creation, that physiognomists have even ventured to compare individuals with bears, goats, sheep, and monkeys; the latter animal, indeed, is so decided a caricature of man, that no sagacity is required to discover the likeness.

The despised and inoffensive Hottentot has been marked by features which makes his race the first remove from the brute creation. The cheek bones extend to a great breadth, and those of the jaws are as disproportionably narrow: hence his face bears the form of a wedge, on which a flat nose presents a pair of nostrils open and elevated to the extreme height of the ridge of that useful member.

ber. His mouth is large, the teeth regular and white, and his eyes such as would be admired in Europe. The hair is black and woolly, and but little makes its appearance as eyebrows, or even on the head, and of that little he generally deprives himself of part, as well as of his beard. Such is the Hottentot as Nature is pleased to present him to our view. Not satisfied with her labours, the silly savage paints his upper lip to the nostrils with red ochre and soot prepared with grease, and the female uses those precious colours on her cheek-bones.

Enough has now been said to shew in what manner the Hottentot is characterised, and in what particulars his face departs from our standard of beauty. It should, however, be observed, that, though they are almost generally caricatures of human nature, individuals are sometimes favoured with proportions that might be mistaken for European. It is the same with the Negroes, many of whom may be called handsome, abating their complexions; but the majority of the race are the very reverse, as we find they have round foreheads, small eyes, flat noses, large nostrils, high cheek-bones, small jaws, and mouths extremely wide, bounded by lips which seem to turn outwards by their own weight, with short black wool-like hair.

The author never saw a Caricature from the pencil equal to an original composed of the face and head of a *Negro officer*. One of our generals, conceiving that his operations against the enemy might be advanced by forming a corps of Negroes, gave the poor fellow alluded to a commission, who appeared publicly in his regimentals with a phiz quite as *outré* as any his nation ever produced, buried in a huge full-powdered wig, on which he stuck the small military hat used many years past: the effect was so irresistibly ludicrous, that the boys he met in the streets fairly hunted off his wig and red coat by shouts and ridicule.

The national character of the antient Egyptians had less of that extravagance in length and breadth of members of the face, than many others whose skin is tinted with a tawny or deeper hue. If we may rely upon the hieroglyphics and sculptures extant, their foreheads and noses formed nearly a straight line, with the chin rather projecting, and the cheek-bones high. The celebrated Sphinx, on the contrary, deviates from this outline, and represents an African face as above described. M. Denon's Egyptian Barber, if really illustrative of that description of person, demonstrates that Nature has her playful moments in that part of the world; and we know, both from him and other sources, that the females offer themselves to view complete caricatures as far as dress will permit.

Chantreau describes the Kalmucs as a people little favoured according to European estimation; the large angle of their eyes being placed obliquely, and descending on the nose, the eye-brows are thin, black, and form a low arch; the nose generally flat, high cheek-bones, thick lips, a short chin, enormous ears standing far from the side of the head, which with the face is particularly round. The author, concluding his recapitulation, considers the Kalmuc face a specimen of "disgusting deformity."

The writer of the Letters from Scandinavia asserts that any person conversant with Chinese features will recognize them in those of the Kalmucs. "Their heads and face," he observes, "are broad and round, and they have small eyes and noses, with swarthy complexions. Their heads are shaved, all but a small lock at the top; and they wear a bell-fashioned cap."

The variations already described constitute the general character of those nations which are not familiar to the European; and it would add but little to our stock of knowledge on this subject, to notice the peculiarities in the features of the Ulieteans, Otaheitans, &c. which strongly resemble many of the Negro race, though there are instances among the portraits that accompany the narrative of Captain Cook's Voyages of manly and even heroic expression.

Every class of mankind is endowed with a certain species of natural taste, and is enabled by Nature to appreciate what each considers beauty; but an European would be disgusted with the selections made by a Hottentot, a Kalmuc, a Chinese, or an African, from their population, because he would endeavour to please his fancy by fixing upon an object remotely resembling his own countrymen.

Supposing, therefore, a natural genius for the arts of painting or sculpture to exist in any of the nations alluded to, and that it was possible with their limited means to attain any thing like correctness of outline, their efforts could only reach our caricature, as their originals for study are nothing better, according to our assumed standard of perfection. The Chinese, who have made the greatest progress in the former art, are not at present caricaturists, though bad painters.

The gradation in sculpture from the Greeks down to the Otaheitans might be traced without much difficulty; but, as Caricature and the Grotesque are the objects of this work, I shall confine myself to those alone. I have already said that nations have each a standard of taste; but it must be understood, with certain exceptions, to apply only to the sense of seeing. A savage cannot transfer just conception to wood or stone; on the contrary, he seems to lose all recollection

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that he had ever viewed the human species, and creates monsters from his own disordered imagination — a fact very difficult to account for, as imitation is an impulse of Nature almost in every other pursuit.

The British Museum contains ample illustrations of the total departure of savage sculptors or carvers from the outlines of man and beast, when attempting to represent bipeds and quadrupeds; and of others, who, though not uncivilized, were incapable of giving forms true resemblances, probably through want of encouragement and the observations of criticism.

It would be injustice to the barbarians of the South Seas, if, in mentioning their grotesque labours, we did not also mention the tools with which they were compelled to work: their adzes were of stone; the gouge, or chisel, of the bones of the human arm; their rasps coral; and the materials for polishing, the skin of the Sting Ray, and coral sand. Several heads and figures procured on the Western coast of America North of California are, indeed, complete caricatures of man: the heads, particularly, have features monstrous in the extreme; and that they might not be deficient in effect, tufts of coarse hair are fastened on them *(see Plate for these carvings)*; and the teeth of animals appear through the lips. It is remarkable, that some of the rude sculptures profusely scattered over our most antient Saxon buildings resemble the capricious fancies of these untutored artists; which tends to prove that the first native conceptions of genius at all times and in all places are a confused chaos, which may be compared to the frightful dreams that sometimes torture our minds when the body is at rest: in both cases phantoms float before the perception, ghastly and terrible to the imagination; reflection and the resumption of our faculties banish these shadows, when connected with sleep; but the unfortunate savage, or half-civilized sculptor or carver, appears to act under some powerful impulse, and perpetuates his waking dreams.

The reader will be pleased to recollect the above observations, and compare the following descriptions of carvings with other subsequent drawings of Saxon origin. In an apartment of the Museum is preserved a large wooden bowl or bason, supported by two chimera's, monsters, or phantoms, one of which consists of a breast and arms only, with a head shaped like that of a monkey, the mouth extending from the nose to the chin, and from ear to ear set with teeth of bone. The other has a *little* body, and a pair of feet on which he stands; the arms hold the bason, but it rests upon his fellow's back, who *stands* upon his arms. This extraordinary personage has a set of teeth. These figures, if mentioned alone, might be said to

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be the consequence of a playful disposition in the carver, who in his graver moments would give likenesses of human beings; but it is far otherwise, as their deities are equally frightful; thus demonstrating that their caricaturing was involuntary, unless we suppose they embodied their conception of evil spirits only.

The specimens we have of their idols are busts most ingeniously composed of red feathers, except a border of yellow at the base, a tuft of the same colour on the largest head, and a pair of yellow lips to one. The eye-brows are all black; the eye-balls enormous pieces of mother of pearl, and the pupils are little globes of black wood. Of the rows of real teeth of fish or animals, two have depressed corners, and are of monstrous extent, giving an air of grief, attended by an expression of savage wildness. *(See Plate* I. *fig.* 2.) Another has a set of distorted and even shocking features, with the eyes and mouth carried quite into the temples. *(See fig.* 5.) This has a kind of plume brought from the back of the head down to the space between the eyes. *Fig.* 1 is a head in stone; *Fig.* 3, a weapon; *fig.* 4, a non-descript carving; and *fig.* 5, a mask in wood with real hair; all from the South-sea Islands.

The Chinese have so far improved in the art of drawing, that we look with pleasure on their representations of the placid and inoffensive faces of their countrymen, which they seldom distort in their paintings: they are, however, subject to the same charge as the barbarous race just mentioned, in giving statues or figures of fiends for their aërial protectors or persecutors. *(See Plate* II. *fig.* 4.) The spirit of thunder, or more properly of lightning, as imagined by them, is an odd caricature: the forehead sinks into a deep furrow above the fierce frowning brow, the nose projects and turns downward at the nostrils, and the mouth is contained in the beak of an eagle.

The antient masks discovered at different places celebrated for the cultivation of the arts, furnish us with ample means of judging how perfectly the sculptors of Greece and Italy were acquainted with those lineaments of the face which best produce ludicrous or frightful distortion. Two of the Miscellaneous Plates annexed to this work contain specimens of those masks *(see Plate* II. *fig.* 1, 2, 3, 8.) and lamps, derived from Pococke and Montfaucon. Of the latter the ideas were particularly whimsical, which led the artists to stretch a human mouth and chin for the reception of the wick; to place a man looking at the light through his own legs protruded from the seat of honour *(see Plate* III. *figs.* 2, 3. *and Plate* II. *fig.* 7.), and

and to form a head set upon two legs, with the lamp in the forehead. *Fig.* 6. *Plate* II. is an Egyptian idol.

The liberal indulgence of the Trustees of the British Museum affords me an opportunity of further illustrating this part of my subject, by engravings from very curious and extremely well executed diminutive figures, preserved in one of the apartments in a case marked "Asia." As it must have required considerable attention and trouble from persons officially connected with these little gentlemen, to describe who and what they are, and as I am resolved not to commit errors, which may be avoided, by attempting appropriation, I feel myself perfectly satisfied in offering them as Chinese and Japanese Agalmatolite and bronze deviations from the sobriety of features and attitude belonging to the sedate portion of their countrymen.

With due deference to the antient empire of China, I shall first describe one of its playful productions, in a person of some rank seated on a cushion in a loose embroidered gown, who rests his left hand on his knee, and with his right applies an ear trumpet or some other instrument to his ear, which produces that irritation of the nerves, which, operating upon the muscles, screws the features into caricature. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 5.)

Two others are loosely-clad seated figures expanded by good living to the extreme of the human size: they each laugh immoderately; one holds a scroll, or something resembling it; the other, perhaps the bowl whence he topes; and vases stand near them. The slippers are discarded from their right feet, and lay ready for future use. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 2, 6.) Had these gentlemen originated in Italy, they would have been considered admirable representations of Bacchus.

A fourth sits resting his chin on his hands, and those on his knees; altogether producing a ludicrous sleeping *bon vivant*. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 3.)

The last of these Chinese sculptures represented on the Plate shews an elderly person reposing on a bag which he had been carrying, till, becoming lazy rather than fatigued, he laughs at the spectator of his idleness. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 1.)

The Japanese figures are all of bronze (provided no mixture of the Chinese with them has occurred): two are annexed, and bear a very different character from those just described; one is seated, has a remarkable high-pointed head, is habited in a loose gown confined by a girdle, and his features express idiotcy.

Another stands on a chimera with the head of a horse and the tail of a fish; he rests on the right leg, and the left is raised, the left arm projects forward, the

hand bears a slipper, and the right elevated threatens with a dagger. Three horns ascend from his head, and the features are wild and savage. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 7.)

The third stands exactly like the preceding; but in this instance the face expresses smiles and good temper; the figure appears to sport with pierced plates connected by wire, in the manner of our dancers with festoons of flowers. A non-descript animal climbs the pedestal. *(See Plate* IV. *fig.* 4.)

Pococke presented his readers with an engraving exhibiting a person seated cross-legged, with his arms behind him, and the head thrown back. This figure was from Aleppo, and the cap worn by it is described as the Phrygian. Whether it represents, as the author supposed, a particular mode of punishment, or is only a species of the grotesque, cannot easily be determined.

CHAP. II.

PART of this section will be appropriated to the crude conceptions of antient and modern nations in embodying their ideas of divinities and evil spirits: Let me not, however, be misunderstood, as intending to treat the subject with unbecoming levity; my intention being solely to exhibit under one view the manner in which the human frame and countenance have been distorted, to express attributes unknown to the European of enlightened mind, and the well-informed Christian.

Such of the nations alluded to as have attempted to show the benevolence of a Deity, do not afford matter for my purpose: we will therefore pass over their many-headed and many-armed figures, and proceed at once to the threatening and terrific. Let us imagine the ideas annexed to the *feathered* idols already described, and contemplate the expression of furious rage predominating in their faces; and it will lead us to suppose that punishment alone belonged to such divinities.

The

The author of "Recherches sur l'Origin et le Progres des Arts de la Grèce," dwells at considerable length on the beings fancied by Northern nations. The representation of Erlick Han, which he had from D'Anteroche's Voyage in Siberia, is a horrible combination, or Caricature, of a man and an animal: the horns, the eyes, the nostrils, and the mouth, form a contour that exceeds the frightful aspect of a bull in the last stage of baiting; and the attitude is that of a maniac: his companion in deformity, with six arms, gives the same frantic ideas; and both demonstrate, that terror alone could have imagined such beings.

Much might be advanced in observations upon this propensity of people involved in the darkness of heathenism; but the pursuit is unpleasant, and serves to increase our regret that any portion of mankind should still be in a state so unenlightened.

We must now turn our attention to the Saxons, who, having invaded this island, left us very numerous instances of the grotesque, most of which may be safely placed to the account of ignorance of true taste, rather than to playfulness of imagination; as their most serious efforts in sculpture are extremely rude, where they aim at the human figure.

Part of the church at Bredon in Leicestershire has inexplicable ranges of figures inserted in the walls, adjoining *heads* of princes and queens, connected with a set of animals grinning over each other's backs, with faces as genuine caricatures as any produced by Mr. Gillwray. A pillar of the West door of Ledbury church, Herefordshire, has a capital of neatly executed foliage, which terminates in a head, and *from the mouth proceeds the shaft.* (*See Plate* V. *fig.* 5.) The West door of Leominster church, in the same county, is bounded by six pillars, with richly and elegantly ornamented capitals; but one exceeds the rest in eccentricity, by presenting us with an old man with something like a tiara on his head clambering in and entangled by a scroll; another exhibits an ugly lion, allusive to *Leo* Minster; a third, a dove; and a fourth, coils of snakes. Such were the whims and fancies of the Saxons, which might be collected from all parts of the kingdom to satiety, were it necessary.

Although it was my intention to advance progressively, it will be perceived that I have unavoidably been obliged to notice the productions of nations as at present existing, before the Saxons, whose labours preceded them many centuries, because I wished to bring into one view various native excursions of uncultivated talents.

talents. Having in some degree accomplished this point, I shall proceed in chronological order.

Numbers of the illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum were extremely useful to me, in forming an estimate of the natural and intended caricature. Some of very considerable age, which I have selected for engraving, are subjects thus constituted.

"Liber Psalmorum sec. tradit. S. Hieronimi." Tiberius, C. VI. "cum versione Saxonica," nearly burnt to a crust, has been profusely decorated with drawings. It appears to be a very old MS.; and the outlines are generally of that precise description which shews the near relationship between caricaturing and the first dawnings of genius.—Somebody, for instance, tears asunder the jaws of a large animal; he places his right foot on the hind part of the beast, and the toes of his left almost come in contact with his nose, through the unnatural bend of the body.

There cannot be a stronger illustration of the connexion above alluded to than may be observed in the accompanying plate, where the artist has given a gigantic Christ, with a back almost doubled, releasing comparatively pigmy persons from the jaws of a monster, figurative of the prison for souls; sufficiently terrific for the imagination of a Calmuck or a South American Indian. *(See Plate* VI.)

The same person (in the second plate from this MS.) shows the Saviour, erect, threatened, or probably tempted on the mount by a devil; a thorough caricature of the human outline. *(See Plate* VII.)

Julius D. VII. (one of the Cotton MSS.) almost destroyed by fire, still affords, amongst some fragments on astronomy, a drawing of a triangle, including three others, on one of the lines of which the Saviour is extended. Now, all this is correct enough; but the artist presents a subject for my purpose, by placing two fiends shooting at the crucifix with bows, and arrows or stings from their mouths. *(See Plate* VIII.)

The Harleian MS. N° 603. "Psalterium D. Hieronimi," furnishes curious variety of distortions that might be supposed the dreams of a visionary delineated. The Psalms are in the antient mixed character of Saxon and Roman; consequently, it was written and illuminated at a very remote period. Those favoured with the inspection of this book would immediately acquit me of the task of describing with any kind of method even one of the illuminations, as they could

could only be explained bythe author: I shall, however, notice some of the oddities observable on the pages. The first is a frontispiece, where we have the Saviour embracing the saint, or, to speak more correctly, the two figures seem in the act of twisting each other's necks in order to place their cheeks together.

In a second, devils drag groupes towards them with hooks, pierce them with tridents, and finally consign them to the huge gaping monster appointed to swallow obstinate sinners.

A third presents an aged man seated under a tree, who receives a beam directly in his face from a flaming cornucopiæ held by a figure above, probably Jesus Christ, by the emblem of the cross behind his head: several armed men are before him, and their leader appears to have discharged an arrow against him.

In the next several persons bear a large dish, and others labour at a capstan. The attitudes of the whole are the completest caricatures imaginable; yet the artist did not mean to burlesque his subject in this instance, as we perceive by four men, in another drawing, whose positions are playfully grotesque; thus proving that he might have excelled as a caricaturist.

In one, a copy of which is annexed, an angel drives a person to the lower regions with a spear; and the Saviour rescues a saint from three fiends, who protrude hissing snakes from their mouths, and endeavour to detain him by cords tied to his feet. *(See Plate* IX.)

Another exhibits a fiend endeavouring to fix a three-pronged instrument into the head of a figure who ascends to an angel ready to receive him. *(See Plate* X.)

I shall now close this part of my labours on subjects unintentionally distorted and sincerely connected with religion.

CHAP. III.

THE MS. N° 928. of the Harleian Collection contains numerous slight but masterly sketches of grotesque objects, which may have been intended as satires and likenesses of persons well known at the time by those who had an opportunity of seeing them. The title of this clumsy little book is "Precat. ad Christum. Hor. B. Mariæ. Coll. Ferial." Mr. Wanley, who sold the work to the Trustees of the Museum, thus states his opinion respecting it: "The main body of the book was (I believe) written in France, by some eminent Librarius, or book writer, during the reign of our king Henry III. who also adorned it with many curious and well-drawn pictures, the rudeness of the age considered. Among which pictures, many (as may be seen) were intended to expose the wicked and inordinate lives of the then clergy, who were hated by the Librarii, as taking away much of their business."—"The book contains the Horæ B. Mariæ, with collects, &c. for the holydays, whose rubricks are in French; the office for the dead; and some of the Psalms; all in Latin." The most curious of the sketches are: *(See Plate* XI.)

A monk's head, connected with the hinder parts of an animal, the tail of which is firmly tied to that of one with the head of a dog. The heads stare at each other with much discontent; neither have arms, paws, or hands.

A wolf growling at a snake entwined round his hind-leg, and a blue bear beset by a scarlet monkey on his back.

A monkey's body with a boar's head at a grinning-match, with an old human head attached to the body of an animal.

Two green bodies, like those of the pea-hen, terminating in one neck, on which are dogs' heads.

Two priests' or monks' heads, with the bodies of lions, are most singularly disposed, and the limbs as skilfully placed in unnatural attitudes.

The bodies of four animals with one head.

A human head in a cowl with an animal's body and four fore feet, two reversed to the others, has a tail which forms the neck of a gorgon's face connected

in

in a similar manner with a similar object, except that the cowl discovers the phiz of a monkey.

A bearded male in another instance has a neck in common with a lady, and their body is without arms or paws, though furnished with a huge tail.

A priest in part of his vestments, the body that of a dog, the tail of which being furnished with a head, that head amuses itself by preying upon its *tail-neck;* another of this description flies with full speed, as the *hind* head has fastened upon the back with his teeth.

Three initial letters are connected with a turret, on the summit of which is a monkey, who is aimed at by a savage with a bow and arrow; beneath is a dog completely caparisoned for riding, bestrode by a monkey booted, clad in a blue garment and red hood, with a sword by his side. This presumptuous fellow spreads his arms in dismay; and his hat falls behind him, as far as the strings that secure it permits.

This work, it will be recollected, is the first I have had occasion to notice as offering to our view Caricature employed for the purposes of revenge or reprehension.

The Cotton MS. Domitian A. XVII. "Psalterium in usum Ricardi II." is a most beautiful book, richly illuminated, and profusely abounding with burnished gold on every page. The various drawings of Choirs of Priests, Monks, and Nuns, celebrating the service of the church, give an excellent idea of the appearance of our abbies and collegiate churches at the period of Richard II.

The second page contains three drawings; two are decidedly religious subjects; but the first on the list (strange as it may appear, referring to the title of the book) is a combat within lists before a king between the dwarf and fool or giant or *big Sam* of the court; the latter bends back with uplifted arms to avoid the blow meditated by the little gentleman his opponent, who has thrown back his hands in order to raise a sort of *flexible* club or sling, with his utmost force, furnishing an attitude, though not unnatural, yet ludicrous, considering the form of the combatant. The king points with evident meaning to the dwarf, as the probable victor, and several spectators seem much interested in the scene. The drawing is exquisitely finished. *(See Plate* XII.)

Viewing this drawing as above described, there is nothing of the nature of caricature in it; but, taking it in another light, it becomes one of the veriest caricatures I shall have to describe. The only cause for surprize is, how a man could

could have drawn and shaded with such exquisite skill, and err so egregiously in conception.

It is my firm belief that the king is intended for Saul surrounded by his court, the huge distorted falling personage for Goliath, and that the little Sancho-Pança-gentleman buried in a hood can be no other than David. Now, this combat was really decided in a valley in sight of the two armies; Goliath came to the contest armed, and David, though a youth, was tall and elegantly formed —Could the artist have reversed the picture more completely?

The eighth drawing is of Jonah on board the ship: a huge *blue* Boreas extends his cheeks for the wind, and a black devil claws the sail of the vessel from the yard.

The ninth subject is a choir of white monks: one of the number celebrates mass, or vespers, at the altar; another lies prostrate before it; ten, seated in their stalls, sing the service; and above them appear, in a third range of seats, five figures, which examined prove to be skeletons, two with tiaras on their sculls, a third has a cardinal's hat, and the remainder circlets of gold. *(See Plate* XIII.)

The caricature in this instance principally consists in the arrangement of the figures, which are diminutive in the fore-ground, larger in the middle distance, and in the most distant seats the skeletons are gigantic.

A MS. in French, part of the same invaluable collection, written in honour of the nuptials of the daughter of Henry VII. with the King of France, is adorned with drawings, in which Allegory is caricatured without mercy, but very unconsciously. One *(see Plate* XIV.) introduces the King and his intended consort crossing the channel in a bark little longer than themselves. The monarch, detestably homely, holds a vine-branch, and between them stands a sheaf of wheat. Paris guides the helm; three sails are set on the same number of masts, and four heads, two in the air, and the others in the water, blow *contrary ways* for a *fair* wind. Honour and two armed men sit in the tops, who must be destitute of legs, as there is not room for them; and four sailors man the shrouds.

A second, which I have engraved, presents us a bust of Discord brandishing a sword; a very little lady, "Paix," sits between two towers; "*Le graunt Pasteur*," the pope, and the prince "*unique*," double her size, support and cherish a rose-branch, out of which arises another little lady, and from her head springs a lily;

a lily; Misericordia, Verite, Force, and Clemency, occupy a compartment above, ready to unite their services; and the field is scattered with roses and lilies. (*See Plate* XV.)

About this period Henry VII. erected the magnificent Chapel at Westminster which bears his name. The customs of that and previous times were at direct variance with our ideas of religious propriety; of which we have durable proofs in the strange carvings placed under the seats of choirs in many of our churches. The whims and fancies of the artists were endless, and are extravagant beyond the belief of those who have not seen them. The miscellaneous plate I now refer to presents the reader with a mask of wild expression, (*See Plate* XVI. *fig.* 5.) and a chimera, really indescribable, clawing a hog, (*See Plate* XVI. *fig.* 1.) from the choir of the Chapel alluded to; and on another plate he will find a female employed in flagellating a male, who neglects his spinning, from the same source (*See Plate* XXIX. *fig.* 2.) The former plate also contains a concert of vocal and instrumental musick, performed by non-descript men in a most ridiculous manner, and a fiend with the heads of two females between his knees; which are from the originals in the choir of St. Katharine, near the Tower, London. (*See Plate* XVI. *fig.* 4.)

Had the dignitaries of these churches directed the persons employed in ornamenting them to confine their excursions within the bounds of decency, we might have smiled at the perversion of taste, though we condemned the introduction of any thing ludicrous to a place of worship; but there is no demonstration extant more convincing of the general profligacy of manners amongst the Clergy before the Reformation, than the discovery beneath their seats of subjects, which, if engraved at present, and placed in a printseller's window, would cause him to be prosecuted as a promoter of vice. It has been said that this method was adopted by different orders of the religious to satirize each other; and some of the carvings I have seen were probably intended as Caricatures of particular persons.

I have also given a sketch of a monk who is most painfully placed as a bracket for a cluster of pillars in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. (*See Plate* XVI. *fig.* 3.) Are we to suppose this to be a likeness of some contemporary of the builder?

The *Prayer-book* of Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. and Queen of England, offers still further motives for reflection. The Trustees of the Museum having granted permission, I now exhibit to the publick sketches from the pages of this

book, which will confound the casuist who shall endeavour to reconcile such representations with that sobriety of mind necessary to secure success to supplication.

Was the book expressly written for the Queen? Did she purchase it from a number of others? Or was it a present? If the first query was the fact, she probably delighted in ludicrous and improper ideas; if the second, the same conclusion follows. It cannot be imagined that a subject would dare to insult a modest sovereign with a present like this; therefore, from these premises we cannot but conclude, that Mary either had the faculty of prayer, which subdues all sense of perception of sublunary objects, making it a matter of indifference where or from what she prayed; or that her inclination for absurdity and caricature conquered even her religion, in defence of which she spread ruin and desolation through her kingdom.

The blanks that would otherwise have been at the bottom of the pages are filled with a vast variety of spirited drawings, many of which are derived from legends and other innocent sources. The plate, selected as specimens, contains two fiends throwing a holy Monk from a bridge, whose spirit embodied is received on the opposite side by the Virgin Mary. The Spirit of Evil giving his benediction to a Monk (which is omitted); and a Fox in a mitre, preaching to the silliest birds of the feathered creation. The three remaining drawings are combats between busts, or halves of men, seated on human faces, peeping between the hind-legs of animals with tails; one consists of the body of a greyhound, the face of a goat, and asses' ears; the opponent of the rider in this instance has a human horned head with a great beard, the hind and only legs are winged, and a face appears *under the tail.* (*See Plate* XVII.)

There is nothing in all the preceding descriptions that applies to caricaturing as it is now used. The satirists carefully avoided offending the ruling powers; and they had not the means of multiplication by engraving, as at present. Painting had met with little encouragement in England; consequently, those who had a genius for drawing, possessed not the means to expand their ideas.

CHAP. IV.

ITALY being the theatre of the Arts after their decline in Greece, the sculptors of the former country had the means of indulging any inclination to the grotesque in the ornaments of their buildings, and in their statues of Bacchus, Silenus, Satyrs, Chimeras, &c. &c.; and when painting became a favourite art, the painter had frequent opportunities of transferring an obnoxious face to his canvas, in the character of some bad individual of his subject. Those who represented banditti, and the vulgar, scattered very ludicrous and savage caricatures through their pictures, particularly S. Rosa, Raphael Urbin, and Annibal Caracci. Some, indeed, of the antient masters sketched decided distortions of the human face in their playful moments.

One of the plates appropriated to these immediate pages gives the head of a ruffian, the very focus of every bad passion, after Caracci, 1606. The employment or amusement of this human brute is the pushing of a stick against the body of the Saviour, bound and unresisting. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 8.) Accompanying the above, are the heads of two fiends, yelling before the unappalled St. Anthony, (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 7.) by the same Master; but a Dutch artist, who painted the same subject, excelled all subsequent efforts in pourtraying varieties of grotesque tormenting beings.

Zuccarus burlesqued a subject from the Heathen Mythology in 1573, from which I have given a head. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 6.)

Callot, a Frenchman, who died in 1635, was an admirable caricaturist; from whose works we may infer, that had not the genius of the French in this way been checked by the despotism of their government, they would have excelled all competitors. There cannot be more expressive and whimsical features and figures than in the annexed mendicant and pigmy soldier. (*See Plate* XIX. *fig.* 2 *and* 4.) This man had the soul to lash the vices of his day, had he dared to use the licence of a modern Englishman.

Le bel Adonis, and La divine Venus, are two good old specimens of French abilities. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 5.)

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The establishment of the doctrines of Calvin and Luther removed one restraint from the artists who resided within the influence of their doctrines. Two Monks' heads, from Cornelius Dusart, will shew the use he and his brethren of the pencil have made of their liberty. These heads are genuine traits of joviality; the last puff of smoke retiring from the mouth of one, and the pipe placed behind his ear, tell his late employment forcibly; the other laughs at his own grotesque appearance, with the vestments of priesthood, embroidered with cards, and a pair of tongs put round his neck by way of Amice or Stole. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 2, 3.)

Two other illustrations of foreign skill are shewn in the admirable ballad-singers of Venne and a Dutch painter whose name has been cut from the print I used. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 1. *and Plate* XIX. *fig.* 3.)

Heemskirk and Brower shall close this miscellaneous list, with a smoker and a tipsy elephant-featured gentleman; from which their several powers may be estimated. (*See Plate* XVIII. *fig.* 4. *and Plate* XIX. *fig.* 1.)

Approaching nearer our own times, we find that the Dutch caricatured their foreign enemies, of which many specimens are yet to be found in our print-shops. Of these I shall observe generally, that, though not badly engraved, they afford no traits of humour, and are sometimes indelicate. Louis XIV. was a fruitful source for Dutch satire; and how they treated him may be seen in the print facing this page, wherein he receives a pail of milk from his relative Philip, taken by the Ministers of the latter from a Spanish Cow, ornamented with flowers ready for sacrifice. The back-ground relates to the defeats sustained by the French armies, and the fate of their generals during the war in which France contended with England, Holland, and Austria, for the succession to the throne of Spain. (*See Plate* XX.)

The schemes of Law having made dupes in Holland, as well as in England and France, Picart engraved a very curious and excellent satire upon them in 1720, which is accompanied by an explanation in the French and Dutch languages.

A fiend raises a cloud of vapour, behind which he blows bubbles from a pipe; Fame, with two trumpets, precedes it; and Fortune, whirling along upon wheels inscribed with the names of the different companies, pushed forward by the projectors, distributes the various paper-securities of the time. Folly, with her usual attributes, and a monstrous hoop petticoat, guides a car affixed to the wheels, and drawn by personifications of the South Sea, the Mississipi with a wooden leg, &c. &c.; legitimate Commerce appears crushed beneath the vehicle, and the ground

ground before it is covered with mushrooms and serpents, the former bearing the names of towns in Holland where the companies were most successful. The subordinate parts of the print are all highly characteristic of the general efforts to entrap the unwary; and the back ground contains different hospitals for the reception of the lunatic and diseased victims of the "*Actions.*"

As it is by no means my intention to dwell upon foreign productions of this nature, I shall pass on to the æra which produced the French Revolution, when, the restraint of long-established stern authority being removed, Monarchy and Aristocracy became subjects for something more than satire. Of this fact I shall give three illustrations, in prints from "Revolutions de Paris."

The "Aristocrate croyant à la contre-revolution," and the "Aristocrate maudisant la revolution," a production of 1789, is a head and features so contrived that in one position it represents a person cursing the revolution, and in the reverse he hopes for a counter-revolution; and this is principally effected by contriving the outline of the nose in one case to serve as the chin in the other. (*See Plate* XXI.)

"The White Elephant" is not so readily explained: I shall, therefore, give the references, only observing, that "Le Roi soliveau," or King Log, cannot be mistaken.

1. L'Eléphant blanc, chef des Siamois.
2. Le Maire grue, suivi de la Municipalité.
3. Garde du Maire.
4. Aides de Camp de l'Eléphant.
5. Jeunes Siamoises à portans des fleurs et des parfumes.
6. Gardes Siamoises.
7. Citoyens éclairés.
8. Le Roi soliveau.
9. Son epouse l'hermine.
10. L'Idol passé.

The date of this print is in the third year of the French Republic.

Le peuple mangeur de Rois. The author of the Revolutions of Paris calls this a grand and happy idea of the celebrated painter David, who proposed to the National Convention the erection of a colossal statue "sur la place du Pont Neuf, et d'asseoir au-dessus *l'image du peuple Géant du peuple Francais.*"

M. David observed, in his speech to the Convention, that the effigies of Kings had

had previously usurped the place of the Divinity in the temples, but that their labours had finally overthrown these insolent usurpers. The trunks and fragments, he proposed, should be used in composing his gigantic statue. The proprietors of the work just mentioned improved upon the painter's suggestion, and represented the republican giant *strangling and burning of kings.* They say that Homer called the kings of his time devourers of the people; they, therefore, recommend that this figure of a French Sans-culotte should be termed the devourer of kings.

It may be presumed that the majority of French caricatures since the year 1793 have had any other than a political tendency; many, however, have reached England that do the artists credit, intended as satires on manners and fashions.

I have been informed that the Spaniards use this weapon of ridicule with great success against the French, in the contest now pending between the two nations.

CHAP V.

My next endeavour will be, to give a general idea of British genius as exerted in the pursuit I am treating of.

The latent propensity for ridicule which has ever existed throughout the population of England, was called into action in particular cases, as I have already shewn; but, as no general object for reprehension presented itself, fear of punishment repelled any inclination for public satire. Our antient contests for power were too sanguinary to admit of the interference of the pencil; and, however obnoxious a feudal lord might be to his vassals, or an opponent of equal rank, the latter thought only of the sword and firebrand as the instruments of his vengeance; and it may be presumed that "curses not loud but deep" were the resource of the former.

Henry VIII. found his subjects in this state of mental coercion at the commencement of his reign; and he was the last monarch who would have caused its

its partial removal, had it not suited his ambitious purposes. The contest between the Pope and him for the supremacy in England enlightened the public mind; and from that period his holiness gradually became the object of abhorrence and ridicule of the majority of the people of this country: their means of annoyance, however, were limited, as printing and the graphic art were then in their infancy.

The short reign of Edward VI. advanced the work of Reformation; and that of queen Mary completely subdued the satirist for the time. Finally, Elizabeth ascended the throne, and, her example giving confidence to those who wrote and had acquired the art of engraving, the Pope, and all his adherents clerical or crowned, felt their lash through the medium of their religion and its peculiar rites and ceremonies. Of this there cannot be a stronger illustration than in Batman's Doom, published in 1581, from which the following lines are extracted as explanatory of the print which I shall proceed to describe. *(See Plate* II. *fig.* 5.)

* The lion and the dragon both do Albion's ensigne beare,
Supporters of a kingly badge, most fit for them to weare.
To serve as shew of valiant minde, two lawes they represent,
For God and man, to rule them by their own by due descent.
If Judah did the lion bear, and Dan the dragon fell,
Then judge who worthy ought to have, that rules them both so well.
For he whose heart once pierced was, hath fix'd his feet most sure,
In right of Albion's worthy grace, for ever to endure.
† The lightsome sun the truth foretels which gives the lion light,
And tells the dragon what is past by shew of stars in night.
Who now must serve a worthy Queen, as Satan serv'd the Lord,
Until the time that Jesus comes, all nations to accord.

In justice to Master Batman or his artist, I must say, few of his successors have equalled him in the thought and contrivance of his Gorgon's head, which is thus composed:

A church-bell forms the cap, with crossed daggers, torches, &c. on it in relief; behind it, in place of feathers, a wolf's head in a mitre devouring a lamb, that of

* Numb. xxiii. Deut. xxxiii. Exod. xxix. Dan. xiv. † Exod. vi. Ps. xc.

a goose

a goose holding a rosary in the bill, an ass provided with spectacles reading, and a hog in a square cap eating something obscurely represented.

The face consists of a paten for the cheek, an open measure for liquids makes the mouth and chin, a fish the nose, a chalice and wafer the eye, the seal of a roll of parchment the ear and curl of the hair, and the shoulder and breast are books and priestly ornaments so disposed as to answer the designer's purpose completely. The pierced feet of Christ appear below supported by the Queen's badges; and this he terms "Christ covered."

The same author has offered his readers a second engraving, far less ingenious in the invention, and more acrimonious, which presents us with a seven-headed monster producing a Pope, who must fall perforce into the flames below him, where some of his predecessors are already burning. Two fiends are employed in blowing the fire with bellows exactly like the modern instrument. *(See Plate* III. *fig.* 1.)

"*Spayne and Rome defeated*" is the title of a print published early in the next reign *(see Plate* XXII.), which was principally aimed at the perpetrators of the Powder-Plot, who, according to the best authorities, were certain Papists and two Jesuits, that contrived to convey a sufficient quantity of gunpowder beneath the Parliament house to blow King, Princes, Lords, and Commons, to atoms, had their plan succeeded; which having failed, the two Jesuits and eight conspirators were executed.

The print represents a tent furnished with a table and seats, where a personage presides whom we are to suppose, from his horns, to be his Satanic majesty; his counsellors consist of the Pope, a Cardinal, a Spaniard, and several Monks and a Jesuit. A fiend leads Guy Faux, provided with a dark lantern, towards the steps of the vaults below the objects of their vengeance; and this devil exhibits the bull or mandate of the Conclave in his claws. The front curtains of the tent are withdrawn by similar beings, and the ornaments on the top are an owl, a fox, a dragon, and perhaps a parrot, a gun and sword crossed, and pistols.

On the left is a view of the sea with the Spanish Armada in a circle, which is broken by an English ship firing under full sail on both sides, and we have Tilbury camp and the Queen on the adjoining shore. A beam proceeds from the eye of Providence before Faux, inscribed "*Video, Rideo,* I see and smile;" and two cherubs blow on the fleet, with "*Difflo, dissipo,* I blow and scatter," written between them.

The

The inscriptions on this curious and very respectably executed print are in the Latin, English, and Dutch languages, of which I shall transcribe only the two former.

"Deo Trin-Vni Britanniæ bis ultori, in Memoriam Classis invincibilis subversæ, submersæ; Proditionis nefandæ detectæ, disiectæ."

"To God, in memory of his double deliverance from y^e^ invincible Navy, and y^e^ unmatcheable Powder-treason."

"Octogesimus octavus, mirabilis annus,
Clade Papistarum faustus ubique piis,
Perditione prius, nunc proditione petebant;
Perdita perditio est, prodita proditio.
Fausta et festa dies, lux aurea quinta Novembris,
Anglis sulphureum prodidit illa nefas."

"In Eighty-eight, Spayne, arm'd with potent might,
Against our peaceful land came on to fight;
But windes and waves and fire in one conspire,
To help the English, frustrate Spayne's desire.
To second that, the Pope in counsell sitts,
For some rare stratagem they strayne their witts;
November's 5th, by powder they decree
Great Brytane's state ruinated should bee.
But Hee, whose never-slumb'ring Eye did view
The dire intendments of this damned crew,
Did soone prevent what they did thinke most sure.
Thy mercies, Lord! for evermore endure."

"*Stultifera Navis*, or the Ship of Fools, 1570," although prior in date to the preceding articles, has been noticed later, in order to preserve the connexion of subjects. The satirical work under consideration has considerable merit in the designs; but, being rudely executed on wood, their effect is much diminished. One of my miscellaneous plates has a copy "of him that findeth ought of another man's, not restoring it to the owner;" which is a spirited sketch, and the contrast between the guiding fiend and the imbecile fool is well imagined. *(See Plate* XVI. *fig.* 2.) I believe "Stultifera Navis" to be one of the first of the graphic attempts to satirize vice and folly which appeared in England; and those who

examine the prints with that view, will find some progress made in the art of caricaturing.

The reign of Charles I. may be considered the æra when the faculty of caricaturing obtained full licence to exercise its own discretion. The King and Court on one side of the question, and the Parliament with a majority of the publick on the other, were parties so powerful, that individuals inclined to satire felt secure in the protection of their political friends, whether they happened to be Malignants or Round-heads, and attacked their opponents without mercy. Such was the disorder and confusion of the times, that the Politician, Papist, the Established Church, the Puritan, all fared alike.

It may be necessary to repeat from respectable historical authority, that Charles I. is supposed to have made an ill use of his power during the first fifteen years of his reign, during which many of his public acts appeared to originate from a despotic principle, that tended to convince his subjects he aimed at absolute monarchy. From the year 1640 he became convinced of the impracticability of his wishes, and some of our historians think he was perfectly sincere in his professions to the Parliament of discontinuing his former system of government; but the time had passed for reconciliation, and it remains for me to give a slight view of the satirical history of his eventful reign, till it is closed by the print of him in the character of the King of the Dead.

One of the first graphic attempts in the attack of Government was "Old Newes newly revived," a pamphlet founded on the proceedings of the Parliament called in the 16th Charles I. which, in consequence of numerous petitions, appointed above forty committees to examine into the allegations contained in them. The House also resolved that all projectors and unlawful monopolists should be expelled their body. The Lord Keeper Finch was voted a traitor, on the charge of compelling the Judges to declare the impost of Ship-money legal, for illegal acts relating to the forests, and for recommending the dissolution of the preceding Parliament: in consequence he fled to Holland. Judge Berkeley, who gave his opinion in favour of the Ship-money, being also impeached, he was summoned to appear immediately from the court, when engaged in judicial proceedings; but afterwards made his peace with £10,000 skilfully applied, and died in safety. The above explanation will be sufficient to develope the author's intention.

"*Old Newes newly revived;* or the Discovery of all occurrences happened since the beginning of the Parliament: as the confusion of Patents, the Deputie's death,

death, Canterburie's imprisonment, Secretary Windebank, L. Finch, Doctor Roane, Sir John Sucklin and his associates flight, the fall of Wines, the desolation of Doctors Commons, the misery of the Papists, Judge Barckleye's imprisonment, and the ruine of Alderman Abel's monopoly." 1641.

Dr. Roane, one of the proctors of Doctors Commons, and considered as the "body of the civil law," found it necessary to fly from the rage of the publick, when the King's secretary of state Windebank thought flight essential to his own safety. Finch, the lord keeper, appears preceding the secretary in the print, and the other divisions are fully described by the title-page.

"*The Wren's Nest defiled,* or Bishop Wren anatomized, his life and actions dissected and laid open. With a true relation of his persecuting of godly preaching Ministers, their names particularly set downe, and the causes why they were so persecuted." 1641.

The engraving is on wood, and only curious as being amongst the first efforts of graphic satire on living characters. Beneath it are these lines:

"The Wren's nest is defil'd, for which he weepes,
Whilst that a Jesuit rudely in it peepes;
That ruin'd house doth Norwich signifie,
Whose doctrine ruin'd was by fallacy
Hatcht by the Wren; that vile polluted nest
Doth specifie the Bishop's unclean brest."

One of the offences committed by Wren, and which caused this publication, was the enjoining all Communicants to receive kneeling at the rails of the altar, and the forbidding of the administering of the Sacrament in any other mode. He also required the clergy of his diocese to read the proclamation called by James I. and his son the Book of Sports, and suspended those who refused; and thus the anonymous author of this witty performance vented his resentment.

"*The Old Newes revived*" notices the imprisonment of Archbishop Laud. One of the first steps adopted by the Commons against him was the appointment of a committee to take into consideration how far he had been involved in the design of subverting the laws and religion of the realm. The Commissioners from Scotland followed, by an accusation that he was the cause of all their troubles, and in the sequel he was pronounced a traitor; his fate need not be repeated. Grimstone, the member of Parliament, complimented him on this occasion by terming him "the sty of all pestilential filth;" we need not, therefore, be surprised that

the

the products of the press and of the graver were levelled at his devoted character and person.

" *Lambeth Faire,* wherein you have all the Bishop's trinkets set to sale," unites the two arts for that purpose; but it will be sufficient to describe the print accompanying it. A good drawing of the Archbishop, in the full robes and insignia of his office, weighed down by his situation. By this work the author hinted a *successor* would not be demanded by him.

" *A new play called Canterburie,* his change of diet; which sheweth variety of wit and mirth: privately acted neare the palace yard at Westminster. 1641." The author of this absurd play seems to have founded his sarcasms on the real or presumed arbitrary imperious temper of Laud, of whom Abbot said, " his life in Oxford was to pick quarrels in the lectures of the public readers;" and that James I. often repelled the recommendation of him for promotion, by observing " he would never desire to serve that master who could not remit one fault to his servant." To this may be added Clarendon's words, he " never remitted any thing of his severity towards men of all conditions, nor the sharpness of his language; which was so natural to him, that he could not debate any thing without passion, nor suffer himself to be contradicted in debate."

" In the
1 Act, the bishop of Canterbury, having variety of dainties, is not satisfied till he be fed with tippets of men's eares.
2 Act, he hath his nose held to the grindestone *.
3 Act, he is put into a bird-cage with the Confessor.
4 Act, the Jester tells the King the story.

1641."

The Archbishop is exhibited in a cage with his Confessor, and a fool performs the part of the shewman, which print serves as a frontispiece. In another, Laud is seated at table, and represented in the act of requiring the ears of his domestics as the forfeit of their neglect in not providing him with dainties suited to his palate, after depriving each of that necessary organ himself, he tells them;

" This I doe, to make you examples,
That others may be more carefull to please my palate:
Henceforth let my servants know, that what I will, I will have done."

I have now to introduce a print to the notice of the reader which appeared in 1641-2, and is supposed to be the work of Hollar, though his name does not appear

* The sketch annexed is of a Carpenter holding Laud's chin to a grindstone, *(See Plate* XXIII. *fig.* 1.)

as

as the engraver, *(See Plate* XXIV.) That artist, for reasons unknown at present, declined explaining who was the object of his censure further than by the resemblance of the features of the person, and probably some of those said to be his mistresses on the robe. I might offer many conjectures on the subject, and in all probability stigmatize the memory of an innocent individual, the danger of which places an insuperable bar to my pen, further than to say, the whole figure is drawn with great excellence, and the expression well suited to the soliloquy inscribed below it.

"*Magna Britannia divisa.* 1642." This is a very large engraving, nearly three feet in length and proportionably wide, laboriously finished, with some of the figures in the fore-ground several inches high, and bears the following inscription at the base: "Amstelodami Hans Vanderpill excudit, et dedicat Posteritati, 31 Dec. 1642."

It is impossible to enter into a description of so complicated a performance; it seems to comprehend events that would fill volumes; great part of the alphabet occurs in the references, and the numbers in the explanation in English and French extend to 90. I shall give the former, as the latter would occupy many pages.

"The (A) town of Edinburgh first opposeth the ridiculous postures, apish tricks, and Episcopal ceremonies, which the forerunners of the Roman procession endeavour to introduce in Scotland anno 1637, 38, and 39. (B) The King and Parliament of Scotland raise an army, which, under (C) the General Lesly, whips the said procession and Episcopal war out of that kingdom, comes to scourge it in England itself anno 1640, and there giveth place to the calling of a free Parliament. (D) The King and Parliament of England in the self-same year overthrow the design which the said procession had, to kindle a war between England and Scotland, and to cause the Papists of Ireland to pass auxiliarly over into England; do agree together of the means by a (E) Committee of persons chosen by both Parliaments of the two Kingdoms, to repress the cruelty that this popish war bears upon the forehead, and cause the Lieutenant of Ireland, promoter of the same succour, and General of this procession, to be punished by an exemplary death anno 1641. (D) The King and Parliament give hopes to the Protestants abroad, and to the Prince Elector Palatine in particular, to revenge the wrong which the flail of this Procession hath caused them to feel since their German wars: but the effects of their good intentions are diverted by the

frequent

frequent plots and skirmishes of this Procession. (D) The King and Parliament of England labour to reform the Church, to conserve the person, dignity and Royal authority, the laws of the Country, and the privileges of the Parliament, the peace of the Kingdom, to purge the State from the Pope's Nuncio's, Jesuits, and Priests, which have swarmed there so many years since, to redress the honour of the nation, and the grievances of trade both within and without. Wherein they from time to time receive incredible difficulties by the juggling tricks, hypocrisy, practices of this Procession, both at home and abroad. (F) Mr. Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor of the city of London, the Aldermen and Common Council thereof, offer not only their estates and lives, but (in imitation of both Houses) effectually furnish, by an unexampled generosity, their money, plate, and forces, to the King and Parliament to repress the monsters of this procession in Ireland and England. (D) The King and Parliament make (H) the Earl of Warwick General of the fleet, which passeth towards the river of Humber under these emblems in his streamers, 'Pro Deo et Patria,' 'Pro Rege et Libertate;' turneth upside down the (G) forts and kitchen batteries, which this procession had erected in opposition to the town of Hull; and relieveth the place. (I) Sir John Hotham, Knt. Governor of (K) the town and magazine of Hull, did set his ensigns upon the rampires with the emblems 'Vivat Rex cum Parliamento,' 'Pro Deo et Patria,' and gloriously preserves the place for the King and Parliament, under the standard of (L) 'Religio *or* Professio Christiana,' against the attempts and wildfires of this procession, which he enforced to raise the siege and to change his *Mutandos* or under-stops at York. (D) The King and Parliament raise with great charges a powerful (M) army under the command of the Earl of Essex, for the defence of the Protestant Religion, the security of his Majesty's person and Parliament, the preservation of the laws, liberties, and peace of the Kingdom, and protection of his Majesty's subjects against the aggression, violence, and oppression, of this procession. The same army taketh Portsmouth again from it, gives it battle at Edge-hill the 23d of October, 1642, where the General of the procession lost his life, constrained it shortly after to withdraw its gaping mouth from the attempts of London to Oxford, and thereabouts got upon it Farnham-castle, the episcopal towns of Winchester and Chichester, and gave it many home touches in divers counties before the end of December following. (N) His excellency the Earl of Essex. (O) The Earl of Bedford, General of the Horse. (P) the Earl of Manchester,

chester, the Lord Brooks," &c. &c. &c. naming a considerable number of noblemen and gentlemen who distinguished themselves at that period.

Thus the reader will observe that the inventor of the " Magna Britannia divisa" possessed no common talents for historical compression, even from the preceding extract; but, when he recollects that there are 90 distinct references besides, the fame of the artist will rise proportionably in his estimation. As the drawing and engraving of so large a print in Holland must have been very expensive, it is not improbable that the *secret service money* of the Parliament was employed on the occasion.

" *The English Irish Soldier, with his new discipline, new arms, old stomach, and new-taken pillage:* who had rather bait than fight. 1642."

This redoubtable soldier appears in a complete suit of *culinary* armour, and is supposed to utter these rhymes, which might have been better, and could not have been much worse.

" This fowl my feather is, who wins most fame,
To wear a pretty duck, he need not shame:
This spit my well-charg'd musket, with a goose
Now cries come eat me, let your stomachs loose.

" This dripping pan's my target, and this artichoke
My basket-hilted blade, can make them smoke,
And make them slash and cut; who most home puts,
I 'll most my fury sheath into his guts."

The reader will probably here exclaim, *Quant. suf.*

" *Time carrying the Pope.* 1641-2."

" This burden back to Rome I 'll bear again;
From thence it came, there let it still remain."

The above lines so fully explain the intention of the author of this well-engraved print, and the general dislike of his countrymen to the Roman Catholic Religion, that I need only refer the reader to the annexed copy of it. *(See Plate* XXV.)

" *Heads of all Fashions,* being a plaine dissection or definition of diverse and sundry sorts of heads, butting, jetting, or pointing at vulgar opinion; and allegorically shewing the diversities of religion in these distempered times. Now very lately written, since Calves-heads came in season, 1642."

An

An extract from "Heads of all Fashions," under the title of a "Round head at randome," will demonstrate the author's meaning far better than his engraver has done.

"A Round-head is a man whose braines compact,
Whose Verilies and Trulies are an act
Infallible, beyond the vain compare
Of ordinary men, whate'er they are.
This head, though sometimes owned by a widgeon,
Can make new moulds to shape a strange religion."

It is well known that the Parliamentarians distinguished themselves by a particular mode of cutting and wearing their hair, which, producing a peculiar appearance of rotundity to the phiz, their Royalist opponents gave them the appellation of "Round-heads."

A print appeared in 1642, composed of three large figures, — one in the habit of a monk, bears a scroll in his right hand, and with his left assists a *Janus-faced* gentleman, in the double dress of a Jesuit and Prelate, in holding a crucifix; the Prelate's little finger of the right hand touches a book in the left hand of a grave person in black in a gown and ruff. We are indebted to the author for the succeeding lines:

"See here Malignants' foolery
Retorted on them properly;
The Sound-head, Round-head, Rattle-head,
Well plac'd where best is merited.
This foolish world is full of foul mistakes,
Calls virtue vice, and goodness, badness makes;
The Orthodox, sound and religious man,
Atheists call Round-head, (late) a Puritan:
Because he (roundly) Rattle-heads, Truth's foes,
Plainly depaints, as this next figure shows.
See here the Rattle-head's most rotten heart,
Acting the Atheist's or Arminian's part;
Under one cater-cap a Janus face,
Rejecting truth, a crucifix t' embrace:
Thus Linsey Wolsie, priestly prelates vile,
With Romish rubbish did men's souls beguile;

But

But here 's a Round-head to the purpose shown,
A Romish rounded shaveling, too well known;
A bald-pate frier, a Round-head indeed,
Which doth (almost) rotundity exceed:
Since these Round-heads with Rattle-heads so 'gree,
Romish Malignants Round-heads (right) may be."

We find that "Heads of all Fashions" did not pass without a reply, in the article above, wherein the Royalists (designated "Malignants" by the Round-heads) were identified as Papists and Monks.

"*Mad Fashions, Od Fashions, all out of Fashions;* or, the emblems of these distracted times. By John Taylor. 1642."

The figure of a man stands erect before the reader of the work, in a frontispiece engraved on wood, whose eyes have left their sockets, his legs usurped the place of his arms, and his arms perform the unnatural office of supporting the body.

The accompaniments are equally expressive of general disorganization. A horse erect upon his hind-legs drives the cart, a church is inverted, fish sail in the atmosphere, a candle burns with the flame downwards, a labourer is wheeled by his own barrow, and several timid animals chase the more ferocious. *(See Plate* XXIII. *fig.* 3.)

Unhappily, these emblems were fatally derived from existing circumstances, which to the truly peaceable were dreadful beyond all former example.

Another author, deeply infected with the politicks of the period, contributed his mite in promoting the universal discord, by offering to the view of the publick

"*The Kingdom's Monster uncloaked from Heaven.*" Two arms, descending from clouds, remove a veil from the figure termed the Kingdom's Monster, which appears in the form of a man, and dresses of the reign of Charles I. except that there are four arms to the body; one holds a hatchet and firebrand, a second a knife, and those are directed towards the kingdom and city of London; a third a sword, and the fourth a train directed towards the Parliament and Church; the arm with the train is provided with a popish pardon, and that with the sword supports a rosary. The right leg is covered by a stocking and shoe, but the left is booted and spurred; one half of the doublet is longer than the other. The grand

deviation, however, commences at the neck, which branches into three trunks: that ascending perpendicularly having a number of diminutive heads on it inscribed "*Bloudy Irish;*" a second has a similar groupe, called "*Malignant Plotters;*" and the third "*Papist Conspirators,*" of the same description.

The aim of the allegorist seems to have been at the King, by these lines:

"Long time it walked muffled in a cloak,
Till Strafford's head was cut off; then it broke
Out of the cloud, but Heaven's holy hands
Hath now uncloak'd it, so that now it stands
In a full figure, as this picture here
Doth make it lively to your view appear."

The term "bloudy Irish" requires some explanation. During the absence of the King in Scotland, news was received in England that the Irish Roman Catholics had, on the 23d of October 1641, begun a general extirpation of the Protestants, which continued "in such an inhuman and merciless manner (says one of our historians) that 40 or 50,000 of the English Protestants were massacred, without distinction of age, sex, or quality, before they suspected any danger, or could provide for their defence." The leaders of this horrible conspiracy assigned two reasons for their diabolical conduct — defence of their religion — and that of the King against a Puritanical Parliament in England.

The unfortunate alliance of the Monarch with the daughter of the King of France, the allowing her a Chapel for the exercise of her religion, and the establishment of a convent of Monks through her means both in the palace of Somerset and Denmark-house, had excited much disgust, and will account for the association of the Bloudy Irish, Malignant Plotters, and Popish Conspirators, in the print. On the other hand, the King wrote from Scotland "that it was no rash insurrection, but a contrived rebellion, such as must be prosecuted with a sharp war."

John Vickars attacked the Sovereign Pontiff, in 1643, through the medium of a print of very superior drawing and execution, which is in the manner of Hollar's engraving, though his name, or that of any other artist, is not discoverable upon it. The inscriptions are in English and Dutch; and this leads me to suspect that, when the Roman Catholic religion was the subject, many caricatures were contrived for circulation through both countries. Mr. Vickars has so accurately

rately described it, that I shall refer the reader to his lines, and the copy I have given *(Plate* XXVI.)

A. Behold Rome's monster on his monstrous beast,
To fulness of his foulness now encreas'd!
How he in Papal pride doth ride along,
And how his son and shavelings thrust and throng
To see his sacred hollow holiness
His Babylonish blasphemies express.
B. His barrel-bellied beast on stilts doth stalk,
C. And with seven hideous heads doth proudly walk.
D. The heads seven hell-spawn'd deadly sins do show,
Wherein Rome's rabble rankly rise and grow.
E. Four faithless feet, deceit, debate, and pride,
With ill-got gain, his steps on stilts do guide;
To raise him up aloft in supreme seat,
Like Saturn's son, ruling all princes great.
F. His long cloud-threat'ning fierce-advanced tail,
The very stars (God's saints) doth sore assail;
Whereby is shewn, Rome's bloody inquisition,
Wasting God's saints, hasting their own perdition.
G. The Babel's bishops, Jesuits, friers base,
About the beast's posteriors flock apace;
H. And from his barrel breech, the dregs and lees
Of Rome's all-rotten reliques, dear decrees,
I. They fill full cups of Romish fornication;
K. Which by the Princes of Rome's domination,
L. So fill'd, are swill'd, and they made drunk thereby,
And in destruction sleeping, snorting die.
As thus proud Babel's band doth proudly prance
In blood and blasphemy herself t' advance
M. 'Gainst God and his dear saints, Heaven's indignation
Pours down the phials of dire desolation
Upon Rome's w——, and with his nostril's breath
N. Sends his obsequious servant, Serjeant Death,

O. Her

O. Her to arrest with his death-wounding dart,
Who shoots his shaft, and reaves and cleaves his heart.
Whom (as she in her height of pride did sit),
P. He, with his rope of wrath, pulls to the pit
Of desolation and destruction dire,
Q. To burn in Hell's all ever-burning fire.
Thus is proud Babel fallen, and in her fall,
Fallen are her vassals, Satan's vessels all.
Even now this work begins, for Rome looks sickly,
Even so, Lord Jesus, come; oh Lord, come quickly;
To right the wrongs of thy distressed saints,
To send an end to all their woes and plaints.
Most humbly, heartily, prayeth John Vicars.

The animosity of the various religious sects into which the nation had divided against the Catholicks, has amply appeared in the preceding pages; and it may be worth while for the reader to compare the excessively malignant insinuations and deductions contained in them, and the accompanying prints, with the very liberal treatment the professors of the Roman Catholic faith have lately received from all ranks of people.

The Catholicks had no exclusive right to complain, if they examined many of the pamphlets and prints issued by sects against each other. One of those caused the representation of a heart to be engraved with two wings, from which two labels proceed. An anti-christian presbyter standing on the crown, a prelate, and the pope, each pierce the heart with daggers; the first holds the "Directorie," the second the Litany, and the last the Latin Mass. Over the wings are inscribed "Tender Conscience and Religiously affected," and on the labels are these lines:

The more { Ye wound my tender, dear, and precious heart,
Your secret ones shall feel most bitter smart.
All three to injure me as mortal foe
Increaseth your eternal woe, woe, woe.
C. 8. Rev. v. 13.

"*Catalogue of the several Sects and Opinions in England and other Nations.* With a brief rehearsal of their false and dangerous tenets, 1646." Twelve compartments,

partments, each containing a representation of an individual of the sects characterised, are placed at the upper part of the sheet under notice: those are in attitudes and habits suited to the description below.

"*The nail hit on the head, and driven into the City and Cathedral Wall of Norwich.* By John Carter, Pastor of Great St. Peter's in that City," 1644. Mr. Carter preached from Isa. xx. 23. "And I will fasten him a nail in a sure place; and he shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house." This worthy gentleman made more use of the metaphorical nail in his text, than ever antient or modern carpenter could have extracted from the best piece of iron which passed through their hands. The business of this text, he observes, is nothing else but the driving and fastening of a nail; wherein,

1. The master-worker: who it is that fastens the nail. I.
2. The nail that is fastened: what, or who is that? *Him.*
3. *Ubi?* Where is this nail fastened? *In loco fideli*: in a sure place.
4. The end, use, and benefit, of this nail so fastened. "He shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house."

The 49th page of the Sermon contains the print, which he thus alludes to: "You see here, the pillar in the middle hath many nails fastened in it; and every nail beareth somewhat: upon some hang garments; upon others the ensigns of your authority; upon others vessels of gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, and earth, and wood, and instruments of musick." He pronounces that the Deity will, at the day of judgement, "take a strict view of all the nails that ever he fastened in any place." Then, he adds, "shall the empty, rusty, and unprofitable nails be put into the bag, and thrown down into the pit of hell."

This singular idea appears to have had its origin from the time and purpose of the sermon, which was preparatory to a "Guild solemnity," when it was customary to present the officer elect with some speeches; and withal with escucheons or shields, and in them some devices, which hang all the year in his parlour, to hint and remember him of his duty: "I," he continues, "have prepared you one out of my text against to-morrow; and with my speech, I present it to you out of the pulpit. It is a very plain one, as you see, and not much charged."

The drift and intention of part of Mr. Carter's discourse is tolerably palpable in the 40th page.

"But you will say, perhaps, how may we know the best nails? I will tell you, there are now in the kingdom two sorts of nails: Court nails and Parliament nails.

nails. Both are exalted very high: now tell me which you will chuse to depend upon?

"Methinks I hear some reply: What nail should we depend upon but that which the Lord hath fastened? And is not the King that nail? Hath not God set him upon the throne? And must I not go along with him in every thing?

"Give me leave to answer. We do acknowledge, with all duty and obedience, that the King is the highest nail, that he is a precious nail, that he is a nail chosen of God, and anointed: And the desire of our hearts is, that the Lord would establish his throne, and fasten him so sure that he may never be removed.

"But that which makes our hearts sad; it is this, that he is not, *in loco fideli*, in a faithful place: That wall that is made up of Papists, Irish rebels, delinquents, malignants, and wicked counsellors, must needs be a rotten wall; and can a nail stand sure in such a place?

"The Parliament is a sound wall, made up of worthy Eliakims, loyal subjects, servants of the Lord, and faithful patriots.

"Now, the Lord bring the King into the midst of his parliament again! then should he be indeed in *loco fideli*, and we might safely hang upon him.

"But in the mean time, his power and authority is with his Great Counsel. It is an undoubted Parliament by the King's own act. But it cannot be a true Parliament without a King. Why then, he is with them virtually, though he be not personally. The Parliament is all but one great nail. The King is the head, the Houses are the body; if you take the head of the nail, what can hang safely on it? Therefore now I can easily show you what nail to hang on: I thus describe it to you, King and Parliament."

"*The wheel turned by a voice from the throne of Glory*, 1647. A sermon by John Carter, Pastor of St. Peter's of Mancroft:" which gave great offence; in *consequence*, he dedicated it "To those Magistrates in the City of Norwich who were so highly offended and exasperated at this sermon." The same oddity of conception and quaintness of application characterise this discourse, that are observable in the "Nail." His text was: "As for the wheels, it was said unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

His first simile is most curious: "A chariot commonly is drawn by four horses: by them, at their feet, are four wheels; above, a seat wherein the man sits

sits who guides the engine; he, with his reins and whip and voice, commands the beasts, the wheels, the whole chariot, and all things in it; and they are moved and turned as he pleaseth. Such is the chariot of Providence; God sits in the seat, even above in heaven upon his glorious throne, and by his word and power commands, guides, and moves all inferior things."

After severely reprehending the magisterial wheels of authority for not moving with rapidity, he adds, "I doubt they are not round: it is the round spherical figure that is fittest for motion: if there be angles and corners in a wheel, it will never turn well: corners are mischievous things, corners are dark; all the dirt of the house is swept into the corner. I fear here is some cause our wheels move no better: there is too many corners amongst them: dark corners of ignorance: O let me speak plainly: there is too many sluttish corners, I mean of vice, as pride, covetousness, luxury, and other sins: these hinder the motion! O wheel! what! art thou not round!"

As in "the Nail" he presented his auditors with emblems, so he offered to their inspection a "laver, or a great vessel of brass, holding much water, set upon a substantial base of brass of four square: and upon the borders of the base graven lions, oxen, and cherubim, and four wheels under the base to remove the vessel from place to place upon every occasion: Such a thing is a good Magistrate; a laver to cleanse and purge both Church and Commonwealth; he must have a firm base of brass; that signifieth the stability, courage, and fortitude requisite in a Magistrate; and he must have his four wheels, he must be apt to move from place to place; to go, yea readily to run, circuit for the administration of justice."

"I shall go no further than my text: out of that I present you with this shield, or escucheon, the whole device, a piece of Ezekiel's vision.

"The field is a marble colour, because the appearance was by the temple-wall, the matter whereof was marble: the charge, a great wheel, with twenty-four spokes joining together in one nave, and bound about with one ring, and in the strake, eyes instead of nails: the colour of the wheel a sea-green; verse 9; the appearance of the wheel was as the colour of a beril, which was the colour of the sea.

"The crest; the head of a cherub with the wings and four faces, the face of a man, the face of a lion, the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle; and over the crest above (I dare not be so bold as to represent the Son of God sitting upon

upon a throne, but) the name יהוה surrounded with glorious rays: and from that glory a beam of light darting down to the wheel." The wheel Mr. Carter describes as the magistrates, and the spokes their number; the ring the unity that should prevail amongst them; the eyes, their vigilance: the colours he appropriates in a similar manner, and continues, "The four faces commends unto them four virtues requisite in governors: the face of a man wisdom; the face of a lion fortitude; the face of an ox patience and unwearied labour; the face of an eagle swiftness of motion and heavenly-mindedness. By these creatures God doth his great and wonderful works."

A more unpleasant subject than that I now offer has not hitherto occurred: the person who can insult the memory of his enemy when in the grave is an execrable wretch; and the despicable triumph such a man proclaims, can only be viewed with disgust and horror by the generous and liberal.

Nothing short of a history of the reign of Charles I. will explain how the public animosity was excited against him, even beyond forgiveness or banishment: I shall therefore proceed to shew how far political resentment went beyond the present life in one (I hope solitary) instance, and to acquit the majority of the population of England of rejoicing in the King's death, whatever part they might have taken in opposing his measures.

"Thus fell King Charles I. in the forty-ninth year of his age, after a reign of twenty-three years, ten months, and three days, which was partly quiet and partly turbulent. None of the kings of England ever left the world with more open marks of sorrow and affliction. The venerable Archbishop Usher was said from a window to swoon at the sight of the fatal blow; and as the rumour of his death spread throughout the kingdom, all sorts of persons were overwhelmed with grief. The pulpits every where resounded with sighs and lamentations; whilst the congregations of men, women, and children, were dissolved in tears *."

"Charles I. represented stripped of his mortal attributes, and presiding over piles of skulls and bones. 1652." A print well engraved, and of great correctness in the drawing.

"'By his Majesty's death, the hieroglyphix: A Proclamation.

'Whereas the Crown and Sceptre of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have so often been taken from me, notwithstanding all my re-inthronizations, and I have

* History of England. 1722.

still

still been laid by; yet, now my victorious sword hath placed me in triumph, where I sit clothed with the royal robes, and wear the crown without disturbance, where worms are my companions, and the bones of all the dead my subjects:

'If therefore any of the generation of Charles Stuart, or other English, Irish, or Scots whatsoever, presume to jostle me, or be my competitor, he shall soon be my captive: if the first step be in the throne, the second shall be in the grave. I have long given warning, but will be at courtesy no longer; and now I have begun to set so good footing on this part of the earthen globe, that I shall attempt to conquer all the Emperors, Kings, and Monarchs in the world.

'Given at the rout at Worcester, the remarkable third day of September 1651, before my regal picture, DEATH.'

"Revelation, xiii. 18.

Here is wisdom: let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred three score and six.

Let him that hath but so much wisdom as by arithmetick to add so small a sum, count, and here he shall find it (punctual) to an unit.

1. It must be subtracted out of the number which is comprehended in a man, and that as he is the beast.

2. This number must amount to the just sum of 666.

3. The Scots king coming into England, with his Irish Papists and Presbyterian Kirk, upon the account of the national League and Covenant, and by them proclaimed King of Britain, exactly beareth this number of the beast.

the brIttIsh kIng - - - - -	003
hIs IrIsh papIsts - - - - -	004
natIonaLL LeagVe - - - - -	156
anD - - - - - - - - - -	500
presbIterIan kIrke - - - - -	003
	666

"A list of the family from which Charles the Second, King of Scotland, descended, that sat in the fatal throne of Scotland, and came to untimely ends:

The late King Charles (his own father) beheaded at Whitehall gate.

King James (his grandfather) poisoned.

Queen Mary, before him, beheaded at Fotheringhay castle.

King James V. murdered.
—— James IV. slain at Dexfield.
—— James III. slain at Baneksborn.
—— James II. at Roxborough.
—— James I. put to death by his subjects.
—— Alexander III. killed by a fall from his horse.
—— Donald VII. twice deposed, and at last cast into prison, and his eyes put out.
—— Duncan II. slain.
—— Malcolm III. slain at Alnwick.
—— Macbeth slain.
—— Duncan I. slain.
—— Malcolm II. put to death by his subjects.
—— Grimus slain.
—— Constantine IV. slain.
—— Keneth III. murdered by a Scotch woman.
—— Kulenus murdered.
—— Duffus murdered in the county of Murray.
—— Indulphus slain.
—— Malcolm I. murdered by his own servants.
—— Constantine III. deposed.
—— Constantine II. slain.
—— Donald V. killed himself.
—— Alpinus beheaded.
—— Dougallus drowned in the river Spey.
—— Fergus III. poisoned by his wife.
—— Eugenius VIII. murdered.
—— Ambirkeletus murdered.
—— Eugenius V. slain.
—— Maldwin strangled by his wife.
—— Ferquerd killed by a wolf.
—— Donald IV. drowned in the river Tay.
—— Ferquard killed himself in prison.
—— Constantine I. murdered.
—— Edgenius I. slain.
—— Fethalmachus murdered by an harper.

King Augustinus slain.
—— Romachus beheaded.
—— Donald III. murdered.
—— Donald II. slain.
—— Findocus murdered when hunting.
—— Nathalocus murdered.
—— Athrico killed himself.
—— Euthodius murdered by his servants.
—— Satrael murdered.
—— Ethodius murdered by an Irish harper.
—— Conarus died in prison.
—— Mogallus murdered.
—— Lugthacus murdered.
—— Duhdanus beheaded by his subjects.
—— Evenus died in prison.
—— Gillus murdered.
—— Durstus slain.
—— Thereus banished by his subjects.
—— Routha deposed.
—— Nothalus murdered.
—— Ferethatius murdered.
—— Fergus I. drowned at Carickfergus.

"Besides what has befallen others not mentioned in histories; and this Charles Stuart is but the 110th king that ever was of Scotland, who is proclaimed traitor and fugitive in England; his uncle was poisoned, and his mother and brother both fled and proclaimed traitors to England."

"*The Scots holding their young King's nose to the grindstone,* 1651."—"Old sayings and predictions verified and fulfilled touching the young King of Scotland and his good subjects."

The venerable gentleman who grinds the King's nose says, "Stoop, Charles;" and these lines are on the plate:

"Come to the grindstone, Charles: 'tis now too late
To recollect his Presbyterian fate.
You Covenant pretenders, must I be
The subject of your tragi-comedy."

Charles

Charles II. almost hopeless of succeeding to the Crown, eagerly adopted every means to forward his wishes. The year 1649 offered him a slight prospect of success, through the proposal of the States of Scotland to make him their King, on condition that he would sign the celebrated Covenant, and give other securities for complying with their stipulations. This negotiation having prepared the way, he was crowned at Scone in 1650. The following facts are those which his English enemies called bringing his nose to the grindstone.

Soon after his coronation, he received a remonstrance from the Commissioners of the Kirk, advising him to humble himself, and to repent of his own and his father's sins, that he might be thereby able to quit the nation of their enemies (Cromwell and his army) now in the bowels of the kingdom; besides which these *Viceroys over a King* denied him permission either to hold levees at Aberdeen or appoint a lord chancellor. Part of his coronation oath was thus worded, that he engaged for himself and his successors "to agree to all acts of Parliament enjoining the national covenant, and the solemn league and covenant, and fully establish Presbyterian government," &c. &c.

"*The Royal Oake of Brittayne*" is a print engraved about the above date; which invites our attention to Cromwell, who is represented by it as the director of a multitude, who are cutting and pulling down the emblematic oak of the kingdom; on the branches and trunk of which are suspended the Crown, Sceptre, Magna Charta, Bible, Statutes, Reports, &c.; a groupe lop off branches, and bear them away; others feast in a neighbouring house; and hogs feed in the front, "fatted for slaughter."

The artful and progressive movements of Cromwell in obtaining supreme authority could not well be depicted in allegory; consequently, the artist has given him in armour, completing his object by force, an aid he knew how to apply on all occasions with complete effect; and yet we find all his power could not protect him from the sting of the Caricaturist, who has given the Protector a most diabolical likeness of himself. Libels on his ambition became so numerous, as it gradually developed itself, that an Ordinance appeared in 1655, commanding that no person presume to publish in print any manner of public news or intelligence without leave and approbation of the Secretary of state.

"*A true copy of the Journal* of the High Court of Justice for the Trial of King Charles I. by J. Nalson," published 1684, has a curious frontispiece, representing

ing a car, drawn by two monsters emitting fire, and driven by Satan, which contains Civil War personified, armed at all points, except that his cloven foot appears, against which the three female geniuses of the union recline in chains; his right hand, furnished with claws, seizes the crown of Britannia; and on the point of his sword, held in the right, is suspended the scales of Justice, who is crushed under the wheels of the car, in company with the decapitated King. Those preponderate on the side of Liberty, represented as a few feathers; and the more weighty articles of a Church and a Crown rise in the balance. A Fiend forms part of a canopy, with the Commonwealth of England inscribed on a shield; and the spokes of the wheels are daggers revolving round smoke from the axle. The back-ground consists of a ruinous Church, whence wolves are driving lambs; and a nightingale, escaping from her opened cage, is caught by a falcon.

The author adds:

> "Whilst wing'd ambition, groundless jealousy,
> Flaming rebellion, dismal anarchy,
> To roll his hissing wheels each foaming strives,
> Needs must they go, whom such a Jehu drives!
> But would you know the end of this career?
> He best can tell, ask the black charioteer."

The same author published in 1682 "*An impartial Collection of the Affairs of State,*" to which he prefixed an emblematical print, by White, in which Britannia weeps the fallen honours of the Church and State, who is accosted by a bifrons Janus. (*See Plate* V. *fig.* 3.) *Rome and Geneva in epitome,* prompted by the Devil. Westminster falls in ruins in the back-ground, the eye of Providence beams on Britannia; and the flaming sword defeats the Republican army in the distance. (*Figures* 1. *and* 4. *on Plate* V. are from an old Dutch print ridiculing Monkish indolence, &c.)

> "If they who slew the monsters of the age
> Inspir'd the old poets with romantick rage,
> What wonders will the times to come relate
> Of Charles from Charles, Great Britain's Charles y^e^ great."

This appears to be Charles treading down the Turks, Jesuits, Fanatics, and France, in the presence of Britannia. The book is called "The Visions of Government,

vernment, wherein the Anti-monarchical principles and practices of all phanatical Commonwealth's-men and Jesuitical politicians are discovered, confuted, and exposed. By Edward Pettit, M. A. 2d ed. 1686."

"*The picture of an English Antick, with a list of his ridiculous habits and apish gestures*, 1646." (*See Plate* XXIII. *fig.* 2.)

"Maids where are your hearts become? Look you what is here!

His hat in fashion like a close-stool pan,
Set on the top of his noddle like a coxcomb,
Banded with a calves tail, and a bunch of riband.
A feather in his hat, hanging down like a fox tail.
Long hair, with ribands tied in it.
His face spotted.
His beard on the upper lip compassing his mouth.
His chin thrust out, singing as he goes.
His band lapping over before.
Great bandstrings, with a ring tied.
A long waistcoat doublet, unbuttoned half way.
Little skirts.
His sleeves unbuttoned.
In one hand a stick, playing with it; in the other his cloak hanging.
His breeches unhooked, ready to drop off.
His shirt hanging out.
His belt about his hips.
His sword swapping between his legs, like a monkey's tail.
Many dozens of points at knees.
Above the points of either side, two bunches of riband, of several colours.
Boot-hose tops, tied about the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt sleeves, double at the ends like a ruff band.
The tops of his boots very large, turned down as low as his spurs.
A great pair of spurs, gingling like a morrice-dancer.
The feet of his boots two inches too long.
Two horns at each end of his foot, straddling as he goes. 1646."

I turn with pleasure from the religious and political horrors which terminated at the Restoration, and present to the Reader copies of engravings, each excellent in

in their way. The descriptions accompanying them preclude the necessity of my saying more than that I think they have not been exceeded in humour by any succeeding Artist, though 152 years have elapsed since they were drawn.

"Lent," 1660. (*See Plate* XXVII.)

"Here Lent and Shrovetyde claime their proper right,
Are both resolved, and prepar'd to fight.
Lent, arm'd at all points, from the foot to head,
A fishing-nett hath for his banner spread.
An angling-rod he in his hand doth beare,
To shew that lakes and ponds and rivers cleare
Are at his great command; eele, carpe, pike, tench,
Or lobster, which the brinish sea doth drench,
Are by his hook or crooke, his power will get,
And make all fish that comes into his nett:
A boyling kettle is his helmet fit,
(For Lent hath small use for a roasting spit).
Thus, mounted on a horse that ne're eat hay,
Lent meets with Shrovetyde, and begins to say:
'I now am come to mundifie and cleare
The base abuses of this last past yeare:
Thou puff-paunch'd monster (Shrovetyde), thou art he
That were ordain'd the latter end to be
Of forty-five weekes' gluttony, now past,
Which I in seaven weekes come to cleanse at last:
Your feasting I will turn to fasting dyet;
Your cookes shall have some leasure to be quiet;
Your masques, pomps, playes, and all your vaine expence,
I'll change to sorrow, and to penitence;
I will reforme you, and I hither came
To keep flesh from you, your proud flesh to tame:
Let butchers cleave their cleavers and their knives,
Hang up their axes, let their men or wives
Make things for future uses if they please;
I come to give them all a writ of ease:

To

To calves, lambs, piggs, hens, capons, all I give
Free leave to multiply, increase and live;
There shall no ven'son be (with swearing) slaine,
And fishermen shall search the Ocean maine:
And sirha (Shrovetyde) I doe further meane,
Before I goe, to make your fat chapps leane:
For though, like rebells madd, you roave and stray,
And feast each Friday, and each fasting day,
Though you regard no Ember weeke nor law,
Nor rule or order keeps you under awe,
Yet be assur'd that whosoe're wrongs Lent
Shall not escape deserved punishment.' "

"Shrovetyde," 1660. (*See Plate* XXVIII.)

" Fatt Shrovetyde, mounted on a good fatt oxe,
Suppos'd that Lent was mad, or caught a foxe.
Arm'd cap a pea from head unto the heele,
A spit, his long sword, somewhat worse than steele
(Sheath'd in a fat pigge, and a peece of porke);
His bottles fill'd with wine, well-stopt with corke;
The two plump capons, fluttering at his crupper,
And 's shoulders lac'd with sawsages for supper;
The gridir'n (like a well-strung instrument)
Hung at his backe; and for the turnament,
His helmet is a brasse pott; and his flagge
A cooke's foule apron, which the wind doth wagg.
Fix'd to a broome, thus bravely he did ride;
And boldly to his foe he thus replyde:—
'What art thou, thou leane-jawde anottamie,
All spirit (for I no flesh upon thee spie);
Thou bragging peece of ayre and smoke, that prat'st,
And all good fellowship and friendship hat'st;
You'le turn our feasts to fasts! when, can you tell?
Against your spight, we are provided well.

Thou

Thou sayst thou 'lt ease the cookes!—the cooks could wish
Thee boyl'd or broyl'd with all thy frothy fish;
For one fish-dinner takes more paines and cost
Than three of flesh, bak'd, roast, or boyl'd, almost.
You'le take away our playes, our sports, and pleasure,
And give the butchers time for ease and pleasure!
Alasse, poor scabbe, how barren are thy hopes!
The fencers, bears, and dauncers on the ropes,
Is manly sport, or lawlesse recreation,
Which all thy seav'n-weeks' time are still in fashion.
The truth is, thou aswagest few men's hunger,
And hast no faithful friend but the fishmonger.
There 's little danger to attend on me,
When men are drown'd at Sea to furnish thee.
Pease-pottage, and dryde beanes, by proof we find
Offends, and fills men with unwholsome wind;
And, ere I'le be a slave, and pinch my maw,
I'le break all proclamation, rule, and law.
Wee'le fill our tubs with pouder'd flesh besyde;
By licenst butchers we will be supplyde
With fresh meat: so, hungry Lent, adieu!
We are resolv'd to feed in spight of you.' "

"*A Good Husband for five shillings*, or Esquire Bickerstaff's lottery for the London Ladies," 1710. Lotteries were encouraged and patronized to such an excess at the period of this publication, that the most extravagant schemes procured dupes for the projectors. The author of "A Good Husband" seized the general propensity for his theme, and proposed, that all those ladies who had lost their husbands in the war on the continent should become candidates for fifty-five prizes, composed of public characters, which are described with some spirit; for instance: "There are four very devout citizens, all of the low church, and very much inclining to a commonwealth; computed to be worth, in stock and reputation, 5000*l.* each; and, as times go, are all honest men; pay very punctually, when they cannot help it; take abundance of care when they buy to have enough for their money, and seldom sell but they outwit their customers; are all coffee-

house politicians; true friends to the government, have lately drawn their effects out of the Bank; are constant communicants, both at church and meeting; have a great veneration for the Revd. Mr. Hoadly, and roar heartily against Dr. Sacheverell." A print annexed to the title-page, of moderate execution, represents the drawing of the lottery in slight caricature, which the writer mentions is to take place in "Daniel Drum's cushion meeting-house," where high-church ladies, who do not chuse to enter the walls, "may stand without-side, and peep in at the windows, to see fair play, the glass being already taken down by the special command of our sovereign lords the people," alluding to the destruction of the Rev. Daniel Burgess's meeting by the mob.

"*Aminidab, or the Quaker's Vision*," 1710, a dream in favour of Sacheverell. The author presents his readers with a very neat engraving of the sleeping Quaker, the many-headed monster, Sacheverell's enemies, and St. Paul's. Aminidab, contrary to the practice of his brethren, did not scruple to enter the "mighty heap of stones" "between the teeth thereof," where he met the chief rulers of the city, and amongst the rest the mighty man that kept the keys thereof." In due time, "an upright man, clothed in a black garment, being ascended into an high place, the spirit of the Lord descended upon him, and wonderful truths issued out of his mouth, against *Rotten Members*; insomuch that all who heard him, were astonished thereat. No sooner had he awakened the ears of the multitude with his marvellous sayings, but many of the lukewarm professors who were there present waxed warm in spirit, and rushing out of the mountain into the streets of Sion, cried with a loud voice, He hath the tongue of an asp, and he spitteth his poison upon the Lord's people."

"*Aminidab's Declaration*, delivered at a general meeting, holden upon the first day of the last Pentecost, 1710," is a satirical exhortation, addressed to such *Friends* as were lukewarm in the cause of Sacheverell. I present the reader with the frontispiece, which is extremely characteristic. (*See Plate* V. *fig.* 2.)

"*A new Extempore Prayer in Verse*," 1710, is illustrated by an engraving, well executed, representing a gentleman on his knees, addressing the Divinity, which beams from an eye upon him. A figure stands near a fire on a hill at a distance; and on another, facing it, is a monster with twenty heads, plunging with great violence. This prayer is generally aimed at the religious and political enemies of Queen Anne; and, indeed, all who would by any means produce rebellion and anarchy.

"Let

"Let no pretences whatsoe'er delude
From the true path, the weak misjudging crowd."

These lines explain the monster of the print; and the author infers from the number of heads, the number of ways in which anarchy may be produced.

"*The Limehouse Dream, or the Church's Prop*," 1710, was a publication originating from Sacheverell. This dream is accompanied by a wooden print of the dreamer, and the subject of his sleeping thoughts. St. Paul's and a Dissenting Meeting are placed opposite each other; and the members of the latter, taking advantage of the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, begin to pull the church down, to enlarge their meeting. At this moment "a lovely youth, of angelic face and form, running to its rescue, flew into the church, clapped himself in the room of the departed beam; and though his stature seemed but moderate at his entry, he immediately seemed much larger than any pillar in the church, and bore it up with such force and constancy, that all their efforts to remove him were ineffectual." At length they succeed in dragging him before the judges then holding the assizes; and finally he is presented to the spectator roasting alive, and basted by his enemies. The author whimsically illustrates the agitation of the high court which tried Sacheverell. "Thou cunning sophister of Hell, cried his foaming accuser, thou ridiculous incendiary, and a thousand opprobrious names besides; and he was seconded by another, yet more violent, who cried, Were I to sentence that fellow, he should be spitted on a bramble, laid across a saw-pit, roasted with the flame of my wife's top-knot, and a major-general of my acquaintance should bring the drums of his regiment to make up the entertainment. Others were for stigmatizing, imprisoning, and gagging him; till at length the whole assembly fell to pecking at one another, and noise and clamour filled the court."

Seventeen different prints of Henry Sacheverell are mentioned in the recent "Continuation of Granger." This reverend divine espoused the Tory or Court party of the day; and preaching many wild and arbitrary doctrines, the leaders of the Whigs seriously impeached him in Parliament. This event naturally, but most absurdly, divided the nation on either side of the question; and the temperance of the partizans may be imagined from the above extracts. The handsome person, respectable family connexions, and polished manners of the Doctor, procured him many friends. He was acquitted; and died in 1724, Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

ELECTIONS.—The British Publick entertain a perfectly just but neglected sense of the description of men who should represent them in the House of Commons. In this case the representative and the represented are exactly in the same tempting situation: the fascination of power, impunity in some particular cases, and the honours attending the letters M. P. are balanced against the general love of money. *He that gives* a bribe is not more culpable than *he who receives* it: thus neither party have just cause of complaint. Let our patriots prevail on the *people* to *refuse,* and the *candidate* will cease to *offer*. Numbers of real friends to their country have wished to banish what is termed corruption, and every honest man must pray for their success; but the attempt is vain, and the execution impossible; arguments and ridicule are equally unavailing; the experience of centuries is against them.

These *most sapient* observations, which cannot but occur to every individual in England, naturally suggested themselves on the examination of one of the first satirical prints published on the general subject of Elections.

"Sell not your country," exclaims a tall patriotic candidate, whirling his hat in the air with one hand, at the same time that the other drops gold into the pocket of a person whose back is towards him, provided with three tiers of those convenient receptacles. "No *bribery*, but *pockets* are free," slily observes this wise elector.

"The laws against bribery provision may make,
Yet means will be found both to give and to take:
While charms are in flattery, and power in gold,
Men will be corrupted, and liberty sold."

A groupe surround the pedestal of a statue of Justice. "Regard Justice," says one of the number. "We fell out, I lost money by her," answers another, loaded with a bag of guineas. "Accept this at present," solicits a third. "It will scarce pay," returns the solicited, "make it twenty more." Folly on the opposite side, scattering treasures, receives the homage of genuflection from a figure who whines, "Help me, Folly, or my cause is lost." "Let not thy right hand know what thy left doest," whispers an old sinner with his face averted, one hand stroking his beard and the other placed on his back, taking money from one behind him. A fellow scrambles on the ground amidst scattered gold, and is entreated to "accept this small acknowledgement," contained in a bag, by an opponent

opponent to a gentleman who rides upon four men's shoulders, from whose hand the precious train had proceeded.

"O cives! cives! quærenda pecunia primùm est,
Virtus post nummos,"

Is the motto to this undated print; intituled, "*Ready Money the prevailing Candidate, or the Humours of an Election,*" which has some tolerable lines beneath it, part of which are quoted above, and conclude with good advice:

"But as soon as the day of election is over,
His woful mistake he begins to discover;
The squire is a member; the rustic who chose him
Is now quite neglected, he no longer knows him.
Then, Britons! betray not a sordid vile spirit,
Contemn gilded baits, and elect men of merit."

There is a print of some merit impressed upon a long slip of paper, and divided into three compartments, called "*The Humours of a Country Election.*" It is also without date, but from the dresses it may belong to the period between the time of Queen Anne and the close of the reign of George II. An "explanation of the cut," printed at the bottom, will serve instead of a description. "The candidates welcomed into the town by musick, and electors on horseback, attended by a mob of men, women and children. The candidates saluting the women, and amongst them a poor cobler's wife, very big with child, to whom they very courteously offer to stand godfather. The candidates very complaisant to a country clown, and offering presents to the wife and children. The candidates making an entertainment for the electors and their wives, to whom they shew great respect. At the upper end of the table, the parson of the parish sitting, his clerk standing by him. The members elect carried in procession in chairs upon men's shoulders, with musick playing before them, and attended by a mob of men, women, and children, huzzaing them." A quotation from Hudibras, and four anonymous lines, precede the engraving.

"Being mounted, in their best array,
Upon a steed, and, who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,

Did

Did ride, with many a good morrow,
Crying, 'Hey for our Town!' through the borough."

"A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags;
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots."

The early editions of the Dunciad contain an excellent etching of an Ass bearing the works of Welsted, Ward, Dennis, Theobald, Haywood, &c. with Mist's and other Journals, on which sits an owl in austere majesty, while poor Jack trots along browsing his favourite thistle, and beating down the Flying Post and Baker's Journal; on one side is inscribed *Deferor in vicum*, and on the other *Vendentem thus et odores*. A head-piece to the first book is composed of an owl's head covered by the dunce's cap, two asses heads are on the sides, and between them thistles: the motto, *Nemo me impunè lacessit*.

The first edition of Gay's Fables, 1727, is decorated with many very good plates; and Wootton, who designed several of them, has given strong proofs of a talent for caricaturing. The Old Woman and her Cats may be referred to on this occasion: she sits on a basket with a wooden leg, and has the true character of whimsical vexation, while

"About her swarm a num'rous brood
Of cats, who lank with hunger mew'd."

One threatens on a stool in front, and she is assailed by another in the rear.

The Goat without a beard is full of humour; and the Monkey who had seen the world takes snuff with ludicrous grimace. His brethren admire the long queue, lift their paws in admiration of his dress, and others fly and peep at him from a place of safety.

Previous to this period, with some exceptions, Caricaturists had indulged a propensity to render the objects of their satire odious to the world, not because they were eminently vicious or immoral in private life, but because they were persons who held political situations under the government. That it might frequently be deserved, we cannot pretend to deny; yet it is evident, that party spleen too often suggested a degree of severity which belongs only to crimes of the deepest dye.

Hogarth

Hogarth was the man destined by the favour of Heaven to convert the powers of the pencil and graver into rods of correction for vice; and, although we must not represent him as wholly guiltless of making an ill use of his talents, it may be safely asserted that his graphic precepts of virtue and propriety very far outweigh his errors, originating from pique or private resentment. The success which attended Hogarth's labours as a moral Caricaturist, both in his native country and in every part of Europe, might serve as an useful lesson to future artists, and induce them to select their subjects from the fruitful sources of folly and misconduct, rather than the acts of any set of ministers or their adherents, as it is well known that interest renders them callous to justifiable censure; besides, unfortunately for the Caricaturist, he often puts it into the power of the satirised politician to laugh at the senseless distortions of his fancy, tortured to express something altogether inexpressible. Let us compare the detestable idea of Sir Robert Walpole tearing gold from the bowels of an infant, with Hogarth's emblematical print of the South Sea scheme of 1720, and make inferences from each: the former will appear the offspring of ungovernable malice, and the latter a well-intended attempt to check a phrenzy which threatened the nation with ruin.

Hogarth has already received every possible commentary and illustration; and his merits and works are perfectly understood and fully appreciated: they do not, therefore, require the same degree of notice from me, as if he had been less known. If we take a general view of his productions, it will be found that he seldom indulged in caricature beyond the limits which Nature assigns when she thinks fit to be capricious; and it was from this prudent restraint upon his genius that he derived much of the approbation he obtained. Such was his discernment that he had only to observe how the passions operated upon muscles and outlines rather deranged when the mind was placid; and his memory was so powerful that he transferred them with the correctness of portraits; and in delineating the faces of the vulgar as he found them in the streets of London, he has merely given us the expression and very character of the people without the least caricature. All his large productions furnish instances of this fact; some of which I shall mention, and occasionally point out where he has deviated into distortion. "The Oratorio of Judith" cannot be cited fairly on either hand; nor can we safely pronounce that the Chorus in the print have overstrained muscles, after recollecting the variety of strange gasping mouths exhibited during Lent at Covent-garden Theatre. "The Sleeping Congregation" has three figures intended as principals.

The

The stupid drone who preaches, unconscious of the state of his auditors, is a true transcript of almost exhausted nature; the Clerk, a stern old fellow, leering with fearful stealth at a pleasing female near him; and even though the congregation snore, it is only the snoring of several ugly persons. Hence it is evident that the Sleeping Congregation is a satirical and not a caricature print.

"The Consultation of Physicians" is of a contrary description, and two or three of the faces are barely human. "The Enraged Musician" seems to have been produced from a selection of portraits made from blind musicians, ballad-singers, and dustmen. The first of these itinerants, though an object of compassion, has his counterparts in London this very day; and much of the singular and ludicrous effect in the muscles of each face, arises from the effort of blowing through a small pipe, and extending the mouth to sing, and roar *Dust ho!*

One of Hogarth's plates, denominated "Characters and Caricaturas," demonstrates that he has been far exceeded by some of his successors in the latter art; as, upon an attentive examination of the whole of his variations, we find none of those laughable traits which distinguish the faces in the Views of Oxford and Cambridge hereafter described. He was far more successful in this way when he drew without coercing his genius, as in "The Gates of Calais," where we have genuine caricatures of national characteristics of face: and in Gin Lane, dreadful marks of his power of representation in brutal inebriety.

"Paul before Felix" was a fair subject for indulgence, as he intended to ridicule Dutch designs. The idea conveyed by the gestures and attitudes of the figures is extremely indelicate, and not very creditable to the courage of Felix. The judges, justice, the angel, even the very dog, are caricatures. Had "The Politician" been satirised by a modern engraver, it is probable we should have seen a face many removes from human, attached to a body seeming to act from impulses not common to our nature. Hogarth, with greater propriety, represented an old man of plain homely features eagerly reading a newspaper by the light of a candle which he has seized; and, bringing the flame in contact with the brim of his hat, burns a hole through it, unconscious of his folly.

The variety of intoxicated expression in "A Midnight Modern Conversation" is so justly descriptive of the effects of liquor on different temperaments, that we might imagine their words from the turns in the countenances: in short, nothing is exaggerated beyond the exaggerations incident to the state of the whole party. The same observations apply to the series termed "The Harlot's Progress," in which

which all the characters must have appeared precisely as Hogarth has shewn them under similar circumstances. In "The Rake's Progress" we must not venture to say, that we never saw originals quite so oddly compiled from Nature's budget of singular mouths, eyes, and noses, as the priest, the clerk, and the old lady about to be married to the rake exhibit; the faces of each have strong resemblances in the present population of England.

"Industry and Idleness" abounds with every species of horrible expression. The scenes of the latter vice are derived from sources not within the knowledge of the strictly virtuous, who can barely comprehend how far wickedness may derange the frame and regularity of the countenance of man. Indeed it is scarcely possible to delineate the aberrations which cruelty, avarice, and drunkenness, cause from symmetry and perfection; which is strongly verified in the different "Stages of Cruelty."

The above observations will serve as a criterion for estimating Hogarth's powers as a Caricaturist. I shall next point out where he has excelled in exciting risibility by touches of whim and humour, without having recourse to more exaggeration than satire demands. The plates for "Butler's Hudibras" are generally ludicrous, and strictly descriptive of the parties and scenes produced by the author. There is much humour in the second plate, where a poor blind animal is rode by the fat leader of the expedition bursting with repletion and importance, contrasted with the squire, an epitome of every thing that is lean, demure, and sanctified. A woman who stands near her table provided with nuts and apples for sale, sees her baskets discharging their contents through the backward projection of a haymaker's seat of honour, who, seized with a sudden impulse of awe, bows to Hudibras. The third is not without claims on this head in the action of the principal figures, the master breathing war against a mob with clenched fist and pistol pointed; the man devoutly praying behind, his face concealed in his hat. The tenth, referring to the disaster of the errants having been seated in the stocks, exhibits the triumphant pair leading a lame fiddler with his hands tied, while the man fastens the implements of his profession to the post, where their boots and sword had before appeared as trophies of their defeat.

The fourth plate of "The Harlot's Progress" contains two figures, whose faces are genuine copies of nature debased by infamy, exercising their talents at a good joke. One lifts the gown and laces of the harlot, shuts an eye and sneers at her finery; and the other smiles with the malice of a devil, as she ties up her stocking.

And in the succeeding print, the contest between the physicians concerning the excellence of their different medicines, while the patient expires, is not only humourou s, bu pointedly satirical.

" The Rake's Progress" offers a curious groupe in the assemblage, composed of a fencing-master and dancing-master, an author, and other characters; each of whom are delineated with delicate touches of irony, and employ themselves in rehearsing their different professions during the Rake's perusal of a challenge brought by a furious blustering weather-beaten officer. His subsequent marriage is still more happily treated by the introduction of a species of episode — ladies fighting in a distant part of the church, and two dogs seated, with their heads close together, snarling most expressively.

" Noon" may serve as another example, in which the lady and gentleman, extravagantly dressed, express so much delight at the miniature of manhood, their darling son, who surveys the dignity of his mien and person, and struts loaded by a bag-wig armed with a sword and provided with a cane. " Evening" furnishes us with a pair of pigmies of this description; and it is evident from the manner in which Hogarth has introduced the boy with a military hat crying about a doll, that he was fully sensible of the absurdity of dressing children like adults. The fat lady and her husband who carries an infant, and in return for his civility who bears his hat and gloves, gives us to the life the London tradesman enjoying the air.

The tendency of " Marriage à la Mode" prevented the indulgence of a playful disposition, except in two instances, where it was perfectly justifiable, and served to advance the object of the painter. The first plate of the series places avarice and hereditary honours in humourous contrast; the coronet of the earl on a canopy denotes his particular rank, and though suffering severely from the gout, he is full dressed; and by pointing to his pedigree, amply explains that he thinks his family honours counterbalance the riches of the old commoner, to whom he proposes an alliance between their children. The latter and his steward are misers from head to feet; and the manner in which the citizen lifts his spectacles to take a superficial glance of the heraldic tree is truly natural, and could only be performed by a man absorbed in schemes for the advancement of his fortune. The second is in the fourth print, where the gentlemen sing and play on the flute and sip coffee, while the lady is under the hands of her hair-dresser.

Other remarkable traits of pleasantry are in the print of "Chairing of Members after an Election." These are, however, rather misapplied; but Hogarth contrives to make us smile even where we disapprove, for who can approve the idea of putting a sweep upon the pier of a church-yard gate in the act of accommodating a skull with a pair of spectacles? or who can examine the phiz of the sooty brat without a grin? The same contraction of the muscles must follow a view of the Member of Parliament, as he falls from the chair in the presence of his fainting lady; and yet such a fall must inevitably produce a fracture, dreadful bruises, or even death. The same censure will apply to the discharge of the gun by a monkey, which points to the head of the aforesaid sweep, and the thresher and wooden-legged seamen about to maim each other with a flail and monstrous club. Still it must be admitted that all these occurrences might happen on such an occasion.

"The Consultation of Physicians" is pregnant with genuine humour, and so perfectly harmless, that we may indulge in risibility without the least check from reflection. The principal holds a vessel containing a liquid, which he prepares to taste; and the remainder cogitate with solemn and profound sagacity, aided by the indispensable cane-head applied *secundum artem* to the nostril, lip, or chin. The variety and drollery of countenance in the twelve figures cannot be surpassed.

"Strolling Players" is another inoffensive indulgence of gaiety of heart, with the exception of the cutting off a cat's tail—an act cruel in thought and commission, unnecessary to the intention of the piece, and which the artist could only have introduced through one of those unaccountable lapses of memory that causes a man one day to contradict a position he defended the preceding. The curious mixture of things and operations observable in this print announces deep study. A boy who is to perform *an eagle* sits within it, and feeds an infant, the food supported by a crown; a gentleman rehearsing a part deeply afflicting sheds tears produced by an onion, and at the same time receives consolation through the medium of a glass of gin or brandy, offered by a kind dame, whose tender assiduity is rewarded by the solicitude of a female friend, employed in destroying an enemy which sometimes drops from his quarters in the head upon the neck, and thus becomes a victim to accident or inattention to his footing. Another lady, alarmed lest she should lose a moment in her scenic preparations, pronounces a speech in her under-garment; a second, with a hamper for a toilet,

greases

greases her hair by using a candle, and intends to have recourse to flour for powder; a third repeats part of a play while her stocking is darned, the foot resting on a wheelbarrow; and two young fiends quarrel over a pot of beer placed on a Roman altar. Twenty other combinations, equally absurd and common in the dressing lumber-room of an itinerant company, are exhibited with the same humourous fidelity.

"The Country Inn-yard" did not afford equal latitude for eccentricity of delineation, except in the landlady, who rings the bell and vociferates, while her spouse offers his bill to a traveller,—an old oddity, evidently disbelieving the host, though he emphatically places his hand on his heart to vouch for the moderation of the items.

"Paul before Felix" is a singular subject for the exercise of satirical talents, and rather an improper selection. Hogarth has represented Paul as little better than a stunted ruffian, tottering on a stool to enable him to peep over the bar, which is held by a clown of an angel, who, neglecting his duty, falls asleep.

We shall now bid adieu to Hogarth, with nearly the conviction that "we shall never look upon his like again."

"The Travels of Mr. John Gulliver, son to Captain Lemuel Gulliver; translated from the French by J. Lockman," 1731. The frontispiece by Hogarth and Vandergucht. This John Gulliver is taken by female pirates, and presented to the Queen of Babilary. Hogarth has deviated in every particular from the description of the parties. "The queen was of a majestic stature; her gracious and noble aspect corresponded to her exalted dignity," &c.—"That day I was dressed more splendidly than usual; I shone in jewels, and was cloathed in a most magnificent habit." The annexed *Plate* XXIX. shews how totally Hogarth has insensibly caricatured the above description.

"*Tartuff's Banquet. Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo—— Ipse domi.* Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1." The clear good engraving thus inscribed has the following lines below it from the "Seasonable Reproof," 1736.

[I think it necessary to mention my determination in this place (where for the first time I might commit an error in appropriation) not to offend the descendants of any satirized individuals or living characters, by converting anonymous publications into *real libels*, through attempting to fix them on those they appear to allude to, except in some political cases, where the parties might laugh with the publick.]

"Were

" Were all oblig'd to practice what they teach,
Some warm sleek clerks would still more seldom preach.
Stall-fed Tartuff, reclining in his seat,
High heap'd his board, himself brimfull of meat,
Yawning with pain, thus sleepy silence broke,
And to his meagre curates sagely spoke:
'My loving brethren, we should rest content
With the small pittance Heav'n has sent;
'Tis better much to want, than much abound;
Hunger and thirst hereafter will be crown'd.
If we 've prunella, which will hang together,
Like the good Baptist, girt about with leather;
And bread and water, we should ne'er complain:—
Here, John, give me a bumper of Champagne'."

The divine who is the subject of this satire sits before a dining-table in the manner described in the above lines. His chair terminates in a bust of Janus, on which his hat is placed; and John pours the wine requested into a glass. The viands before him are enclosed in a magic circle drawn on the table-cloth; and three curates seated at this very unsocial board, with a fourth behind the chair of one of them, are hunger and patience personified: particularly he who reads, because he has nothing to eat. A dog, a favourite of his master, has a handsome allowance on the floor, which he turns from to wet the gown of one of the miserable dependants. Behind the stern sleek son of the church are paintings, one of which is the good Samaritan, the Levite become a prelate.

" *The European Race*, humbly inscribed to the politicians of Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, Turkey, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Corsica, by an Englishman;" a print, drawn with considerable spirit and neatly engraved, appeared in 1738, in which the artist exhibits several of the states of Europe contending for superiority. On the right is a scaffold, where Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are placed as spectators; the first reposes under the British flag, in the character of Britannia, and on a beam before her is a crown suspended by a cord. The black enemy of mankind, possibly meaning the Pretender, peeps from behind a cloud, and thrusting forward a rod and line baited with a piece of gold, appears to fish for the diadem. A mastiff of the " true English breed," sits at the foot of the scaffold, and turning his head over his shoulder,

views

views Italy seated on a fox, leading Spain on a wolf. Russia follows on a bear, each rushing in traces with great apparent velocity. Turkey stalks along on an elephant, accommodated with French spectacles; and Holland, on a wild boar, is just leaving the starting-post, where a monkey holds a flag. Behind those is a chaise, drawn by two horses, containing a gentleman and lady. The initial letters D. C. on the vehicle, mean perhaps the Duke of Cumberland. A herald holds a large lion, whelped in the Tower of London, while a soldier, or the King of England, mounts him. Germany glides on her eagle with clipped wings; and king Theodore I. lies extended, thrown by his horse. A land-mark inscribed "Here ends St. James's parish," is converted by a figure into a show-box. Two dogs, which their collars explain to be Spain and Holland, snarl at each other most significantly over a bone; and a third, designating France, creeps from behind the land-mark, and siezes the object of contention. On the right-side of the fore-ground are two gentlemen on horseback: one exclaims, "Four to one upon Fox," and the other offers him a label, on which is written "Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Georgia." The back-ground consists of the sea and two fleets, with the rock of Gibraltar on the left, whence a rat emerges from its recess, and seems to examine a groupe of ships, one of which is giving her broadside towards the rock. Two suns, and part of St. Paul's (the rest obscured by clouds), are placed in the sky; and a pile of log-wood at the base of Gibraltar. "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth unto them all." Ecc. ix. 11. —The animals are particularly good in this plate.

The latter part of the above subject alludes to the Convention for the reconcilement of differences, entered into with Spain about the time of the date of the print; and is intended to express the public opinion of that measure, by suggestions of meanness and imaginary offers of places to the Spaniards by Walpole, to procure its execution, who had to accomplish the difficult task of reconciling the haughty spirits of the two countries, equally exasperated by aggressions on one part, and high pretensions on the other.

The origin of the following print on the Convention was the story of Captain Jenkins, who related, that being upon a trading voyage to Jamaica, his ship was boarded by the captain of a Spanish vessel, called by them Guarda-costa's, who treated Jenkins and his crew with great cruelty for navigating where he was found,

found, and completed the outrage by cutting off one of his ears, and bidding him take it to his master.

" *Slavery*, dedicated to the worthy and most injured Merchants of Great-Britain." The front of the print consists of a field ploughed by four Englishmen harnessed, and eating roots, driven and lashed by a Spaniard; a lion rears himself against the back of the latter, and looks behind him in the face of a figure with a star and riband drawing his sword upon the generous beast. A barren island in the distance is protected by a ship with Spanish colours, beating off one with the British ensign; and a Spaniard on it is cutting off the ears of an Englishman. The lines at the bottom are from Shakspeare's Richard II.

" *The School of Politicks*, or Pantaloon made a Minister. 1738." This print is correctly drawn, and etched with freedom; and has these words, partly invented for the occasion, at the bottom: " Concedo tibi virtutem, Tratandi, Guarantandi, Mediandi, Blunderandi, Confoundendi, Corrumpendi, Pillagendi, Stockjobbandi, Ruinandi, Dominandi, impunè per totam nationem."

Four figures are seated round a table, each in large wigs and black gowns: the principal in the subject takes money from a bag with one hand, and gives to his left-hand neighbour with the other; the curls of the wig of the former are composed of forage contract, bank, and promissory notes. The person on his right side has a harlequin's jacket, puts his hand to his face as if vexed, and looks at the pantaloon (dressed in character), who bows to him and the fourth figure, with his left hand on his breast; a dog does a very dirty act on the leg of the distressed gentleman, and a monkey opposite exhibits a treaty illegible.

The back part of the room is filled by a variety of characters, all urging forward, amongst whom is a very fat lady with a pen, a bishop with Codex, and a poet laureat with an ode: another of the numerous attacks upon Sir Robert Walpole and his protectors and friends, as is

" *Bob the Political Balance Master*, gone through his first purgation, and ready for the second." Britannia in a melancholy posture, near fallen Trade, balances upon her broken spear a beam, on which are seated Sir Robert and Justice; the latter outweighing the former, although assisted by heavy bags from the Sinking-fund, the Exchequer, and Treasury. His involuntary ascent on this occasion induces him to call upon a fiend, who, careless of his entreaties, shews him an axe as his due. The Dukes of Argyle and Bedford, trampling upon court-

court-favours, call for vengeance on the poor minister; the former flourishing a sword as the means. An oak on the left appears as if just trimmed, and labels inform us,

"Gangreen members must be lop'd away,
Lest nobler parts grow tainted and decay."

This threatening caricature concludes with these lines:

"Though crafty knaves may for a while defer
The punishment their horrid crimes incur,
A secret horror still their conscience knows:
Justice has leaden feet, but iron claws."

The Duke of Argyle was a warm and powerful opposer of the measures of the King and his ministers, because the King, suspecting he encouraged the Prince of Wales in the unhappy dissension between him and his Royal Father, dismissed him from his employments. Before this time he had been highly useful to the house of Hanover on several occasions, particularly as a brave commander against the rebels in 1715.

The Opposition made a grand effort to dislodge Walpole in 1741. They assigned Mr. Sandys the office of bringing forward the motion for the removal of the Minister. Accordingly, on the 14th of February, the gentleman just-named commenced his attack in the presence of 450 members, and as numerous an auditory of strangers as could obtain admittance at the early hour of six in the morning. The grounds of the motion he detailed with great animation; the principal of which were, the departure of Ministers from the objects of the grand alliance, and the abandonment of the House of Austria, a renewal of friendship and correspondence with France, the treaty of Hanover which confirmed that connexion, the Convention with Spain, the increase of the National Debt from 400,000*l.* to 2,000,000*l.*, notwithstanding that the sinking-fund had produced 15,000,000*l.* all of which had been expended in Spithead expeditions, and reviews in Hyde Park. To these he added minor charges, in allusion to such means as were intended to raise money, and obstruct naval and military measures wished by the nation.

Having given this explanation, I must refer the reader to the next print, where he will find the "Grounds for the Motion," offered by the caricaturist, which was negatived by a majority of 184.

On

On the same day Lord Carteret made a similar effort against the Minister in the House of Lords, when the Dukes of Bedford and Argyle, the earls of Sandwich, Westmorland, Berkshire, Carlisle, Abingdon, and Halifax, and the lords Haversham and Bathurst, spoke with great earnestness in condemnation of Walpole, whose friends being successful in this case as in the House of Commons, they retorted upon the caricature of the "Grounds," and published "The Motion," and "The Political Libertines, or Motion upon Motion," which are described in the succeeding pages; and those produced "The Motive or Reason for his Honour's Triumph," which the author of this print attributes by every allusion in his power to bribery.

"*The Grounds.*" This print represents Walpole standing on a four-wheeled vehicle called the money-press, with a naked infant held by a leg with one hand, and the other grasps a sword, which has just opened its bowels, whence money falls into the press. A label, directed to the cavity, has the words "Sinking-fund" placed directly over one of four pannels, "For the —— (King);" the rest are, "For secret services," "For the Projector," and "For friends and assistants." In addition to the honours of his coat, is inscribed "Volpone, or the Projector;" and from his mouth proceeds "Whoever flinches, I'll discard." On the two extremes of the upper part of the design are "Torbay," and "Ferrol and Brest." A stream of wind issuing from his mouth enables the French and Spanish fleets to leave their ports; a second, from a less-honourable aperture, secures the British from following them. "This wind," says a flying devil, "is strong against them." The money-press is decorated with banners, describing various imposts; and a balance-master, tottering at the end, exclaims, "Lawful plunder by ——, lawful plunder:" a banner, with "malt and ale" on it, is appropriated to this figure. Six contented supporters, yoked and harnessed, draw the money-press, which is driven by Volpone Junior, who encourages his human steeds with "Pull away, my lads, never spare them," alluding to Liberty, Honesty, Trade, and Manufactures, half-killed by the wheels, formed of Expence of Law, Gin Act, Penal Laws, and Civil-list Taxes.

A person behind the press blows a French horn: on his coat is "Sidney," and from an open pocket issues "Gazetteer." A bishop proclaims, "All bishops, peers, commoners, or others, willing to list in Projector's service, let them repair thither (pointing to the pocket), and meet with suitable encouragement." The Gazetteer and Freeman's Journal attend as a drummer; Bribery and Corruption,

 personified

personified as a female, and standing upon the usual baits, seems to spring from the badges of Royalty: with her right hand she lavishes patents, &c. to certain limbs of the law; and with her left, bishopricks to a groupe of priests, one of whom, bearing a mitre, observes, "Thy yoke is easy, and thy burden is light." Two other groupes, also yoked, say they long for a general Excise; and promise when all others fail to stand by him. The hobbling lines which follow are printed as an explanation:

"Wat be dat machine do make the folk groané?
It be de invention of de old fox Volponé,
To crush de people's spirit, and squeeze out der money.

Who be de big man dat de Engine don't sit on?
He be de great projector of Great Britain,
Whom all men, except de placemen, do spit on.

He find out contrivances, never before
Were practiced, to make dem both humble and poor;
'Tis all for deir goods dat he do't, to be sure.

He let de manufactures sink, and to ruin run trade,
Yet year after year heavy taxes are laid;
And vat be still more provoking, de huge debts lie unpaid.

He put all de best post in his family's hands,
Lay out de millions in houses, and purchasing lands;
And give no account, wen de nation demands.

To carry on his designs, he make dem maintain
More officers civil dan in both France and Spain,
And double de army in any past reign.

Dem still more securely and surely to chouse,
He vid pension and pensioners fill up de house;
So deir liberty itself now lies at his dispose.

In haste to swallow all, he did slily devise
Dat notable project call'd de Excise,
Which fill de whole nation vid rage and surprise.

De

De list to encrease a whole ninth part and more,
He model de Gin Act, dat make tousands poor,
Yet leaveth de evil just de same as before.

De Register bill he take lately in hand,
Dat de forces by sea, as well as by land,
Might be slaves to his will and despotic command.

Fifteen years he withhold dem from curbing deir foes,
Who plunder and search dem; then, to add to deir woes,
In place of redress, would de Convention impose.

Brave Vernon resolve deir proud enemies ruin;
But, instead of sending any forces to him,
Both de French and Spanish fleets were let loose to undo him.

Who be de human puppies dat de engine do draw?
Dey be his tools, wid whom all he say pass for law,
And but for whom he would soon fall under justice's claw.

Who be de groupes of swordsmen, gownsmen, and other dat escort him?
Dey be his creatures in de State, Church, Army, and Revenue, dat court him:
For, as dey depend on him, dey must needs support him.

Thus you see all des bands be at his devotion;
And dat de danger fear'd from him be no idle notion:
Judge den, if dere was not de *grounds* for de *motion*."

"*The Motion*," a very respectable engraving, bears the same date. The background is an interesting view of Whitehall, the Treasury, and the adjoining buildings, as they stood in 1741; from which state the place is entirely altered, except the Banquetting-house. The often-repeated fancy of introducing a coach is adopted in this instance; and the horses are urged full speed towards the Treasury. The earl of Chesterfield is postillion, and drives over all in his way. The duke of Argyle coachman, and brandishes a waved sword instead of a whip. Mr. Doddington sits between his legs, in the character of a spaniel, with the significant name *Bub* on his collar. Lord Carteret calls to the Duke, "Let me get out," as he perceives the conveyance is on the point of being overturned. Lord Cobham, behind the coach as footman, holds firmly by the straps; and Lord Lyttelton ambles

bles along as a second, himself and his Rosinante equally spare and thin. Smallbrook, bishop of Litchfield, bows obsequiously as they pass; and Esquire Sandys, with his arms extended, exclaims, "I thought what would come of putting him on the box;" while he drops from his left hand the Place Bill. Close in the front of the print, Pulteney wheels a barrow loaded with the Champion, Craftsman's Letters, the State of the Nation, and Common Sense. "Zounds, they are over," he observes; and he deliberately proceeds, leading several figures by strings secured to their noses.

"*The Political Libertines, or Motion upon Motion.* 1741." The coach is once more broken down in the print before us; the Exchequer in the distance.

"In the coach that lies before ye
See lord John ———, who aims at glory,
Tho' he's counted but a Tory."

This nobleman thrusts himself through the door; and exclaims "I am out."

"Then comes Campbell on the fore-box,
Who from court has had some sore knocks,
Yet he holds Time by the forelocks."

This politician exhibits a blank label on his knees, and from his right hand proceeds "Pro patria mori." The middle horse has thrown his rider.

"Who is he upon the ground?
The nation's seal, and to be found
Whene'er you give ten thousand pound.

Next sits Philip in the saddle,
Who in Dutch affairs did dabble,
Now in house and print does babble.

Close clings Mordaunt as a Briton,
Who both Merryland have writ on,
Yet by Bob have both been —— on.

—— behind falls fighting Dicky,
Who for Bob has trick for trickee,
And for war was still most quickee.

Then

Then upon poor Rosinante
Comes lean Tony, quite gallante,
Swears he'll stickle *vit. durante.*"

A nobleman on horseback, with "preferment" written on his coat; "my speech" on his riband.

"—— Behold upon a prancer
Comes lord George, both wit and dancer,
Says, Pray Bob give me an answer.

Then see Billy, who disposes
Both of lives and people's noses,
Cannot get what he proposes."

This gentleman thrusts his sword through the Gazetteer; and a monkey alarmed flies before him. "D—mn it, to let *him* drive," issues from his mouth; and with his left hand he leads a Clergyman, the Champion, and Common Sense, by the nose; a wheelbarrow, loaded with the Craftsman, &c. stands near him.

"Grave Sam was set to put the Motion,
For his honour's high promotion,
But the House dislik'd the notion."

Grave Sam shrugs his shoulders, cries "Z—ns, it's all over;" and has a Pension-bill suspended from his pocket.

"Next the prelate comes in fashion,
Who of swine has robb'd the nation,
Tho' against all approbation."

A hog grunts fiends from his mouth before him; and the bishop says, "I can pray, but not fast." A pool of water in the front of the print has a bull swimming in it, with "Barcelona" on a label. A Fox declares he "will have peace;" and below these animals is,

"They are all undone,
There is no more fun
At Bull-Ing-Brook fair."

"*The*

"*The Motive or Reason for his Honour's Triumph*". has these lines beneath, as some illustration of the subject.

"Who be dat de coach-box do sit on?
'Tis Bob, the place-man of Great Britain,
Who is so high, the rest he spit on.

And by de side da talyr you see,
Tho' now he's safe, and growl so fierce,
Yet he fawn'd on him that make them verse.

And who be day that are riding there,
Who drive o'er trad, and no man spare?
The're under-placemen, of here and there.

Who be they that look like mobby?
O that's the rabble, link to Bobby;
O they do all the dirty jobby.

Close by kneels Scull-club's Gazetteer showy,
The dullest far in verse and prose;
How he hug de publisher by de nose.

Who is dat employing his hands,
O that is squire ——, yea and nay of —— Sandys,
Just as his honour please commands."

"The Commonwealth," inscribed on the roof of a coach, informs us that the vehicle is to be considered as representing the State. The door is open quite to the hind-wheel; and within it sits the King, loaded with bags of money, and presenting the enticing words "Come in." Sir Robert Walpole acting as coachman, with his new insignia of nobility, the star, and the label on his breast, and the riband on his shoulder, flourishes his whip with one hand, and waives the other towards his followers, but drives without reins; he tramples his former laurels under foot, and seems insensible to the obstinate braying of the two asses the leaders, and the fall of the second horse and his rider, and the uneasy position of Marlborough near him. The postillion with the asses is an academick, and the traces have "merchandize" on them; the horse, who falls with a bishop his rider, is

is muzzled, and designates the woollen manufacture; the "Sinking-fund" on the other horses' traces is in deep shade; and the remainder of them are inscribed, "Husbandry goaded on by Bob." Admiral Cornish approaches Marlborough, armed with a trident, with which he seems to menace him and Walpole. "Court evil" kneels in the fore-ground, with asses' ears, offering his pen, and leading a dependant in the fool's cap, who also kneels near a Globe; the Gazetteer and Quack Doctor with the word Motion in one hand, the other pointing to his lips. A Scotchman serves as footman, and tunes his bagpipe; and a vast chain to the hind wheels of the coach conducts hackney speakers and voters, men of projects and promises, bearers of pensions, and abettors of taxes, leather, soap, candles, excise, civil list, stamps, land tax, coals, and salt: one of these figures bears the standard of England, with part of the above imposts wrote on it; and two are full of hopes and fears. Fame hovers over the coach, and proclaims the tools of state; and a yea-and-nay member turns his coat on the left side of the print, which has many claims to approbation.

"*The Cardinal Dancing-Master, or Placemen in Leading-Strings.*" Two ovals of very little merit. The first represents Cardinal Fleury, pointing to a heap of gold, and tutoring Sir Robert Walpole, who practises the Spanish step; "now," adds the former, "the French caper." A wretched little gentleman, playing the fiddle, says, "He'll dance soon to another tune;" and two other persons observe, "By G— Gilly, he danced as well in two as I shall in twenty years, Harry." Several spectators, peeping through a door, add, "Cardy brings him on finely — 'Tis the gold, sire, and he earns it." The second oval contains the Cardinal leading Sir Robert, who guides a groupe composed of spiritual and temporal placemen, and they urge poor Britannia to the brink of a pit, where she is met by an Angel who presents her a "Place bill," with the observation of "A majority at last." The Cardinal says, "Me fear she scape de snare;" Sir Robert, "Put her on, my lads;" the placemen, severally, "Oons she is rescued — she fancies a pit before — depart in peace — Excise requires it — 'tis according to law:" and finally, Britannia replies to the Angel, "Welcome! after twenty years' absence." A label from the clouds approaches the ear of Sir Robert inscribed "Beware of Feb. 2." "The Cardinal's dancing-song," and "The Placeman's ballad," with the musick of the Cardinal and of Wooden Shoes, are printed below the engravings.

"Make

" Make de *Spanish step*,
Den rise up very strong.
Fort bien, Monsieur!
Now do de Counter-tong.

Hold de head up, like the *Jew*,
Dere is money bid for you.
My valet no dance so true:
Tally dally, dero la, doodle do.

You come on, like any ting:
You'll soon dance to please de king.
You deserve de *post* and *string*,
Swing a swing, swing a swing, swing."

Cardinal Fleury is introduced on this occasion as having Walpole in leading-strings, because it seemed the interest of each of those ministers, at that particular time, to profess good-will at least between their respective courts. The British publick, aware of the connexion subsisting between France and Spain, were jealous of this harmony, and sensible that the finesse of the Cardinal might be too powerful for the circumspection of their premier. The Caricaturist, enlarging upon these fears, hesitated not to picture the most extravagant fancies; and his poet, naming several causes of discontent, grossly charges poor Walpole, in other lines omitted, with what would amount to high treason against the state.

" *The Reconciliation*, 1742," relates to the success of the Opposition in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Walpole's Resignation, and removal to the House of Peers. The King is receiving the Prince of Wales, and raises him as he kneels, declaring himself undeceived. Two gentlemen behind the Monarch add, " Let the deceiver be punished;" and that " The wish of the people is accomplished." Three others, full of disappointment and vexation, retire: the principal damns the P. the D. of A[rgyle] and Mr. P[ultene]y; another declares he may go to Carthagena himself now; and the third, he shall be displaced. A picture over the door is called the Gazetteer-legion scourged by the devil, who declares, as he lashes, that he has long owed them a grudge.

Although Sir Robert had succeeded in retaining his power in the instances mentioned, it soon became apparent to the publick that his influence in the cabinet had decreased; which was confirmed by the feeble defences he made upon

upon several occasions that required energy. This encouraged the opposition in the House of Commons; and they carried several questions against him by small majorities. In this unpleasant situation he made an unsuccessful attempt to separate the Prince of Wales from his party; but, finding at length that all his hopes were fruitless, he accepted of a peerage; which making his removal from office as little disgraceful as possible, he resigned the 11th February, 1742.

A print without date, which has more merit in the execution than so hateful a subject deserves, is noticed for no other purpose than to shew the propensity of some caricaturists to spread their brutal conceptions. It is termed "The Political Vomit for the ease of Britain:" "He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again; God shall cast them out of his belly." Job xx. 15. The Earl of Orford, surrounded by his political enemies, is undergoing a violent double operation; and labels, inscribed, "E— of O——d — promises of what I can catch — Ch——r of the E—— First L— of ——, &c. &c." are eagerly gathered. A groupe at the door is designated as a New Ministry, by "We come in now," over their heads.

A very tolerable engraving published at this time, represents Walpole in his robes, elevated on a rock, from which serpents ascend, with the inscriptions near their heads, "*Candidiora de nigro.*" "*Semper sibilo.*" "*Nil erubesco.*" "*Cunctis et mihi gravis.*" Britannia assists his Lordship with her right hand, and offers a coronet with her left, observing, "*Nec par sudoribus.*" "*Jam cautis ductoribus, inter tot aspera firmor,*" on a label, is suspended before him; and Silence with her attributes attends behind. Fame above, with one trumpet to her lips, sounds "*Tantam ad gloriam;*" the other, in her left hand, has on the banner attached to it "*Non sufficit una.*" A scroll at the bottom of the print contains:

"Walpole, Anagr. VALLUM, POLUS.
"Nil metuens terris, tuto potes ire per Altum.
Anglia qui VALlum WALPOLUS, ipse POLUS."

The Earl of Orford, descended from a very antient family, was born 1676, and died 1744-5. Mr. Burke says, "He was an honourable man, and a sound whig. He was not, as the jacobites and discontented whigs of his own time have represented him, and as ill-informed people still represent him, a prodigal and corrupt minister."

" *The Invasion, or Perkin's Triumph;* a Protestant print, inscribed to all true lovers of their religion and liberty." This print was published in 1745, from the pencil and graver of C. Mosley, which produced many good prints on other subjects. It is not extravagant in the composition, nor are the features of the different characters distorted into caricature. The back ground consists of St. James's Palace in front, Westminster-abbey on the right, and the entrance from Smithfield to St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the left. Before the last is a Smithfield Martyr burning, and a monk throws the declaration into the fire. Opposite to the Palace are a cross with monks prostrate and a triangular gallows suspending fifteen persons; and a bishop beats out five others from the Abbey with his crosier. The fore-ground contains a royal state coach, drawn by six horses, whose traces are inscribed " superstition," " passive obedience," " rebellion," " heredi- " tary right," " arbitrary power and non-resistance." The pope acts as postillion; and the King of France as coachman. A monk bearing a banner of the Inquisition clears the way; and the horses trample under foot the Protestant Religion, represented as a Clergyman with the Scriptures, and a figure protecting Magna Charta. The wheels of the coach crush Liberty, and labels inscribed " Exchequer," " Mortgage," " Bank," and " Leases." The Pretender leans through the window; and is in the act of withdrawing a black mask from his face. Two monks and the devil perform the office of footmen; and a groupe of Scotch soldiers march behind under the banner of Slavery, embroidered with a pair of wooden shoes.

This is one of the many and varied successful attempts made to resist the progress of the Pretender, whose partizans in Scotland were in arms against the government, and whose friends in England waited with impatience for the moment when they might follow the example of the Sister Kingdom. This period of time witnessed the termination of the hopes of the family of Stuart, though the Pope and the King of France were their coadjutors, and the people of Great Britain were divided — a fact which strongly demonstrates that no power on earth can replace in the breast of a Protestant those tenets removed by the efforts of the antient Reformers. The Pretender, having been acknowledged as the son and successor of James II. by the King of France, a bill of attainder was passed against him. Not discouraged by this severe measure, he attempted to prevail on Queen Anne to resign her crown in his favour as a matter of right and justice; and succeeded so far both with her and in Parliament by intrigue, that the friends

of

of the Protestant succession had much difficulty in counteracting his designs. He afterwards resided in the dominions of the Pope; and subsequently invaded Scotland, where the battle of Culloden closed his pretensions.

A print, without a title, exhibits George II. supported by the British Lion, who secures the crown on the Monarch's head. On the opposite side, a fiend, exclaiming "*Sum primum mobile,*" pushes forward the Pope, who says, "*Pete sanguinis Ampullam hæretici alteram,*" as he pours the contents of a bottle and glass on the back of the King of France, whose words are, as he exerts all his strength on the shoulders of the Pretender, "*Jettons les reformez à Terre.*" The latter turning, unwilling to risk further danger, declares they "shall never be a match for George while that Lion stands by him:" which the engraver has taken care to demonstrate, by shewing the four allies prostrate under as many lions, with the King on horseback crowned with laurel in the middle. Between these designs is inscribed several complimentary lines in blank verse.

"*The Balance.*" A neat engraving, though not well drawn. Three judges, seated under a rich canopy, preside, while a huge pair of scales decide the fate of the Pretender, who rises in defiance of the assistance of a Jesuit and a load of bulls and indulgences, and the rage of the Pope, the King of France and the Queen of Spain assembled to his aid, weighed down by a Bible and Magna Charta; on the side of which are arranged, Religion, Liberty, Justice, Britannia, and a groupe of the different orders of the state. The dress of the Pretender and a Scotchman who tears his hair, point out the interest the Scotch took in his success. Time reposes in front, and exhibits a book inscribed "Popish practices — Fulfillments — Dispensing Power — Imprisonment of seven Bishops — Master of Magdalen College — taking away Charters, &c."

"Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

"*The agreeable Contrast* between the British Hero and the Italian fugitive." The Pretender, habited in the Scotch dress, sits at a table with a broken anchor at his feet, leaning over the Pope's bull, and reading. The room is a library, and the greater number of the books are "Romish legends." A paper suspended from the table contains these lines:

"That British valour has conspir'd to quell me,
Should I go home Dad would not fail to tell me."

Britannia

Britannia stands behind him and says:

" Vain fool, behold here at thy feet
Your broken hopes and Culloden's defeat."

Alluding to a view of the battle, " The rebels defeated by his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland, April 16, 1746." The portly Duke attends on the opposite side, and declares, " Britain gave me life; for her safety I will readily risk it." Beneath:

" Here happy Britain tells her joyful tales,
And may again, since William's arms prevails."

" *Bella, horrida Bella!*" The print now before me is very free and spirited in the execution. Two Aldermen fight with their bottles in a state of intoxication. Alderman Benn is down; and W—r, in nerveless effort, endeavours to make the most of his advantage, but fails in the attempt, sinking to the floor with staring eyes and a *weeping mouth*. A dog of " Charly's breed" seizes the falling wig of B—n; and a groupe of citizens view the combat at a distance. Below is a ballad, termed " No peace for the wicked, or war is broke out in the city." Benn was notorious for his Jacobite principles: who the other champion was I do not know.

" Draw near, ye sober citizens,
Who dwell in London city;
And if I can from tears refrain,
I'll sing a dol'rous ditty:
But oh! my soul abhors,
Alack! what pity 't is
That Aldermen should rage in wars,
And Gen'rals rust in Peace?

'Twas at a feast our Lord Mayor gave
To Lords and Aldermen,
Where a most bloody war broke out
'Twixt W——r and B—n.
W——r was —I don't know what;
B—n's trade was boiling soap:
And, if he minds no other trade,
He may escape a rope.

But

But he to state affairs, alas!
Must turn his soap-sud brains;
And so, as chains now hang on him,
May he ne'er hang in chains:
But say, my Muse, what devil, or God,
Could raise this mighty pother;
Make peaceful souls boil o'er with rage,
And brother baffle brother.

The noisy god of drunkenness
Jump'd into B—n's tenth bottle;
And thence, with Harlequin's address,
Jump'd into B—n's noddle:
And then, and there, perswade did he,
Dull B—n for to be witty;
And to propose some *Cocoa-tree*
Healths, in the loyal city.

'Let's drink,' says he, 'the brave Prince *Charly*,
And d—n each *Hanoverian*:
The rascal that will not pledge me
By G—'s a *Presbyterian*.'
'O B—n, O B—n,' cries W——r;
'A shame it is most burning;
To name such treach'rous, thou 'rt mad,
But *not with too* much *learning*.'

In harmless words they parley'd first;
As, '*You lie, Sir!*' and '*You lie!*'
'*Thou art a scoundrel*, W——r:'
'B—n, *thou art a mere bully*.'
Then, wanting words to vent their rage,
They 're forc'd to come to blows;
W——r lugg'd B—n's ass's ears,
B—n tweak'd W——r's nose.

The

"*The noble Game of Bob-Cherry.*" The cherries are supended to the lower part of a sign of the British crown, and labelled High Trasurer, Secretary of State, and High Chancellor. A person, in a lamentable sitation, disgorges one he had swallowed; a second, missing his aim, lays prostrat; a third is making a flying leap; a fourth follows; and a crowd of courtiers and officers of the Royal household view the game. There is much life and vivacity in the figures of this print.

George II. had been to Hanover; and on his return the friends of Mr. Pitt claimed the performance of a promise in his favour, made by the Duke of Newcastle; but the time they chose was unpropitious, as the King felt displeased at some of the most recent acts of his ministers, and had suspicions that the Pelham's inclined to peace. Lord Bath had several audiences of his Majesty, in which he omitted no opportunity of recommending Lord Granville, by representing him as sincerely disposed to prosecute the war then raging, the King's most favourite pursuit at that particular period. Bath, becoming secure in proportion as he advanced, proposed a new administration to Lord Cobham, to include Mr. Pitt, but without success; hence arose the term Broad-bottomed Administration, for, as the Opposition thought proper to say the Monarch was surrounded by a faction, they would have removed it for a Cabinet on a *broader bottom.* The strength of the party became at length so imposing, that the Duke of Newcastle and his friends determined to admit some of the number into offices where they would be subordinate to themselves. A list of names was then handed to the King: that of Pitt proved fatal to the scheme. This produced an interview between Newcastle and Cobham, and a coalition, the first effects of which was an agreement for a general resignation. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harrington led the way on the 10th of February, 1746; and the King gave the seals of the former to Lord Granville, on the 11th. Mr. Pelham, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Pembroke, Mr. Legge, and Mr. G. Grenville, followed the example of Newcastle and Harrington. Thus Bath and Granville found themselves in possession of place and the King's good wishes; but, utterly powerless, the new minister of three days therefore felt the necessity of immediate retirement; and the nation perceived, by the restoration of his old servants, that the King's influence could not resist the finesse of party. The reader will easily recognise who voids the cherry, and who they are aiming at the others, after the above explanation.

"*English*

" English Credulity ; or ye're all bottled," 1749. *O magnus posthac Inimicis Risus !* Hor. Sat. It seems almost incredible to a modern inhabitant of London that the fact on which this satire is founded could have taken place. Certain persons, at the head f whom was the Duke of Montague, aware of the excess of curiosity prevailing n all ranks of people, determined to ascertain whether it had any limits; andit must be acknowledged they thought of an expedient which experimentaliss of this description never before even imagined. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket was selected as the place of performance, and the publick invited to see a nan enter a quart-bottle, and hear him sing within it. The theatre filled with anxious spectators, who waited the usual time for the commencement of the entertainment, far more easy and contented in mind than those instrumental in colleting them. The latter had pretty well satisfied themselves that curiosity in London knew no bounds, and were at a loss how to discharge their numerous visiors: the former began to perceive they had been the subject of a jest or wager; and thus each party became victims to terror and rage.

The contrivers of this hopeful scheme suffered their fears to eclipse common sense, and, totally forgetting her dictates, they sent a man upon the stage to say they were sorry the person could not that evening afford them the gratification of seeing him get into the quart-bottle, but that, if they would honour him with their presence on another, he would make ample amends for his omission by entering a pint-bottle. The torrent of resentment previously accumulated was set in motion by the absurdity of the offer; and in an instant riot and confusion reigned in every portion of the theatre, which ended with the destruction of every thing that could be broken; and the deceivers escaped with difficulty through the back part of the house. Never was resentment less justifiable, as it is almost impossible any person could believe the statement of the bills of the day. Those, therefore, who paid their money at the doors must have attended either without a hope of gratification, curious to know how the performer would evade his proposal, or without even reading the bills; consequently, neither had reason to complain; but, were we to judge from the catastrophe alone, we must agree with our Caricaturist in consigning the whole of the spectators present to the personage usually represented with an ugly cap and bells.

The personage alluded to appears in the print lively and active, turning a child's rattle with one hand, and leading a groupe by a string with the other, composed of a number of characters in arms, law, physick, &c. many of whom

are

are evidently portraits of persons then living and well known, but which I must beg leave to decline appropriating, through the probability of committing some unpardonable error. The old motto of the theatre, *Veluti in Speculum*, is over the curtain; and the candles hang in the old-fashioned way, set in hoops. A sword, supposed to allude to one lost by the Duke of Cumberland, flies away; and a young satyr or dæmon chases it, for the reward of thirty guineas offered for its recovery.

The lines at the bottom are:

" With grief, resentment, and averted eyes,
Britannia droops to see her sons, once wise,
So fam'd for arms, for conduct so renown'd,
With every virtue, every glory crown'd,
Now sink ignoble, and to nothing fall;
Obedient marching forth at Folly's call.
Whither, says she, ye triflers, do ye run?
Fond to be silly, glad to be undone;
While every idle, each unmeaning thing
Shall crowds in transport draw as in a string.
Forth, forth, they rush from colleges and halls,
From mansions, cottages, streets, shops, and stalls,
See the whole town in diff'rent forms array'd,
Some gape in rags, some flutter in brocade.
Thus, thus chican'd, can foreigners but smile
When they poor easy Englishmen beguile?
Hail, thou great genius, who, the jest to crown,
Thus bottled up the spirits of the town;
Though with regret I think on this affair,
Yet take them simpletons, as they appear.
Can solid judgement yield to idle schemes?
Whence then these visions and these frantic dreams?
You would the shades of your forefathers view:
Alas! beware, their looks will pierce you through;
Were it but possible they could arise,
They'd spurn ye, and such recreants despise:

Yet see they flock to fill the various groupe,
And each contends who first shall be the dupe.
Observe the sly French satyr's comic grin
To think how Folly thus takes idlers in.
Wing'd from his side the warrior's sword is fled,
And vainly he invokes the conquering dead;
The priest, the lawyer, and pert fribble, fain
Would court their converse in an humble strain;
Whilst the smart youth, before to shew his wit,
Cries, Folly leads, ye're bottled all and bit."

"*The Military Prophet:* or a Flight from Providence. Addressed to the foolish and guilty who timidly withdrew themselves on the alarm of another Earthquake, April, 1750." The excellent engraving under notice cannot be called a caricature; but the artist has contrived to give strong resemblances of the various eccentricities of features observable amongst the English publick. The old woman who sells the life-guardsman's prophecy, another who reads it, and the hobbling citizen tottering upon two canes, are not inferior to Hogarth's best works. (*See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 6.) The whole groupe of equestrians, pedestrians, and those in coaches, present a scene of confusion and agitation drawn to the life; and on the right gallops the author of it all, brandishing a flaming sword, inscribed, "Prophecy," and appearing to urge his dupes forward. The subject requires little further elucidation, which may be given by saying, a soldier in the life-guards, who had his brain completely turned by preaching and hearing Methodism, presumed to announce the destruction of London by an earthquake. Numbers, tinctured by the new enthusiasm, terrified themselves, communicated their fears to the ignorant; and the consequence was, the whole fled in the manner above censured from this devoted city, to which they returned in due time, probably rather more enlightened than when they left it.

"*A Modern Contrast.* Is it nothing to you all, ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" The drawing and execution of this print does credit to Proud the engraver. The houses of two publicans face each other; one sells his liquor with a *license*, and himself and wife bursting with fat, exult at their door (*see Plate* XXX. *fig.* 3.) amidst a group of drunkards, over their neighbour, who is arrested, and his family turned out, and their liquor

liquor staved, for selling without a license. The sottish contriver of this false satire of the government, for attempting to check the immoderate use of spiritous liquors, has thrown Justice on the pavement, in a state of intoxication, where she applies a glass to her lips.

There is a curious print extant, the copy used on this occasion being without date or title, which was intended as a strong expression of displeasure against the House of Hanover. The horse, which is their armorial badge, has been strangely tortured into a ludicrous monster by the Caricaturist, and is supposed to be erect on the hind legs, terminating in talons, and treading on Liberty and Trade. The tail resembles that of a serpent, the body that of a man, and a human face full of rapacious cunning peeps out of the neck of the correct representation of the head of a horse. This animal neighs "Worms," in great distress; the face leers at an attentive minister, places a finger to the nose, and receives from him with the other hand a bag of 160,000 guineas. *(See Plate* XXXI. *fig.* 4.) A crowd of persons on the other side catch at the distribution of money, but damn England. We are presented below with a nurse employed in a very disagreeable office for Britannia reduced to infancy, who, lying across her lap, roars at the necessary operation. Between the two designs is a list of foreign soldiers in daily pay for England.

The frequent royal excursions to Hanover which occurred between the accession of George I. and the close of the reign of George II. produced great discontent. The latter monarch returned from thence in September 1755, and brought with him a subsidiary treaty for 12,000 men, which he had concluded with the Landgrave of Hesse, and the draft of another with Russia, ratified after his return, for 40,000, ostensibly for the defence of England and Hanover, but really for that of the latter country. Mr. Pitt said of these treaties, "They were advised, framed, and executed, not with a view to the defence of Great Britain in case she should be invaded by France; not with a view to protect the allies of Great Britain, if they should be attacked by France, but purely and entirely for the preservation of Hanover against the attempts of France and her confederates; which I believe to be so entirely the only object of the treaties, that I am convinced they would not have been made had not that electorate belonged to the Sovereign of the island." These facts will explain the cause of the statements of the satirist, and the succeeding print of

St.

"*St. James's in October, the King at Hanover*," 1750; intended to illustrate the stagnation of business, caused by the absence of the Court and its attendants. The grenadiers on duty at the gate lean listless against it; one wishes the monarch safe home, and the other answers, "Aye, we shall peck again then:" a chimney-sweeper passes between them, crying "Sweep for the soot, ho." Six men bear a coffin from Cleveland-place, inscribed, "Trade." A groupe of tradesmen converse near the palace, declaring, "Seven months in twelve is too hard indeed."—"Not a tye-wig, major, or brig bespoke—Nor a hat." The keeper of a neighbouring coffee-house intreats them in vain to subscribe 2*s.* 6*d.* each for the birth-day dinner; and a landlady opposite observes, "Few whetters from court now;" even a pair of shoe-blacks cry they are starved for want of employment.

Other persons in the front of the print are courtiers, "Dim me, my lord, if I know how to kill time now the King is abroad."—"Marry, as we have done," replies his lordship, "and you will find employment enough."—A citizen, who exclaims, "What a melancholy appearance is here!—I'll out of town now these weddings are over."—A wench crying the last dying speech of Macleane—"D——um, they are all poverty struck." A knife grinder: "G— save great George our King!—I wish he was here though, for they seem to want meat more than knives," &c.

"*Foreign trade and domestic compared,*" in two divisions. One contains the king of France seated under a canopy, presenting Commerce, who kneels before him, a placart "That trade shall be free from Taxes," and saying, "All that I have is thine." To which the favoured lady replies, "By your Majesty's paternal care and protection, I am enabled to do greater things at any European Market than my neighbours;" and this assertion is supported by money bills paid and accepted, invoices, &c. &c. scattered on the fore-ground, where a large woolpack is accompanied by a letter, dated London, Nov. 1753: "Monsieur, You may have what Wool you want, and remit the balance in Wines. Yours, &c. Tim. Wiseacre." The more distant parts of the print exhibit the sea, bounded by the islands of Tobago, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, and ships proceeding and returning on their voyages.

The second division shews the British Minister, the duke of Newcastle, advancing, provided with two yokes, one labelled "5 per cent on Exports," and the other "duty on Salt, and additional duty on Sugar." Those he intends to add to the

the "old subsidy, new subsidy, old duty, and new duty," which have weighed Commerce to the earth, sighing, "Quite spent, bore down, and ready to breathe my last gasp," where she is surrounded by boxes of French lace, cambrick, letters of credit, bills returned unpaid and protested, and an invoice of 274 hogsheads of Sugar, and 135 casks of Indigo, per the Apollo, from St. Domingo to A. B. merchant at Bristol.

To shew the contempt in which the Minister is supposed to hold the staple article of the nation, a dog is seen wetting a woolpack immediately under a niche, furnished with an owl blinking through spectacles, holding in its beak a lantern, and speaking this sentence in Latin, "Non mihi si centum oculi sint Commodum videre possum." A more ludicrous aid has seldom been introduced in a satirical print. (*See Miscellaneous Plate.*) The back-ground contains groupes of sailors out of employment; and several ships bear brooms at their mast heads, the symbol of sale. Three persons near Commerce seem inclined to afford her relief.

The measures of the duke of Newcastle and his coadjutors, it will be seen by the preceding caricature, gave as little satisfaction as those of his Britannic Majesty, which, it is pretty plainly hinted by Mr. Pitt, were exclusively his own. Thus, according to Squire Western, in Fielding's Tom Jones, all his lands were to be sent to Hanover; and our friend the caricaturist decidedly informs us, that the whole trade of England was transferred to France by the weight of the Ministerial imposts.

"*A Court Conversation*" is next in succession, published when Mr. Fox was Secretary of State. In the print before us, Mr. Fox and (I suppose) Lord Anson stand in the fore-ground; the latter leans on a broken anchor, and points with one hand to the London Gazette held in the other (*See Plate* XXXI. *fig.* 2.); the former directs his friend's attention to the mob burning Admiral Byng in effigy in the street. The heads of these principals have been exchanged by the artist for those of a Fox and a Goose; and it would be injustice not to notice the stupid air of reproach in that of *Anser*, a quibble upon Anson, both as calling him a goose, and approaching the sound of the real name. Behind them is the Council-table, where three of the members are disturbed by the fall of a picture of the siege of Port Mahon, which causes the overturning of the table. A map of North America hangs covered by cobwebs; and a pile of Subsidiary Treaties lay near a Place and Pension Ledger, No. 21.

Below

Below this well-engraved plate are these lines:

"Quoth Anser to Reynard, Methinks you had better
Have not made so free with this same cursed letter.
Sly Reynard replied, Yet your Lordship must own,
Not Byng had been burnt, if the truth had been known."

France had determined at this period to attack Minorca; and, aware of her superiority at *finesse*, the cabinet of that power completely concealed their real design, by terrifying the English ministry with a grand display of troops between Calais and Boulogne, as if they were intended for an immediate invasion. Thus we find the Privy Council taken unawares by the fall of Port Mahon, while they were bringing foreign troops into this country for its protection. Mr. Pitt, then in the Opposition, was so exasperated with Lord Anson, that he intemperately declared him unfit to command a cock-boat on the River Thames. The letter in the Gazette alluded to must be that announcing the proceedings of Admiral Byng, whose caution in avoiding the enemy, and apparent want of courage, excited the most furious anger in the public mind against him; and every engine was employed to bring him to punishment, amongst which may be included,

"*Bung Triumphant.*" An arch, the reverse of a triumphal, records June 26, 1756. Over the key-stone is the Admiral's ship on a shield, the crest reversed, with thigh-bones on the wreath; the supporters a cow and a sheep; the motto "safe and sound." The English lion and the French fleurs-de-lis are placed on two pedestals "Topsy turvy," which support flags of the two nations, "Whole, not a rag in a flag." This arch terminates in the now obsolete *ornaments* of Temple-bar, a head and limbs, descriptive of the punishment of traitors. Two apertures beneath the architrave are filled with statues of Gallisoniere and Byng, supposed to be playing at "bo peep." Immediately under the structure is a scaffold, with the Admiral secured by a halter to a gallows, who sighs, "I am troubled in spirit, and grief overwhelmeth my soul;" to which Wesley replies, "O rejoice! rejoice that the Lord loveth thee, for therefore art thou chastised." A mob surrounds the place; and in the front are personifications of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and France: the four first of whom are provided with baskets of "English flints," "Scotch pebbles," "Irish potatoes," and "Welsh onions," intended for the detestable purposes, common at the time the print was engraved, of pelting the obnoxious criminal on the way to execution. The English

lish sailor cries, "O my dear eyes, new for your jolly nob!—what! you would not fight, and be d—d to you?" The Scotchman, "Mester Beeng, tak gued heed tull yere lugs, eil tak muckle aim at yere hed." The Irishman, "O blur and nowns, but I'll bate you, my dear; and I wish, honey, Blakeney was here now;" and the Welshman, "Cot pless hur plood and potty, how hur finkers its! Cots sounce, hur is all rates and fire." The Frenchman turns away in disgust and astonishment, observing, "La diable! la Monseur le grand Monarque no serva Monsieur Gallisoniere so as dese, for sava his fleet."

The Anecdotes and Speeches of the earl of Chatham contain the ensuing assertions: "The great error was, in the Admiralty not sending a larger fleet, and not sending it sooner. Mr. Byng's only fault was acting with too much prudence, owing to the smallness of his force. He was sacrificed through the management of Lord Hardwicke, to screen Lord Anson, &c."

It may be worth while to describe "*The Vision, or Justice anticipated, and the Addressers redressed*," 1756, to shew the violence of party at the time it was published. We cannot but feel regret that the suggestions contained in it were gratified by the shedding of British blood, even in the instance of Admiral Byng.

Britannia, the City of London, and Justice, seated at a table covered by copies of Addresses, have a number of delinquents before them; over whom, suspended on a cloud, are an axe and block, a rope, and musket; behind them is a view of the Tower; and at the windows appear such of the obnoxious politicians and officers as the contriver of the print chose to place there. A second cloud hovers over another groupe, supposed to be meritorious men in their different public stations, bearing wreaths of laurel, and the names of Cunningham, Vernon, Peperel, Jefferys, West, Johnson, Hawke, and Blakeney; a glory beams on these, and lightning darts upon the other. The City says, "I demand, in behalf of the City of London, and all the trading Cities and Towns in Great Britain, an impartial inquiry, and immediate justice to be executed against weak or wicked Ministers; and that the virtuous and brave may be rewarded according to their merit."

Britannia replies, "Due regard shall be shewn immediately to the many remonstrances and loyal addresses of my children for an inquiry." Justice adds, "With me there is no respect of persons, nor taking of bribes." Below the favoured groupe is inscribed, "Rewards for bravery and personal merit," which are enumerated; and under the condemned, "And behold I saw in my dream, that the Goddess Astrea denounced several pains and penalties against State delinquents."

Amongst

Amongst the rest were the following: "*Admiral Byng*—To be shot at by a sailor out of every ship of Admiral West's division at the battle of the 20th of May, 1756, for his cowardice in that action. *Chateauneuf*—His estate and side-board to be appropriated to the payment of foreign subsidies, and be obliged to dine every other day on the viands and delicacies of Fee-lane, except once a year on a jowl of *Newcastle* salmon; his sideboard furniture to be trenchers and wooden spoons. *Lovegold*—To be mulcted 30,000*l.* per annum during the war for the support of a national Militia, and to wear wooden shoes. *Aquapulco*—To be mulcted 200,000*l.* towards the recovering of Minorca out of the hands of the French; and 10*l.* to each of the widows of sailors who have or shall lose their lives in the Mediterranean during the present war. *Renard*—To be allowed to eat neither geese nor poultry, nor any thing else but guts and garbage, or *soup meagre*, nor any liquor but the juice of sour grapes for 10 years. *Mon. Lass*—For involving the nation in deep distress by his evil councils, to cry wooden shoes for his subsistence; and travel barefooted from London to Ardmagh, and there to be dilapidated.—The non-fighting Captains in the late battle to be broke, and rendered incapable of bearing any other command than that of swabbers on board their own ships all the time of the war."

"*The Scribleriad*," an heroic poem, published in 1751, and written by the late Richard O. Cambridge, Esq. is embellished with seven prints nearly approaching caricature: they were drawn by Wall in one instance, and Boitard designed and engraved the remainder. The title of the work explains its purport, which was to ridicule a false taste in literature, &c. The frontispiece has lately been re-engraved, and much improved by a back-ground, the work of Landseer, in a collection of Mr. C.'s labours, published by his son. The print of Scriblerus preparing to burn himself on a pile of his own rarities, is well done, but has nothing comic in it.

> "Let the brave Phœnix my example be;
> That Phœnix now, alas! I ne'er must see!
> His pile magnific the great thought inspire;
> And my choice treasures light the glorious pyre."

The Third Book is faced by a representation of the Queen of an imaginary country, whose history is related by a Priestess of Rumour. For the first time we have a delineation of the Plica Polonica, an epidemical disease of the hair, which

which twines inextricably, and cannot be cut from the head without a dangerous effusion of blood.

"The Queen herself approach'd in solemn state;
Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd:
Whose folds descending, veil'd her beauteous waste,
Then length'ning downwards, form'd a regal train,
And swept with awful majesty the plain."

The print annexed to the Fourth Book is one of the best; and shows Scriblerus making atonement for the murder of Acrostick, by funeral games, in which a Briton and a German attempt an aërial flight:

"They spread their wings, and with a rising bound,
Swift at the word, together quit the ground."

The wing of one of the adventurers breaks; and Boitard has very happily expressed his convulsive seizure of his antagonist's right leg, with whom he falls amidst an astonished assembly and the prize bull.

In the last plate Scriblerus is beatified by a set of Alchymists, for his successful essays in that art; and we have him seated upon a platform, elevated on four battered hogsheads; a bull bleeds at his feet; and his old competitors celebrate his new honours on a harp and with songs, two only lamenting their own failure.

It may be observed generally of the satirical prints published before the American war, that the countenances of the principal characters barely convey the actual feelings of the individual. In this particular, they may be said to resemble the sketches prepared for his subject by a second-rate historical painter. The artist had, in no instance which I have seen, ventured to give a likeness in the extreme of ludicrous distortion. We therefore view these prints with perfectly calm muscles; and sagacity is kept upon the stretch, to recal circumstances and events, in order to appropriate the figures.

Bunbury is one of the few caricaturists who might look over a collection of his own productions without experiencing a sensation of remorse. This gentleman has escaped, as far as my knowledge of his works extends, the sting of having wantonly injured the feelings of individuals, who were not accountable to him for the singularities of their features, persons, or manners, or their deviations from a particular path prescribed by party in politics.

Mr. Bunbury long amused the publick, and reigned the unrivalled monarch of

 the

the grotesque, almost as long as his present Majesty has swayed the sceptre of Great Britain. Lately, indeed, rivals have disputed his pretensions to exclusive excellence with great success; but the veteran always creates good-humour in the breast of spleen, and excites a laugh even from gravity itself. I shall now proceed to notice a few of the best subjects of his pencil chronologically.

The "*Eques Cantab.*" and "*Cantab.*" engraved by Bretherton in 1772, are done in a style precisely opposite to that adopted at present, which deserves approbation in some particulars, and is deficient in others: the artist, having etched the outline and the strongest shades, has given the other tints by the dry point; consequently the prints appear at a little distance like aqua-tints, and have not that clear richness observable in modern caricatures. Bretherton seems, however, to have entered into the spirit of the design in every instance; and his productions do not suffer by a comparison with the works of others who have since engraved from the sketches of Bunbury.

The *Eques Cantab.* is a spare figure mounted upon a hunter, his chin surrounded by a thick neckcloth; the jolt of the horse places a huge *queue* in a horizontal position, and he carries a large hooked stick. A finger-post points to Cambridge in the rear, and to Newmarket in front. *Cantab.* paces along in the second plate on an animal strongly resembling a cart-horse; this figure is a most perfect resemblance of nature, as she is sometimes pleased to present us with priests, fellows of Colleges. The large nose, the copious under-lip, the small eye, the swelling white wig, and the triangular hat insecurely *stuck* on it; the protuberance before, and the rusty black suit, are all characteristic. *Cantab.* carries a sermon in his pocket, which he has just preached at a Church in the distance; and two hogs pay their respects to him in the fore-ground.

"*The Village Barber,*" published in 1772, is a whimsical conveyance of that odd compound to posterity, who struts before his house, armed with his lancet, razor, and bason; an enormous black wig appears to balance his nose and spectacles, and two signs inform us he is "Barn: Factotum: Dresses, shaves, bleeds, &c. In utrumque paratus. Bobs, bob-majors, scratches, and other wigs made here; also sausages, wash-balls, black-puddings, Scotch pills, powder for the itch, red herrings, breeches balls, and small-beer by the maker."

"*The Concerto Spirituale,*" 1773, is a groupe of three figures, finely contrasted; a second Mr. Bright, abounding with the nose, lips, and excrescencies of good living, sits a vast mass of flesh at the bass viol; another, denied the full *contour*

tour of an Apollo, plays on the hautboy with a hollow cheek, while a brother performer on the French horn swells his almost to bursting.

"*The Siege of Namur, by Captain Shandy and Corporal Trim,*" represents those well-known heroes marching to the gate. The "honest triumph" in the eyes of the former, mentioned by Sterne, is perhaps converted into something like fierceness; but he grasps one of his crutches with the eagerness of an old soldier, who forgets their use in the face of an enemy, and points forward, while the other props his unwieldy frame, agitated from the sole of his foot to the extreme end of his *queue*. Trim fixes his eyes on his commander, advances in the grenadier's step, with a pick-axe raised for action, and rouses our attention towards the object of attack—a perforated bank forming the sides of a gate, which a board fastened to two sticks set in the ground informs us is the gate of St. Nicolas, defended by a pair of jack-boots projected as cannon. The Captain holds the London Gazette in his left hand, and a wall behind him has a plan of the town fastened to it.

"*A Militia Meeting*" appeared in the above year, in which print two magistrates sit at a table, one with his back towards the spectator, reading from the Militia Bill; the other, fat and important, seems to speak in thunder. A soldier, not altogether like a waggoner in masquerade, introduces two clodpoles, the shortest of whom has his hair dressed in the military style, and seems to be offered as a substitute for the other, one of the most stupid inhabitants of a village of clay-huts. The whole of the groupe informs the spectator that the magistrates reject the *substitute* as under size; that *he* wishes to get the bounty; and that the principal is fearful of being compelled to serve.

"*Mutual Accusation,*" 1774. This print, allowing for the peculiar nature of the subject, may be considered as one of the best from the pencil of Mr. Bunbury. Two Quacks meet in the street where both reside; the sign of one is inscribed, "Dr. Walker's veritable Anti-scorbutic Pills: beware of impostors;" and that of the other, "True Anti-scorbutic Pills." The contention between the fat man and his lean adversary is comic in the extreme; and the battle between the two viragos, their wives, in the distance, can only be exceeded by reality. We will not attempt to decide whether Mr. Bunbury aimed his satire at living characters in this instance; but it is certain it was never better applied. The cats and dogs of the two families, partaking of the general animosity, fight for very love of their masters and mistresses.

"When

" When once you've told and can't recall a lie,
Boldly persist in't, or your fame will die.
Learn this, ye wives, with unrelenting claws—
Or right or wrong, assert your husband's cause."

"*A Barber's Shop*," 1785. The drawing from which this large print was done by Jones, in the dotted manner, formed part of the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has the merit of finishing and keeping, and the features are generally but little strained beyond the bounds prescribed by Nature: indeed it may rather be termed a sketch of one of the ludicrous scenes of real life than a caricature. The principal figure is covered by a white cloth, and undergoes the double torture inflicted by an awkward boy with curling irons, whose arms are barely long enough to reach their destination, and the frizzing of a grinning adult: the face of this sufferer will long explain the pangs produced by the manner of dressing the hair in 1785. A label with "Fox" on it lies under this gentleman's foot; and the frizeur's pockets exhibit others with "Hood and Wray." Two dogs resembling a lion and a fox, with similar labels attached to their collars, have a wig between them, each snarling with a curl in his mouth. A fat person sits bald, reading a news-paper; over his head is inscribed, "State of the Poll:" a block supports his wig, and the floor his hat, loaded by a large cockade for *Hood* and *Wray*. A third person turns his head, shuts his eyes, and gently touches with a towel the bleeding scars on his face and neck, left by a bad razor; a boy points to his own jaw, and distinctly tells him where the wounds are deepest. A fourth is thoroughly lathered, and awaits the dire flourish of the shaver, with a strong expression of fear. And two others face a glass, and replace their neck-cloths with equal gravity and whimsical effect. The political inferences to be drawn from this print are little more than that the celebrated Westminster Election conveyed its influence even to the barber's boy.

"*City Fowler's Mark!*"

" Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear." GAY.

——— clausisque expectat ocellis
Θυμον :———

The

The real sportsmen hold the *trading* sportsmen of London in sovereign contempt. The First of September, which annually lets the latter loose upon all the little harmless birds that chirp in the hedges round the metropolis, removes the restraint imposed upon the pens and pencils of wits and caricaturists; and the newspapers and print-shop windows abound with sarcasms on the blunders supposed to be committed by the cockneys in their field-amusements. Mr. Bunbury has not been the least successful of their satirists, as he evinces by the ludicrous turn he gives to the above lines by Gay. A labourer sits in a particular posture behind a bush; "the warm scent" attracts the setter, and he points; two cits "tread with caution," one cocks his gun, and the other takes aim upon his shoulder with an eagerness and awkwardness not to be described.

"*Corporeal Fear*," 1781. The print before us is an illustration of the facility which the terrors of mankind afford the wicked, of accomplishing their crimes; and tends to prove that presence of mind and a little courage would often rescue the traveller from the horrors of highway-robbery. A dancing-master seated in his gig is arrested on his progress by a miserable wretch, who presents a *candlestick* instead of a pistol to his breast; and a clumsy fat old virago clambers up the carriage on the opposite side. The terrified caperer has delivered his purse, hat, whip, and fiddle; and stands the picture of fear and despair, with his pockets turned inside out, begging for mercy. In the dotted manner, by Baldry.

"*Billiards*," 1781, engraved by Brotherton. This subject conveys instruction, though the figures and features are in the extreme of caricature. Two of the figures are sharpers, and grin with inward pleasure and contempt at the inexpressibly ridiculous motions of one of their antagonists about to play; two others, concerned in the game, stand in stupid expectation, and the rest of the groupe partake of the same feelings. A picture of a duel on the wall hints the consequences attending Billiards.

"*The Inflexible Porter*," 1783. It is impossible to examine the print before us, without partaking of the sensations of the parties. The pampered insolent servant lifts both his hands, and denies his master with unrelenting front. A gentleman bows, and intreats for admission with a smiling disappointed countenance; and another, thin as a lath, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion, stands passive in silent vexation, though, by the hand in his pocket, and the manner in which the fore-finger of the other is pointed towards it, we may suppose

a *bribe*

a *bribe* will remove all obstacles raised by the then *flexible* porter. This caricature is sufficient in itself to abolish the custom of *shewing great men for money.*

The front, side-view, and back-front of a *Modern Fine Gentleman,* appeared in the same year, but has little to recommend it. Both these prints are stippled.

"*A College Gate,*" 1794. *Watson and Dickenson sc.* dotted manner. The Divines going upon duty is a laughable groupe: One stands upon a horse-block in the distance, rotund and short; the whiteness of the wig, contrasted with the mahogany-tinted countenance, shows his love for old port. Another ambles along in the front, a second-rate in fat. But the figure who approaches, aged, lean, and wrapped close in his great coat, has a face which defies description, and is screwed into twenty different expressions. The conceited young gentleman who trots in another direction is opposed to a fifth in his gown, in a curious style.

"*The Country Club,*" stippled by Dickenson, 1803. Although a caricature, the general character of this subject strictly accords with Nature. The party wait for dinner, which is brought in by the landlady, a fat complacent woman, and her assistants. An impatient friend to his stomach exclaims, with extended mouth, against the lateness of the hour, and presents his watch to a mortified waiter for inspection. A beau with most simple and unmeaning features carefully suspends his hat to a hook in the wall. A short well-fed clergyman squeezes a lemon into an enormous punch-bowl: and a friend snuffs a bottle near him with expressive eagerness. The most diverting part of the print consists of a trio, composed of a Justice, Militia-officer, and an Exciseman: the subject of conversation is a good joke, and the whole of the party enjoy it in a way peculiar to each, but the latter, a little fellow with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets, looks up to the Justice with an earnest enquiring grin, which in itself would establish Mr. Bunbury's fame as a caricaturist. The rules of this club are inscribed on a board as follows:

"Club-law. No journeyman or apprentice must belong to this society.
No jokes in this society but practical ones, or forfeit 3*d.*
Any gentleman as gives another gentleman the lie before strangers to forfeit 6*d.*
Any gentleman as behaves ungenteel to be fined 3*d.* and turned out.
All fines to be spent in punch."

"*The*

"*The present State of Europe;*" a political farce, of four acts, as it is now in rehearsal by all the Potentates A. D. 1761. The distant part of this print represents the Island of Corsica, and the bombardment of Bastia. On the left is a weeping Genoese, who sighs, "I see and bewail the error too late of my Country's severity to those brave Islanders." The Russian bear growls inactive near him, against a Danish dog gnawing a bone. A Swedish one stands and snarls over Pomerania, at a Prussian attempting to throw a collar on his neck, charging him "to fly from our Prussian Pomerania, or else, you meddling cur, I'll chain you." The King of Prussia plays the *Black Joke* on a flute; and the Queen of Hungary, dancing to it, falls, exclaiming, "Duce take his Joke, I have crack'd my crown by it." The Empress of Russia calmly says, "Oh, sister, keep it up for the Joke's sake." The British Lion, in contempt and anger, wets the Gallic cock, and behind are the members of the Quadruple Alliance, the Pope, the Kings of France and Spain, and the Devil. The Pope addresses his Spanish Majesty in these words, "My Son, assist your most Christian brother against the Heretics; it will be more meritorious than a crusade:" who answers, "I own I love them not, but dread their power." The *Grand Monarch* entreats, "Dear brother, assist me now, or I am lost for ever." And the Devil consoles them, by assuring them he will provide a retreat for them all in his dominions. The lines below are too contemptible for insertion.

The reign of his present Majesty commenced most inauspiciously in the opinion of the Caricaturists, who indulged in inferences of which I should be extremely unwilling to give an explanation. I shall offer on this occasion an account of a very ludicrous print, called the "*Flying Machine*" from Edinburgh in one day, performed by Moggy Mackensie, at the Thistle and Crown. It would be impossible, I should imagine, for the most patriotic Scotchman to look at this print without laughing at the figures seated on a huge broomstick flying through the air, though, with me, they must disapprove of the tendency of the satire.

"On broomstick, by old Moggy's aid,
Full royally they rode,
And on the wings of Northern winds
Came flying all abroad."

"The garden of Eden is before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."
Joel, chap. ii. v. 3.

Such

Such appears to be the motive the persons alluded to, chose to assign for the visits of our Northern brethren. To add to their discontent, a Princess high in power thought it expedient to trust the direction of her son to an individual, whom the Caricaturists called *The Jack Boot.* This individual was supposed further to govern most of the actions of his pupil, and particularly in the patronage of places; which gave rise to "*The Jack Boot* kicked down, or English Will triumphant; a dream." English Will, or the Duke of Cumberland, slighted by the Princess and her son, is exhibited kicking down a Boot with a Scot in it. *(See Plate* XXXI. *fig.* 5.) The Princess essays in vain to lift him, and the friends of the Duke exult.

"*The Highland Seer, or the Political Vision. Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

"Is there a curse on human kind so fell,
So pestilent, at once, to prince and people,
As the base servile vermin of a court,
Corrupt, corrupting ministers and favourites?
How oft have such eat up the widow's morsel,
The peasant's toil, the merchant's far-sought gain,
And wanton'd in the ruin of a nation!" THOMSON.

The Scotch nobleman, made the subject of indignation on this occasion, rouses from his slumbers in the manner of Garrick in the character of Richard III. and beholds five spectres, who address him in similar solemn admonitions to those in Shakspeare's celebrated play:

"Let not ambitious love thy heart ensnare,
Lest thou the fate of Mortimer should share."

"William des Roches am I; beware, proud Scot,
Lest foul disgrace like mine should be thy lot."

"Listen to Hubert's voice ere it is too late,
Resign thy pow'r, and shun the favourite's fate."

"Montfort, who rul'd an easy monarch's heart,
Bids thee with caution act thy dangerous part."

"Beware, O favour'd Thane, remember well,
That Essex by a Queen's indulgence fell."

The

The " favoured Thane," aghast with terror, cries, " By St. Andrew, these ill-fared ghaistes gar my bleed run cauld with horror; 'gin I were safe in my ain country, I'se be content to feed on bannocks and haggies, as I were wont to do." The North Briton and the Monitor lie on a table by him; and the following words are on a label: " Fly, Sawney, to the middle of Wallachia, and in its blissful vales forget your fears." An explanation is given below: " Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, favourite and supposed minion of the Queen Mother in the reign of Edward III. William des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, favourite of Henry III. and during the minority of that Prince protector of the realm. Hubert de Burg, favourite of the same Monarch, and successor to William des Roches after his disgrace. Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, favourite of the same Monarch, afterwards married to the Countess.

" *The Congress;* or a device to lower the Land Tax.

" Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum;
Cum faber incertus scamnum, faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum: Deus inde ego, furum." HOR. Sat. viii. lib. 1.

The British Minister bows obsequiously to the representatives of the Gallic Monarch; one of whom receives a scroll, inscribed " Guadaloupe, Martinico, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c." with the invitation " Tak aw again, Mounseers, and gie us back what you please." To which the Frenchman replies, pointing to papers on the ground, " Der is Canada, Newfoundland — now tank de Grand Monarche for his royale bountee." Both the Frenchmen tread on a Lion, and one of them holds him chained. Two labels on the neck of the beast, who seems much dispirited, offer the words " Auditor Briton." A person waves a curious banner over the English Negotiator, which is suspended to a cross, and composed of an embroidered petticoat and a boot. " Standard of England," written above it, is partly erased. Near him, and in the corner of the print, part of a tomb appears, inscribed " English glory obiit 1762."

Mr. Pitt, the organ of all those who disapproved of the measures of Lord Bute and Mr. Fox, declared that his Majesty's servants had forgot that France was merely to be dreaded by England as a maritime and commercial power, in making the peace satirized in the above print; " And therefore, by restoring to her all the valuable West India Islands, and by our concessions in the Newfound-

land fishery, we had given to her the means of recovering her prodigious losses, and of becoming once more formidable to us at sea.

" *Churchill's Prophecy of Famine,*" 5th edition, which appeared in 1763, contains a most expressive caricature of Famine, personified as a Scots Lassie emerging from her cave in the sterile Highlands, hanging in tatters, and furiously scratching her arms. Far from approving the subject of this pastoral, it is impossible to deny that his description of famine is highly characteristic and poetical. *(See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 4.)

> " With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
> Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide,
> Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
> She op'd, and cursing swallow'd nought but wind.
> All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there
> Making their way by force, her bones lay bare.
> Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
> O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw."

" *The Times, or* 1768." Britannia, seated at the base of the left of two pillars encircled with labels, inscribed, " Hampden, Marvel, Sidney, Russell, Earl of Somerset, Buckingham, Laud, and Macclesfield," seems indifferent to the scene before her; in which we are presented with a curious jumble of Hieroglyphics, consisting of a Scotch gentleman mounted on what appears from the stripes to be intended as a Zebra, who is busily employed in scratching, assisted in the operation by a lady, perched on the opposite side of a pannier, containing labels of " Fines and Imprisonments" and " Augmentation of Forces;" which operation is *delicately* explained by the words " Cure for the Itch," placed on a very honourable mark of distinction thrown across the shoulders. The animal thus double-laden chews a thistle, and complains he is hard-ridden, though his saddle is decorated with the figure of a *white horse and a thistle.* A monkey dances under the trio, and ridicules them; and a hog's head, projected forward facing him, munches a carrot. A tall figure preceded by a lion, just arrived from the Temple of Virtue, and accompanied by Fame, points to a spectre stabbed in the breast, and surrounded by the command " Thou shalt do no murder," rising from the base of a hill, on which is a gallows occupied, and " Mount S—t" beneath

neath it; and directing his words to the animal, says, "These are thy triumphs, oh misguided Cæsar." A bat and a dragon flit near the head of the lady; higher, an owl with a band and legal wig, the scales of Justice dropping from his claws *(See Plate* XXXI. *fig.* 6.) near the inscription "*Summa jus, summa injuria.*" Above, a gentleman rides on a broom, declares he is well mounted, and points to a medal of Oliver Cromwell suspended to a curtain connected with the pillars. The lines below are interspersed with representations of things for words; as an *eye* for an *I*, a *cat* for *cat*-alogue, &c.

There are few prints of this description more decidedly hostile and violent against the Court. The King is compared to an animal equally stupid and enduring; and he is told by Mr. Wilkes, that his triumphs consist in the murder of one of his subjects — alluding to Allen, who was killed by the military when a mob had assembled around the King's Bench Prison for the supposed purpose of rescuing that gentleman then confined there through the resentment of the Ministers. Lord Bute is attacked as one who rode and directed the Monarch, under the influence of the Princess of Wales; and that distinguished lady is represented in an attitude, and employed in a manner, that reflects nothing less than infamy on him who designed so gross a subject. We will, therefore, dismiss it, without further explanation.

"*Midas, or the Surry Justice.*" The subject of this print sits with asses ears and stupid uncertainty for words to complete a letter beginning thus: "Sir, send me the Ax Re Latin to a Gustus of Pease." Commitments and Warrants, and Fenning's Spelling, lie on the table; and a cat reposes under it on the Statutes at large. A musket inscribed on the barrel "The present practice of a justice of the peace," makes part of the contents of the room; and Mr. Wilkes, standing astonished behind him, declares "Not satisfied with the murder of the English, he must also murder the English language." It seems almost superfluous to say the above is aimed at the Justice who acted when the riot occurred in which Allen lost his life. The following is on the other side of the question, and equals it in malignity: the charge of ignorance and murder balanced against ambition and contempt for the divine commands.

"*The Impostor imposed upon, or the Ass canvassing for Chamberlain.*" A representative of the Ward of Farringdon Without, whose eyes had an unfortunate obliquity, is here exhibited trampling on the Commandments, bearing banners

neis of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and receiving the highest honours of the City of London from persons who observe, " Putting the chain about his neck reminds me of that agreeable ornament which the Government in former times imposed upon our brother Cornish! Heigh ho! We are all deceived! He does not fit the gown, or the gown does not fit him: the Ward of Farringdon has mistaken his measure." An ass with a very stupid human face enveloped in a large wig bears the city petition on his back on a label, from whose mouth are these words: " This Lord Holland is a desperate fellow. I must call myself a carrier to shew myself beneath his resentment." " Fools, fools," exclaims the principal person, " this is his Address, not the City."

Anstey's " *Epistola poetica familiaris,*" addressed to W. Bampfylde, Esq. 1776, in Latin, is adorned with etchings, after the ludicrous sketches of the above gentleman. Those were sent to Mr. A. as illustrations of his " Election ball;" but, as they arrived too late for insertion in a new edition of the poem (which had been suggested by the subject being offered for dilation from Mrs. Miller's *coterie* at Batheaston), the author determined to give them to the publick in the Epistle alluded to. *(See a sketch from one of the prints, plate* XXX. *fig.* 8.)

Mr. Inkle, of Gloucester, and his daughter, are the principal characters in these prints: the first represents the old gentleman full of wonder at the fruitful contrivances of the lass, who sits before her dressing-glass adorning her head in all the monstrous extravagance of the then fashions, to which her servant Madge contrives to add the feathers of a cock she plucks in the back-ground. The expression is very good.

" As sure as I live there was Madge in her smock
Laying hard at the tail of our old dunghill-cock;
She pluck'd it, and pull'd it, and tore from the stump
All the feathers that cloth'd his unfortunate rump.
— While envious grimalkin, her whiskers display'd,
In death-boding murmurs the hero dismay'd;
And with fire darting eye-ball, expanding her claws,
Wreath'd her tail with fell transport, and cruel applause."

We next have the lady in deep despondence, upon finding that she cannot sit erect in the chair which is to convey her to the ball; the top remains unshut, and

and the chairman bows to the father with great humour. The third shews her *in* the chair; Mr. Inkle observes,

" Meanwhile, pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,
I, tott'ring on two sticks, went hobbling along.
How crampt in this posture
They wriggl'd and tost her,
While every step that they trod
Her foretop and nose
Bent time to their toes,
And her feather went niddity-nod."

The fourth and fifth prints are the Meeting of Inkle and Lord Perriwinkle; and a subsequent Election conversation; both of these excellent.

The prints to the " New Bath Guide," in the late editions of Mr. Anstey's works, are deserving of commendation.

" *The Love-Feast*, a poem," addressed to the whole communion of Fanatics, printed in 1778, has a tolerable frontispiece, which I shall describe; but the reader must himself appropriate the satire. The Goddess Murcia sits under a canopy almost in a state of nature, and offers a mitre to a fox in canonicals, kneeling at the steps of the throne to receive it:

" Thine be the diocese of all Moorfields —
Romano wav'd his wig, and cry'd huzza!
Simonio, disappointed, stalk'd away."

The two last lines are exactly descriptive of the figures as represented. A person waiting at a door offers a label to Simonio, inscribed " Wanted an advowson." The scene is a meeting with the pulpit and reading-desk; and the lustres are the gifts of Lucy Cooper and Alderman Gripus. A note from the author follows: " The fanatics here levelled at pretend to cite scripture in support of these feasts among them, which they call love-feasts: but Christian charity alone, not lust, was the basis of those assemblies among the early converts to Christianity. The modern love-feasts are certainly taken from the heathens: such like feasts were held by them in honour of the goddess Murcia (or Venus), an annual scene of lewdness and debauchery; and therefore the poet introduces this goddess to preside at his."

" There

" There brothers, sisters, and lewd pastors meet,
To truck religion for a jovial treat;
To drown a year's hypocrisy in wine,
And carry on imposture's chaste design;
In solemn farce a jubilee to hold,
And cast new saints in Reynard's perfect mould.
Mouths open, whites of eyes, erected ears,
Caricatures created for Teniers."

The Administration of Lord North gave fresh vigour to the Caricaturists; and the manner in which the different ruling parties appear to have viewed their labours, encouraged them to proceed, till they became a kind of allegorical history of public events, which is continued with unabated zeal to the present moment. One amongst the best published between 1780 and 1790, not relating to politicks, was a *bas relief found at the Opera House:* the Vestris, father and son, were the subjects of the satire; and we find that the rich men of England did not escape, as the succeeding dedication evinces.

" To such of the Nobility, Gentrie, &c. of Great Britain, whose hearts are so unnaturallie devoide of feeling, as to prefer the squandering away of that wealth which God has put them in possessione of (as Stewards of his bountie) upon impertinent coxcombs, the very scum of a rival nation, and at best but the shadow of a contemptible animal, to nobly relieving the distresses of their unfortunate countrie-men, this sculpture is humbly dedicated."

The drawing is uncommonly good; and we have in the middle a coat of arms, supported by two clowns as represented in pantomimes; on the shield stands a figure in the old English dress who offers a purse to Vestris, capering with solicitations for his *second* benefit, while he motions away a person kneeling and praying relief for the sufferers in a hurricane at Barbadoes. Two ladies complete the groupe by offering money for tickets. One of the four sides of the relief has the two dancers in full display of their agility, with a monkey between them equally nimble. The words above are so placed as to read, the son of this (the monkey) father, a fine mutilated antient statue, is stated to be out of fashion, and the trio in fashion. In the second face of the relief the trio is repeated with the inscription " Modern graceful postures," with a statue of Apollo as Grace in old times. In the third, Vestris in a ridiculous attitude exclaims, " I am alone;"

the

the monkey, taking snuff, denies his assertion, and says, "No, pardieu, behold your tutor." In the last Vestris struts 'en Roy, and the monkey bows obsequiously.

Hostilities having commenced between England and her North American colonies, exaggerated graphic representations of the conductors of the war, and the events of it, appeared on all sides; even the magazines entered the lists, and vied with their more independent coadjutors in the poignancy of their inferences. Without entering into a disquisition on the merits of the question between England and America, or attempting to decide whether the former had a right to impose taxes at pleasure on a nation so remote without representation in Parliament, I shall proceed to shew how a large part of the community vented their opinions, which were uniformly at variance with those of the ministry.

Lord North as a Colossus, placed on the pedestals of Tyranny and Venality, his right hand displaying places, pensions, and lottery tickets, and his left grasping a blazing torch, on which is written "America." The great door of Westminster Hall appears behind him, whence rushes a torrent studded with the heads of the minister's friends, who swim with great eagerness forward, till they meet a broom, which Mr. Wilkes places before them, asserting to Britannia "I'll stem the stream:" who answers, "Those that should have been my preservers have been my destroyers."

"See our Colossus strides with trophies crown'd,
And Monsters in Corruption's stream abound."

"*Royal Raree-show*, or a picture of parties and politics during and at the close of the last session of Parliament." June, 1779. There are twelve divisions in this print. Lord North devising ways and means, in which he is assisted by a devil in disguise, who offers money while he surveys three jews in rags. Sir W. Howe asleep in his tent amidst bottles and glasses; and General Burgoyne's army laying down their arms at Saratoga. The House of Commons, proving that they have done every thing; Greenwich Hospital in flames, and the governor beset with complainants against the provisions and cloathing. The Duke of Richmond turned linen-draper. The Opposition pudding-makers. Mr. Fox, covered with his speeches and motions, at a gaming-table, "abusing the national gamblers." The repulse of the French armament from the island of Jersey. A mob pulling down the houses of Roman catholics, and burning crucifixes,

cifixes, statues, &c. A collection of English Jesuits contriving schemes against the Protestants. The Irish raising Hibernia, and signing resolutions not to wear English manufactures; and lastly, the interior of the Long Room at the Custom-house, Commerce expiring, and the clerks idle at their desks.

"*A great man at his private devotions.*" 1780. The great man alluded to kneels before an altar, embroidered with the words "The holy Roman Catholic faith," and in the dress of a monk; a crucifix stands on the altar, and portraits of Boreas and Twitcher serve instead of the usual pictures. A likeness of the Pope hangs above an open door, and petitions from Surrey and Middlesex lie within it as waste paper. A print of Martin Luther drops from the wall in neglected fragments.

It seldom happens that a satire is more unfounded, as the whole tenor of the great man's life has decidedly proved him to be a true Protestant; and it has been his singular misfortune, to be censured as a secret Catholick at one period, and at another as a bigoted Protestant who would part with his Ministers and the fidelity of a great portion of his subjects, rather than violate an oath taken more than half a century past.

It will be seen from this and the following print that the opposers of the measures of the Court set no bounds to this description of reprehension. He that secretly encouraged Popery is next engaged in scenes assimilated to those so dreadfully and excellently described by Shakspeare in the play of Macbeth.

"*The Closet;*" is a print very badly executed in aquatinta; but the drawing of the figures is far from being incorrect. The subject is too delicate to explain; it shall therefore only be described. Four persons sit at a table in one corner of the engraving; the principal frowns violently, at the same time looking at a fiend prompting a second gentleman, who familiarly puts his hand on the shoulder of the first, and says "Be bloody, bold, and resolute, be firm, fear nothing." "Sic volo," he replies, "I am firm, hem! who's afraid? eh!" A head of Medusa shakes its snakes beneath the chair of him who speaks in the words of the weird sisters, and rolls of vapour envelope the lower part of the table. A third holds "A code of laws for America;" and exclaims, "Kill *them*, or they will kill *you*;" and the fourth, "Instructions to Generals Howe, Burgoyne, &c." adding

"Tho' Nature's Germins tumble all together,
Ev'n till destruction sicken."

Beneath

Beneath is a personification of Folly, provided with darts and firebrands, which he flourishes around him, declaring, "I am firm too in folly, and is not this precious foolery, my masters?" A person near the fool discharges a pistol at his head, as an "*amende honorable* for using general warrants," and at his feet lies a body gasping its last words, "I was YORKE-shire, yet honest, but curse the Closet." To complete this groupe of folly and self-destruction, we have a modern St. Denis, who carries his head in one of his hands, and "An humble Address in the other from the Loyal Town of Manchester to Cha (these three letters erased) Geo. III. with lives and fortunes. *Murray Sec.*" The other half of the print relates to America, where there are representations of the burning of Esopus, and murders committed by the Indians. The flight of a number of Highlanders, one of whom having fallen laments, "How hard, oh Frazer, is thy lot! Was it for this I sought the court, and danced?" And a second cries, "Hoot awa lads, ken ye not one Arnold (the American general) is hard at your heels;" and of a body of troops marching disarmed in the presence of an American army led by a commander in the character of Falstaff, whose shield bears the motto "Scale of Talents," and his sword that of "Poetical Imposition;" two books carried under his arms are intituled "The devoted Legions, a poem," "Maid of the Oaks," and "Bon Ton;" and he declares in the words of the facetious Knight, "I have led my rag-o-muffins where they have been peppered;" alluding to the convention of Saratoga when General Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates. The middle compartment of the print represents the capture of the Weymouth Packet, with £20,000 in dollars on board, by an American privateer; the landing of maimed soldiers from a transport, candidates for Chelsea-hospital; and a gallows with *Germaine excudit* below.

It may be imagined that the public mind must have been highly exasperated to encourage such productions; and that it was the fact, the riots of June 1780 demonstrated, when a vast mob, led by Lord G. Gordon under a pretence of petitioning the two Houses of Parliament against the encouragement of Popery, spread destruction and terror throughout the metropolis and the kingdom, by burning the mansions of those they disapproved of, extorting money from the peaceable, and even letting loose all descriptions of felons from the prisons. Strange as it appears, amidst all the ravages of the time politics were forgotten, and the Ministry escaped unhurt.

"*A View of the Cock-pit*, with the reprimanded Magistrate in disgrace." The building just mentioned is the back-ground, and the principal object a Lord Mayor securing his face from the effects of a syringe squirted upon it, the pestiferous breath of a flying fiend, the bellows of a second, and the lashes of a Satyr. A groupe of Aldermen comment upon the scene thus: "Had he exerted his authority in time, it would have saved much bloodshed." "And would have prevented the army from being our masters." On the other side are several low spectators, and a boy holds a label, "The history of the Riot in Moorfields, and who were the calm spectators." Dr. Johnson remarked, in one of his letters to Mrs. Piozzi, that he was convinced very trifling energy in the then Lord Mayor, seconded by a small military force, would have served to disperse the rioters, who sometimes did not amount to more than 200 in a groupe; but as it is declared in the songs now quoted, the blue cockades worn as the designation of these miscreants had terrors sufficient to master all the powers of manhood in more instances than one. A reprimand from Government was a trifling punishment on such an occasion.

"Give ear, all ye wits, and ye dull thinking cits,
To a story I mean to relate,
Concerning the deeds, that all credit exceeds,
Of a wonderful Ch—f M-g——te.

'Twas such a vile job to encourage a mob,
But such mighty things come to pass,
If right we conceive, and Pythagoras believe,
That a mare was transform'd to an ass.

For to see London burn! to affairs what a turn!
Which caus'd a full stop to all trade;
Well pleas'd at the riot, the people to quiet
His L———p was sorely afraid.

At length, forc'd to wait on a Council of state
For his wisdom display'd in Moorfields;
Where the strange city-tool, well-known for a f—l,
Got kick'd out of doors neck and heels.

Please

Please your Lordships, 'Twas fear, or I ne'er should be here;
I was frighten'd quite out of my wits;
Tho' I grant it is mean, seiz'd with folly and spleen,
A disorder that reigns among cits.

On this great occasion th' Asso——n,
That terror can strike to the soul,
Lay snug in their shops, such fine weather f–ps,
A-sleeping — now was not it droll?

Oh what a vile thing for a citizen's k—g
To merit such rays of disgrace!
The annals of Fame shall his weakness proclaim,
And wretchedness follow his race.

Since with scandal he's crown'd,
Come, a bumper push round,
There's wisdom in that, my brave boys.
'No Popery!' we'll cry,
And drink, 'till we die,
'Success to the Protestant Cause'."

"*The Association Officers, or City Defenders.*" These brave citizens are mounted upon complete Rosinantes, one of which is lame; the foremost is too short to reach the stirrups, and in consequence, rides with his legs clinging to the saddle, his right hand does the double duty of grasping his sword by the point, and holding the bridle; his left hand protrudes his hat, his wig is in the act of departing, and his horse's tail brushes the neck of that of his eager companion, the most complacent thin gentleman imaginable, with a queue claiming acquaintance with that of the animal he rides. In this way did their fellow citizens censure those who, with arms in their hands, neglected the best interests of the city.

"*Argus.*" The Argus sleeps instead of watching; and this royal slumber enables some wary persons to steal the sceptre of England, while others cautiously lift the crown, who appear to be Scotchmen. One in a huge wig and ermined robe answers another in a plaid and bonnet, who queries, "What shall be done

with

with it?" "Wear it yoursel, my Laird." And a third declares, "No; troth, I 'se carry it to Charly; and he 'll not part with it again." Britannia weeps in a corner; and her favourite lion reposes in chains, close to a map of Great Britain, whence America is torn. A miserable figure in rags, on the opposite side, clasps his hands, and exclaims, "I have let them quietly strip me of every thing;" which we are to suppose is a personification of the English community. An Irishman, bearing a harp, departs, protesting he will take care of himself and family. An American, leering upon the dozing sovereign, observes, "We in America have no *crown* to fight for or lose;" and behind the hedge which forms the back-ground a clumsy Dutchman feasts upon honey, in the absence of the bees from their hives.

"*The Bull over-drove;* or the drivers in danger." The British-bull enraged kicks the Ministry till they cry "This is worse than the battle of Minden," and "He has kick'd the treasury of my guts out." The monarchs of France and Spain stalk away, saying, "By Gar, my friend America, I must leave you — dis bull will play le diable — I wish I was safe out of his way; he beats the bulls of Spain." America replies, "I fear, Monsieur, I shall get little by your friendship."

"*Sir Charles Tardy,* on a sharp look-out for the French-fleet. There is none so blind, as those who will not see." The *Hardy* commander satirized is represented as a Colossus; his right-foot rested upon a hill at Plymouth, and the left on Ushant; the French fleet pass between his legs before the former place, and the port of Brest appears empty in the distance. He, however, seems to be upon the alert, and, in the hurry of the moment, applies the wrong end of the telescope to his eye, and does not perceive that he looks the wrong way for France. The figure is well drawn, ludicrous without distortion; and the position suited to the soliloquy: "D'Orvilliers has certainly sneaked into Brest — or into the moon, perhaps — I 'll have a peep there;" and to that luminary we are to suppose the glass directed.

The election of 1780 induced Stockdale and others to publish a print intituled "Old England, or an Election in the year 1580 — Great Britain, or an election in the year 1780." The execution is far from excellent; but it affords a political contrast between the two periods, at the former of which the freeholders of a county are exhibited soliciting a sturdy veteran to become their representative with humble reverences; and at the latter we are presented with a person high

in

in office, recommending a very fine gentleman advancing in a dancing step, each furnished with notes and guineas, which they offer to a set of insolent tradesmen, who seem to treat both with disdain.

The Right Honourable Charles James Fox was long a most powerful and energetic enemy of the American war. He exhausted his vast powers of oratory against Lord North, and those who acted with him, in attempting to subjugate the Colonies; and even threatened the Premier with the block, if he should gain a majority in the House of Commons. That majority was at length obtained; but, mercy keeping pace with success, the noble Lord became an object of pity; his former errors were viewed in a more favourable light than they had been; and, as he knew all the secrets of the cabinet, Mr. Fox naturally supposed his assistance might be necessary in an administration of which himself was a member.—Thus happened the Coalition, which lasting no great length of time, Mr. Fox became an unwearied opponent of the Right Hon. William Pitt, second son of the Earl of Chatham, who had been in and out of favour with George the Second more than once: not so the son with his successor; for, with the exception of Lord Sidmouth's administration, Mr. Pitt maintained his ground firmly; nor did Mr. Fox succeed to his place till the former died, a victim to his opposition of the French revolution and its consequences to England. The measures and opinions of these two great men form the basis of most of the remaining subjects I have to notice.

"*Changing Places*; alias, Fox stinking the Badger out of his nest," 1782. The animosity of the premier, and the leader of the opposition, at this period, was *apparently* extreme. We do not wonder, therefore, that a finger-post in the spirited etching before me represents in one direction the hand holding an axe pointed to Tower-hill, while the other, the way "to the Treasury," drops towards the *Fox*, an animal represented *pouring a stream* of eloquence from the wrong end of his person, while he grins over a bag of guineas, a faro-bank, the knave of hearts, and other cards. His political opponent, under the form of a hog decorated with a riband, flies from the scent with his tail between the legs; and a very tolerable likeness in the head of the lord intended to be satirized, marked with a circle divided into the four quarters, East, West, South, and NORTH. A good bust of Janus peeps from the bushes behind the Fox, one of which bears a resemblance to that cunning quadruped; and at a distance a noble lord is thrown from his horse, in leaping a gate when hunting a stag.—The "Budget" consists of a barrel of small beer and a pile of soap.

"*The*

"*The late Bombardment of Government Castle.*" The licence granted to caricaturists is used to the full extent in the two prints before us on this subject. There is a castle on the right, the battlements of which are furnished with the heads of the Administration in power instead of cannon; and those are projected through the walls, hissing forth from the mouths black balls labelled, in a manner nearly resembling comets, with these sentences inscribed on them: "You plague us more than Congress." "You are enemies both to Church and Castle." "You expose all our plans." "Our plans were good though unsuccessful." "My lords and gentlemen, remember kingdoms fall by discord." "You want our heads, to get into our places." "Destruction to patriots." "To order, to order."

The assailants ranged in a line before the Castle return shot for shot; and tell their enemies to "treat speedily with America." "No landmen ought to preside at the Admiralty." "The war hath cost us £.100,000,000." "You have lost us America." "You err both in law and policy." A groupe in a corner, safe from the effects of the contest, wait "Expecting promotion;" and in the front a deputation of British population shout encouragement to the besiegers.

"*The Surrender of Government Castle,*" in March 1782, to the late besieging minority. The old garrison and placemen are marching out, the new garrison and new placemen are marching in. "Articles to be observed by the garrison. All the privates to remain in the garrison. All the principal officers to march out, not allowed the honours of war. They shall lay down their titles and symbols of honour, where they received them. They shall not enter any of his Majesty's fortifications *except it be the Tower.* They shall be accountable for the specie expended in Government Castle. Their parole shall be from Government Castle to *Tower hill,* and from Tower hill to *Temple bar,* and no further, till they shew satisfactory accounts." The governor of the Castle looks with anxiety from the battlements, and adds:

"To lose you, sirs, concerns me more
Than all I lost by you before."

Each of the defeated party make consolatory observations to their neighbours; and the successful promise most liberally; but there is no point in any of the speeches.

"*Sawney ganging back again, being turned out of place.*" We observe at a distance a well-known building situated at Westminster, which has recently been greatly altered, and now resembles a castle; this appears in a dangerous state, and the sign

sign of a Crown seems inclined towards the earth almost beyond recovery. Two props are placed against the house, which are described as the liberty of the press, and paper credit; and on the front are the words, "Mrs. Bull, late in partnership with Sawney M'Kenzie her steward." Such was the deplorable condition of the premises when certain persons determined to reinstate the proprietor. Those are led by an odd animal, with a head much resembling that of a fox; and they proceed to restore the sign of the Crown to its original place by means of ropes. The Steward, stout and athletic, stalks away loaded with purses and other articles, amongst which peeps the upper extremity of a sceptre. A bull-dog chained to the garden-wall barks furiously at him; but the Steward seems under no apprehension, as his enemy is chained.

The war in America assumed a very serious aspect after the Colonies declared themselves independent of the Mother Country; as the antient and inveterate European enemies of England, finding the Americans capable of offensive warfare, thought the time favourable for taking part in it, in order to accomplish their own views of aggrandisement. France was the first power which armed against this country, Spain followed her example, and Holland united in the unequal contest. These accumulating evils still further inflamed those who attributed all the misfortunes of the country to the Ministry. In 1782 the King changed his Ministers, and appointed Lord Rockingham premier, and Lord Shelburne and Mr. Charles James Fox Secretaries of State. Less than six months had elapsed, when the death of Lord Rockingham caused another change, and the appointment of Mr. Pitt to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. The general wish for peace had now become so prevalent, that it was accomplished in 1783, and highly censured by Mr. Fox and his party.

It seldom happens that we find neatness of engraving united with strong caricature: a print, intituled, "*Eccel*" published by Hooper, 1782, and engraved by Hyder, is an exception. The inscription,

"Mollia cum duris sine pondere habentia pondus,"

surrounds the margin: and we have his Majesty in front in deep meditation, and with a face expressive of melancholy, embraced by Lord North, who grasps one of the monarch's hands, and attracts his notice round the shoulder to "Fresh Supplies." Discord, or some other fiend, perhaps Rebellion, lifts the crown from his head, and a diabolical human face looks up to the act with much complacency. Six persons attend; one whispers the premier, another pushes him on, and the remainder

remainder, with those already mentioned, possess strong and whimsical characteristic features, readily appropriated by those conversant with the leading politicians of the time.

"*Ahithophel in the dumps.*"—"And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose and went and hanged himself." The scenery is dreary and mountainous; a gallows faces the intended suicide, furnished with a halter, and beneath it are a block and axe. The ass, sensible of his approach to the end of his journey, turns his head and eyes towards the words, "Let desert mount," and brays his sensations. The dejected Ahithophel sits with his hands clasped over a rotund person, and we perceive with surprise that his head is that of a *Fox*.

"*The High and Mighty Pug answering Fox's Proposals of Peace,*" 1782. A Fox holding a pen in his paw approaches a pedestal, on which is seated a pug dog, with a pipe in one paw, and securing a letter under the other three, directed to their High Mightinesses, &c. A head of the King peeps forward, from which proceeds the words, "My Fox, in this negotiation thou art a mistaken goose;" according with the answer of Master Pug, "The King your master proceeding so arbitrarily, obliged me to join the powers at war with him; I cannot therefore treat of a separate peace."

"*The Button Maker.*" A very great person offers to the inspection of his courtiers a paper of new buttons, which we are to suppose were just completed by him. Turning to his kneeling subjects, and waving his left hand, as if rejecting the humble Remonstrance of the City of London, he says, "I cannot attend to your Remonstrance; do not you see that I have been employed in business of much more consequence." The courtiers, full of admiration, exclaim, "What a genius! Why, he was born a button-maker! What taste! what elegance! not a prince in Europe can make such buttons." The Aldermen, on the other hand, seem inclined to sneer, "What a princely employment is button-making! What a pity he did not serve his time to the trade! How he would have surpassed his fellow-craft. He does not care a button for our Remonstrance. He is an excellent turner; I wish we had as good a one in the city." From all which we are to conclude that the great person alluded to amused himself during his leisure hours with mechanical operations.

"*An Air Balloon Engagement for the Empire of the Sky.*" The idea is whimsical, but the execution bad enough. An Englishman and a Frenchman, each suspended

suspended to Balloons, with the flags of their respective nations above them, fight with broad swords far above the earth and sea; on the latter lie their scabbards and hats.

It is an inexplicable fact in the history of our political feuds, that what appears an obvious advantage or necessity to a leader of opposition in Parliament, becomes perfectly unnecessary and dangerous, provided he is made a Minister: thus Mr. Fox, who was desirous of peace even for a month, opposed that of 1783, though he had himself endeavoured to negotiate separately with the Dutch, because Mr. Pitt succeeded him in office, and completed what he had intended. Having united his parliamentary forces with those of Lord North, they fairly out-voted the new Minister; and the Coalition ensued which Mr. Pitt called a baneful alliance, an ill-omened marriage, and forbade the banns in the name of the public safety. The public opinion will be estimated from some of the following prints.

"*Fronti nulla fides. The Mask,*" 1783, is a stippled representation of the faces of Messrs. North and Fox coalesced. The contrast is complete, and shews in every possible way the opposite qualities and passions of the parties. The face is divided by a line; that of Mr. Fox occupies the left side; the hair of this is black and disordered; that of the other half is dressed in the fashion, and powdered. The dark eye and eyebrow of the former conveys a sly intimation of successful cunning; the second, white and open, expresses, in union with the *half* mouth, vexation and disappointment; not so the remaining half, which rises, and confirms the smile partly visible in the eye.

"*A petrified Lusus Naturæ* lately discovered in the ruins of a temple once dedicated to Liberty by the Britons," 1783. The idea of this Lusus Naturæ is derived from those stones found in Italy, which when divided by an instrument in the proper direction are found to be so clouded or diversified by colour, as to give fancied representations of landscapes, towns, castles, and even portraits. The foreground of the print contains a large stone, supposed to have been sawed through, which is attentively examined by a personage of very high rank. As he imagines he traces likenesses on its surface of the leading members of a celebrated coalition; he declares "his friend Jenkinson (the late Earl of Liverpool) shall write a dissertation on this phænomenon." As it doth not appear that the dissertation alluded to was intended for the public eye, we are indulged with the conjectures of an anonymous observer, placed at the bottom of the engraving.

"No. 1. Supposed to be the head of a patrician, on close examination. Linnæus was of opinion it never contained much brain. He vainly accepted a situation in the Commonwealth that exposed him to his fellow citizens, as he was known to be a mere tool in the hands of others.

"2. The head of a turbulent and factious tribune of great abilities, which he exerted occasionally for and against Government, as he happened to be in or out of power in the Senate. He cared not what falsehood he advanced, to carry a question against a Consul.

"3. The head of a tribune, of patrician ancestors, who had been Consul, and much admired for his wit, eloquence, and knowledge. He had the art to impose himself upon the people for an honest, disinterested man. He was removed from the Consulate by a faction, whose conduct he declared would ruin the State; yet, rather than lose the emoluments of office, he joined his enemies, and submitted to hold under them a subordinate office in the Republic. His conduct in this instance was much censured by the people, and gave rise to many witty pasquinades."

"*The Loves of the Fox and the Badger, or the Coalition Wedding,*" 1784, consists of nine compartments, each of which is highly ludicrous; and although the artist deals in animals, he has contrived to attach to them a character almost human, particularly the Badger, one of the most stupid, sleepy, fat creatures imaginable, though adorned with a riband. The first represents the Badger down, and the Fox upon him; this is *politely* termed a scene in the Bear-garden. The second is the Fox's dream. That animal, squatted upon his haunches, his fore feet under his jaws, has a vision relating to dice, the road to Hounslow, a purse, and a prison window. The Badger's dream follows, who totters upon a sofa, and sees a block and gibbet. The Fox and Badger erect are next united by the Devil—"Necessity." They then quarter their arms: the shield, composed of "the Treasury bag" filled, and suspended over the head and horns of disconsolate John Bull, is supported by the new-married pair, treading on the motto, "Money, money, money." A devil, with the head of a Fox, appears at a "pay-table," giving cash to the proprietors of the Post, the Chronicle, and "Harry Bothsides," to advertise the Coalition-wedding. The seventh division is "the Honey-moon, or Edistone Light-house." That luminary appears so inscribed; the Fox shovels the coals blazing on a hill, and the Badger sits on end resting upon a spade. *(See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 9.) The eighth, "The new Orator Henley, or the Churching." The Fox and

and Badger sit together on a chair of state; a clerical orator vociferates from a hogshead, "a charter is nothing but a piece of parchment with a great seal dangling to it." The devil prompts this "honest Jack L——e." A clerk before him is on "a seat for Portsmouth," and a mopstick majority are arranged behind. "The Wedding-dance and Song" conclude this whimsical performance. The devil makes the trio.

"*The British Titans.*"

> "First Typhon strove, more daring than the rest,
> With impious hands, the Imperial bolts to wrest.
> Him and his crew the red right arm of Jove
> Down to their native hell indignant drove."

The King, seated on the clouds, in the character of Jupiter, crowned with prerogative, and attended by his eagle, hurls his thunder. Mr. Fox falls; the axe of faction descends from his hand towards Lord North, who, with Mr. Burke in the character of a Jesuit, and a third person, as an old woman, with the East India Bill and Receipt Tax, prompted by the Devil, endeavour to raise pieces of rock to destroy the monarch; the heaven-born Minister crowned with laurel, and surrounded by a glory, Lord Thurlow, the Duke of Richmond, Dr. Johnson, &c.

The friends of the Court viewed some of the acts of the Ministry as tending to establish a power independent of the Crown, whence originated the above print of the British Titans. The King, much displeased, dismissed Mr. Fox and his party, and again appointed Mr. Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord of the Treasury; but as the House of Commons seemed inclined to support the Ex-Ministers, a new Parliament was called in 1784.

"*The Hanoverian Horse and British Lion.* 1784." This is a satire on the side of opposition. A vacant throne is surmounted by the royal arms; one of the supporters of which has left his place to take Mr. Fox on his back, with the intimation that "We shall resume our situation here at pleasure, Leo Rex." The king of beasts growls, "If this horse is not tamed, he will soon be absolute king of our forces," alluding to a fine white animal trampling on Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, and the Constitution, neighing "Pre-ro-ro-ro-ro-ro-ro-gative," and kicking violently "his faithful Commons." The leaders of this animal, in and out of place, are further described by the labels. "Pr'ythee, Billy, dismount before ye get a fall; and let some abler jockey take your seat." Billy, inattentive to this *disinterested* advice, a proffered bridle, and a flourished whip, cries "Bravo!

"Bravo! go it again! I love to ride a mettled steed; send the vagabonds packing."

"*The Parliament Sampson fighting with his jaw.* 1784." It is impossible to look on this print without immediately recognizing Mr. Fox, who is represented speaking with great vehemence. The pun conveyed by the title is derived from a source not very respectable. He *jawed* him, or he talked with him, implies, that the argument was not strictly within the rules of good-breeding, as a term of this description can belong only to the vulgar, who command their opponents to *hold their jaw*, or cease to talk, and add, let us have no more *of your jaw*, with a similar want of politeness. It is thus, then, that the Parliament Sampson subdued his political enemies, by loud and incessant declamation; but the inventor of the design did not reflect how much strength and energy he granted the person intended to be satirized, even though he attempts to associate the real Sampson's jaw-bone of an ass with that of Mr. Fox, who could not be compared to an ass, and a Sampson at the same time. The label from his mouth contains a far more perfect satire than the print, and is in these words, "That I am called the Man of the People, is well known, and is as equally just. I am resolved to support their voices, rights, and liberties. As I am not able to do this by being only a Pratesman, it is requisite that I be made a Statesman; and, indeed, placed in the Treasury, to be a close guard of the people's treasure. The justness of my claim to this honour, is my being the man of the people. Till this justice and honour is done me, and this essential service is done the people, my opponents may expect researches, motions, and harangues; for I am determined with my jaw to knock down all before me."

"*Master Billy's procession to Grocers' Hall.* 1784." There are three cars in this design, intended to ridicule one of the civic honours conferred on Mr. Pitt; two drawn by men, but the first, or that containing "Sir Wattey," moves by the exertions of creatures with huge ears, and the legs of quadrupeds. "Master Billy" sits with a fine feather in his hat, and flowing hair, in the second; and the third accommodates an odd squat, "Sir Barney." Grocers' Hall fronts the procession; Master Billy is directly before a *toy-shop;* and he seems to have passed the sign of his father without noticing it. The usual attendants of public spectacles surround the cars, shouting "Pitt and Plum-pudding;" and an officer scatters money amongst them, under a banner marked "No. 45." Other banners represent sugar-loaves and raisins; and are inscribed "Pitt and Prerogative," "King's Men," &c. The gold box is conspicuous in the van.

"*Female*

"*Female Influence, or the Devons——e Canvas.* 1784." The very beautiful and accomplished lady who so ardently interested herself for Mr. Fox, at the election in 1784, is said, by some censorious persons, to have submitted her fair face to the rude kiss of a butcher, in hopes of obtaining a vote for her favourite. This print describes the alledged fact; and offers nothing worthy of notice beyond the sly, delighted countenance of the sacrificer of beasts, who wipes his mouth in preparation, in a way that would not have dishonoured the manner of Sancho Pança, when in the presence of the Spanish duchess. (*See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 2.)

"*The political Rat-catcher, or Jack Renegado's new patent Traps.* 1784." This Jack Renegado sits behind a door, on a three-legged stool, resting his chin on his left hand, in an attitude most expressively patient and attentive, immediately under a portrait of *Robinson* Crusoe. A ragged and decayed fragment, fastened to the wall, is called "Magna Charta, in fine preservation," near which hang two whole-length paintings of "Sanct. Carol. Pri." and "William III." the latter completely enveloped by a monstrous cobweb. The apartment thus decorated presents a floor covered with traps, baited by peerages, baronetcies, king-pensions, the Mastership of the Buckhounds, a place of £.1000 per ann. and a seat in the new parliament. Each trap decoys its rat; and Master Jack seems crowned with success.

"*The Apostate Jack R. the Political Rat Catcher.* N. B. Rats taken alive." Whoever examines the cautious, anxious cunning of the figure who crawls from the Treasury, and with a cage on his back, a ferret in his pocket, and encircled by the "cestus of corruption," offers "pensions" to the wary animals surrounding him, equally cautious and keen, must smile at the ingenuity of the artist, who has contrived to give tolerable *rat* likenesses of a set of persons, who must be nameless, but who are charged by this satire with entering a celebrated house through fissures and crannies for the purpose of being bought.

"*The Westminster Mendicant,*" 1784. This is Sir Cecil Wray, blind, leaning on a staff, led by a dog, with a subscription-box suspended to his neck; and Sir Cecil bears a subscription scrutiny-box under his arm: the unsuccessful candidate opposed to Mr. Fox at the election.

"Pity the weak and needy, pray!
Oh pity me, I've lost the day.

Ye Christians, charitable, good, and civil,
Pray, something give to this poor wand'ring devil,
By man cast out, perhaps by man forgiven,
Then may one Judas find a road to heaven.

See here the dog, of all his kind
The fittest for a beggar blind;
The beast can bark, or grunt as hog;
His name is Churchill—oh the dog!"

"*The Maid Servants' Address to Master Billy Pitt*," 1785. The cook attacks the persecuted Minister in the street, with a spit; the house-maids with mops, brooms, and Sir R——e; and from *one* window flows a cascade; all the rest being blanks, inscribed "Commutation," except a shop-window, closed as retail, the master removed to Dublin. These are allusions to taxes *too well known* to require further explanation.

"*The Origin of the Gout*," 1785. A son of early pleasure, swelled with repletion, and wrapped in flannel, sits by a table furnished with the means of drinking. His right leg rests upon a stool, and his crutches against his chair; and he would amuse himself with a bass-viol, but at this moment the devil enters bowing, with a modern hat in his right-hand, and with a pair of tongs in the other applies a burning coal to the knee of the *patient*, who appears to roar from the effects of the visit.

"*A new Coat of Arms granted to the Heads of the University of Cambridge since their late Edict against Dinners*," 1786. The title fully explains the origin of the print, which was probably the conception of some Cantab *bon vivant*, most severely grieved at the loss caused by the edict. The supporters are two cooks, one bearing an inverted sauce-pan, and the other the cruel instrument once used for broiling a saint, and now degraded to perform the same office for beef and mutton. They lament in unison, and their attitudes are even more expressive of listless sorrow than the twin mourners exhibit whom we sometimes see before the door of a house whence a funeral is soon to proceed. The crest is an arm, with the hand grasping a roll, inscribed, "*Capitale Judicium*"—the motto, "*Impransi, Juvenes disquirite;*" and the arms, "Quarterly first, a mitre

and

and foolscap transverse ways; second, Sable, an inn shut up; third, Gules, *Caput Universale*, on an ass's head proper; fourth, Argent, a book intituled, "*Excerpta e Statutis.*"

A ridiculous story circulated about this time purported, that his Majesty had, on sitting down to one of his meals, discovered an animal on his plate, which is said principally to inhabit the head. Enraged at so disagreeable an occurrence, the monarch ordered every member of his kitchen to be shaved. Dr. W——t who assumed the appellation of Peter Pindar, and under that disguise most reprehensibly attacked the royal family on several occasions, made this story the subject of his satire, with the title of the Lousiad.

The second canto is accompanied by an engraving, the subject of which admits but of one expression. We have the Royal Kitchen, and the various members of it, expressing the utmost rage at the Sovereign's command to shave the whole. The principal is designated by the lines:

"Fierce as staring Ajax from his seat,
Uprose with visage stern the king of meat."

This monarch of viands extends his right hand, with the fist clenched, and seizes his queue with the left; a figure before him grasps a rolling-pin, and stumbles over a saucepan behind him. The cook drags his spit from its situation; and a dog upon the watch for good things makes very free with a goose on it. A little gentleman in the front tears his long hair; and the groupe of the back ground in shade seem ready for desperate resistance.

The Petition of the Cooks explains the Lousiad.

"What creature 'twas you found upon your plate,
We know not; if a Louse, it was not ours.
To shave each cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary powers.
The act humanity and justice shocks;
Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks."

"*Lieutenant Governour Gall-stone* inspired by Alecto; or the birth of Minerva," 1790.

"From his head she sprung, a goddess arm'd." MILTON.

This

This inspiration appeared in 1790, and has perhaps never been exceeded in the excellence and fire of the drawing, or the bold and decisive manner of the etching. Had the tendency of the satire thus conveyed against a person now deceased been less severe, we should have viewed the print with more complacency, as uninterested spectators. As the Whole Duty of Man was once converted into a libel, by the insertion of real names opposite to imaginary characters, I shall not commit myself, by appropriating the Lieutenant Governor, who sits on a "reservoir for Gall-stone," prompted by Alecto, just emerged from a flaming mouth. The position of the figure is extremely correct, listening and preparing to write, the fury places her mouth to his ear, snakes writhe around her head, and one, directed by her hand over his shoulder, touches the point of the pen with its sting; a second, twining down her other arm, sucks her breast. The table before them is covered with books and papers, inscribed, "Valetudinarian Bath Guide, Treatises on the Philosopher's Stone and Long Life, on the fatal effects of eating hot rolls for breakfast, Man-midwifery analyzed, Private Anecdotes, Answer to Mackittrick, never published for prudential reasons, Scraps of French, a Rat-trap represented over the words Landguard-fort, a Frontier Garrison of importance, *vide* Own Memoirs, the Cooper-boy turned Soldier, an old Song, incendiary Letter, and extortive Epistle, a file of the latter lies under the table, in company with four bags of money, labelled £ 100, from Lord B. £ 100 *per annum* from Lord Camb." &c.

Elevated on the pile of books is the monkey-postilion alluded to by the Lieutenant Governor in one of his works, *something resembling a human creature*, who breaks the spear of death with his foot, and flourishes a whip and a bottle, labelled, "Laudanum, or the Preservative of Life," prepared by Lieutenant General Jackoo, Spanish Postilion to Dr. Viper — "O Death, where is thy sting!" Extracts of Hellebore and of Hemlock peep from his pockets. A dead dog lies at the feet of Death, and an Elegy on the death of my favourite dog, horse-whipped to death for barking whilst I was, &c. In the front of the design we have the head of the traitor Struensee in a dish, with the claw of a fiend fixed in one of the eyes; and a bundle of the St. James's Chronicle.

The wall of the apartment supports the pistols of John Duke of Marlborough, resting in peace; part of a print of St. Ardre's Nunnery, or a grave to immure my daughters alive, to keep their fortunes myself. Over this is the sketch of a monument to the memory of the immortal Chatterton, who wrote 400 years before

he

he was born: a stranger erects this monument." A skeleton disgorges an infant from its jaws with a pen and Rowley's poems in the hands. Above the man-monkey hangs a "portrait of the pretender — the star in my sister's possession for favours received."

The whole of the upper portion of the print consists of smoke infernal and vapour from the brain of the principal figure, whence arises an admirable figure of the Minerva mentioned in the title, bearing "the coward's delight, or the wooden gun," and a cracked shield bordered with snakes, on which is written, "Acts of courage and wisdom — running away from my command in Jamaica, for fear of the black-a-moors; refusing to fight Lord Orwell after belying him, and afterwards begging pardon; extorting £100. per annum from my eldest son by a pistol; swindling my youngest son Phil. out of £500. by a forged note of hand; debauching my own niece on a journey to Southampton; horse-whipping my own daughter to death for looking out at a window; attempting to gull Lord Thurl.; extorting £100. per annum from Lord Camd. for suppressing his confidential letters to myself; gulling of Lord But.; ditto Lord Bathu.; ditto Lord Coven.; causing my footman to be pressed from Bath and cruelly flogged for refusing to father my own child by the cook-maid; scandalizing women of virtue to be revenged upon their husbands; noble defence before the court martial for embezzling the king's stores; patient endurance of my sentence in a gaol; and heroic bearing of my discharge from the service for cowardice."

The owl grasps three leaves, on which are, "Character by Sam. Foote; Phill. is as stupid as an owl, as senseless as a goose, as vulgar as a blackguard, and as cowardly as a dunghill cock." "Poetry on the Lieutenant Governor receiving Lord Orwell's challenge:

> "A challenge in form I receiv'd the next day,
> But the heart of a coward my face did betray:
> For I, like a good Christian, think fighting a sin,
> And what the world talks of, I care not a pin."

And "Wit and decency, or the door of the hermitage bath." The explosion carries with it "Life of Gainsborough — Art of decyphering my own memoirs;" and "Junius discovered, or undeniable proofs that Sir Jeffery Dunstan was the author of Junius's Letters, sealed up *pro bono publico*." Three of the signs, the lion, the scales, and the crab, are exhibited on the top of the print; the first is

 termed,

termed, " The lion of the tribe of Judas." The flames of hell burst beneath the scales loaded with a book called " The final account; Memoirs of a life of villainy, and a Fame with two trumpets, proclaiming ' Imprimis, a young coward; finis, an old rogue.' ' Heavy as death it sinks, and hell receives the weight,' serves as a motto over the book. In the right hand corner is an old lady performing on musical glasses, a second governor stands enraptured behind her, the orchestra consists of fiends, hogs are the audience, and three others occupy a side box, one of which weeps and holds a " pathetic ode to Lord Jersey." A flying infant presents a label, " Miss Ford's (partly erased) St. Cecilia's first appearance at the Little Theatre." On the opposite side sits a dæmon playing on a bass viol with one string, labelled " Gainsborough humbugged;" under him is the " Portrait of an ungrateful madman left unfinished by Gainsborough."

" The picture thus does yet unfinish'd stand,
Ingratitude's d——d crime, stop'd the great painter's hand."

The musick-book from which this monster plays is, " Friendship, a Solo, for the viol de Gambo, dedicated to the memory of Gainsborough and Sterne," and it leans against a scull with a candle set in one of the eye-sockets supported by a volume of Sterne; " quite chop-fallen — alas, poor Yorick." An Ass Pegasus completes the subject.

The Revolution in France was an event that roused the latent passions of the people of England in a very considerable degree. They had long viewed the arbitrary and despotic government of that country with disgust, despised the people who submitted to it, and seized every opportunity, serious and satirical, to convince them how they condemned the pusillanimity which prevented any attempt at amendment. When the English nation found at length a sensation of freedom had passed from one extremity of France to the other, a sincere and generous feeling of approbation influenced each individual, and they ardently wished their antient enemies success in obtaining political blessings equal to their own.

Most unfortunately for the repose of mankind, the French became licentious in their ideas of liberty, and spread throughout Europe theories dangerous to the very existence of society: those having been disseminated in England, the publick divided in opinion upon their merits, and we had immediately Royalist and Republican parties. Thomas Paine, a superficial observer of the human mind, published

published his "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason;" those who had never read before, and consequently were unacquainted with the danger of trusting man with the exercise of all his rights, now read, and were convinced of the truth of his positions, and acting upon them, the government became alarmed, an alien act was passed to remove from our shores the vast numbers of Frenchmen unaccountably collected here, and finally war was declared to exist between France and England.

Such of the measures of Mr. Pitt as necessarily passed through the two Houses of Parliament met with determined opposition from the Duke of Bedford, the Earls of Lauderdale, Derby, &c. &c. Mr. Fox, Mr. Grey, Mr. Burke, who afterwards altered his opinion, Mr. Sheridan, &c. &c. which opposition producing violent animosity beyond the walls of the legislature, the terms Democrat and Aristocrat were applied without reserve. Public meetings took place at several different periods, at which some of the noblemen and gentlemen just named presided; those were imitated by an inferior set of politicians at Copenhagen-house and other places, when violent resolutions were passed against the three branches of the State. Inflamed by these proceedings, and the different publications of the day, many outrages were committed, and it became no longer safe for the Monarch to appear in publick. This effervescence gradually subsided as the events on the continent developed themselves; and France, becoming a despotic military nation, it was perceived by those who had contended in favour of that country as a Republick, that it would be well to guard against her attempts at Universal Monarchy; which having been done till the close of the eighteenth century, under a heavy pressure of taxes, it was thought expedient to make peace with France; which being accomplished upon the resignation of Mr. Pitt and the appointment of Lord Sidmouth, about two years elapsed in that state of repose. War was again declared, and Mr. Pitt again braved the storm of popular dislike in pamphlets, newspapers, and caricatures. Mr. Fox succeeded after his decease, found his former friends, the French, exactly as Mr. Pitt had described them, averse to peace; and himself compelled to double the taxes he before had reprobated. He died — the Catholic Question caused the dismissal of his friends Lords Grenville and Grey, and Mr. Percival was made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Such is the *general* history of the last twenty years, the reader will find it enlarged by the description of many of the following caricatures.

"*Loyalty against Levelling.*" 1792.

"—— nought can make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

There is much merit in the invention of this print, and the characteristics are well imagined. There are two compartments; that on the right is appropriated to France, and the other to England: in the latter the sun shines unobscured, in the former clouds darken the atmosphere. Two signs have been elevated on posts, that in France is converted into a gallows, by cutting down part of it with the crown, which is trampled under foot by two of the national guard who, assisted by Thomas Payne, have contrived to convey a rope from their own territories around the British emblem of Royalty, and they pull while the author of the "Rights of Man" starts from the saw he had been using on perceiving attached to the wall to which the sign belongs the resolutions of the Association for preserving Liberty and Property against Republicans and Levellers, and a Proclamation by the King, and exclaims aghast "Here's a stop to my levelling." A soldier and a sailor below shake hands and declare for their king and country, and the British lion, roused from his repose in the Tower, menaces Payne from the outer wall of that fortress.

The wall of the French building, converted into a support for the gallows, is covered with placards, inscribed "Liberté et Egalité — ça-ira — Mr. Fox's speech to the *V*ig Club Anglois — and Memorial of Cit. Thomas Payne to the National Convention." Besides the figures employed in pulling down the Crown of England, a sans-culotte vociferates "Vive la nation," strides over a decapitated body, rests a pike with the head on it against his shoulder, and most significantly presses his hands to his emaciated body, which presents famine covered with rags. To conclude, "L'arbre de la liberté," withered and leafless, seems barely strong enough to support the weight of a suspended monk.

"*Sir Allan Gardiner, Covent Garden.* Weeds carefully eradicated, and venomous reptiles destroyed by Royal Patent. God save the King." 1794. Sir Allan, rather oddly employed for a naval commander, and a candidate at the election of that time, has an apron tucked around his full-dress uniform, and with his left hand fixed in the fur of the head of a *Fox,* bearing the likeness of a well-known late patriot, decapitates him with a pruning knife, as a weed on "constitutional ground." The head observes, "I was always a staunch friend

to

to the crops and sans-culottes, but this d——d crop is quite unexpected." Britannia suspends a wreath of laurel over the head of Sir Allan, and encourages him to "Go on, Britain approves and will protect you:" to which he replies, "My life and services are ever devoted to my King and Country." The Queen, the Admiral's flag ship, is in the back-ground, alluding to the victory of June 1, 1794. On the right side of the print is a devil or fiend raking a head towards flames where two others roar in agony "This will not *Tell-well*," and "I was fool *Hardy*." Delighted with the operation he performs, the enemy of mankind says, "Long looked for come at last—Welcome thou staunch friend and faithful servant, enter thou into the hot-bed prepared for thee." "Now," returns the first, "will no prospering virtue gall my jaundiced eye; nor people fostered by a beloved sovereign, and defended by the wisdom of his counsellors. To anarchy and confusion I will blow my *Horne*, and wallow in everything that is d——ble."

An ode appeared in 1795 addressed to an eminent bookseller who unfortunately observed on a particular occasion, that "Small profits do great things." The small profits alluded to furnished the bookseller with a handsome coach, and the wag of an artist exhibits him ascending to it from the Bible, Tillotson, and the Common Prayer, which serves as a step; his pocket is loaded with puffs and lies, and he carries his own Memoirs as a chapeau bras, a dog treats the first forty years of the life of J. L. very ill, and several ludicrous figures are spectators. This author observes:

"Shame on the cits! (they surely lost their senses
In jealous fit, to slight a kindness rare!)
Did he not offer to pay all expences
To have his statue fix'd up in the square?
Was not this modest worth, and perfect goodness?
And was not your refusal downright rudeness?"

This reminds us of a Bookseller who announced his shop as the cheapest in the *world*; another, that resided near him, pronounced his the cheapest in *Finsbury*.

"*The Rival Pigs*." 1795. There can be no doubt that the Guinea-pig seated on a chair with a head resembling Mr. Pitt's, is intended for that gentleman, and the Pig without a guinea facing him is certainly Mr. Fox. This print is barely worthy notice did it not allude to the powder-tax, which woefully disappointed the Minister, and was the source of much merriment to the mob, who called

called those who wore hair-powder Guinea-pigs, because they paid a guinea per annum for the licence.

"*The Political Locust.*" 1795. This enormous green destroyer with a human head much resembling that of one who was frequently termed a heaven-born Minister, has reduced poor old England to a yellow desert; and having nothing else to devour, attacks a decayed and almost leafless tree called the remains of the Old Constitution, while he clings to the ramparts which keep the sea from overwhelming the "little Island."

"*Rogues in Grain.*" 1796. The characters are, a stupid farmer with his arms folded across his breast seated at a table smoking, with a sly leer in his countenance, and a *monopolizer* just arrived, who stands booted, with a whip under his arm and his hands in his waistcoat pockets, "Come, come," says the latter, "you had better let me have your corn — I know you have a good stock — you 'll get a better price from me than by carrying it to market." "Lord love thee," replies the farmer, "I 've got no corn! consider what a harvest it was. But how much art thee willing to give if I could find any." The real scarcity caused by unpropitious weather had raised bread to a very great price in 1796, and it was generally supposed the agents of monied men visited all parts of the country to purchase grain to retail at a considerable advance: many abortive attempts were made to lessen the evil by substitutes for bread.

"*The fourteenth of September, or City Sportsmen.*" 1796. There are two scenes in the print of City sportsmen: in one, a watchman rouses a discontented gentleman who complains of his noise, and is told in return it was by his own desire he called him: we next observe a small publick house with a skittle ground near it, the landlady earnestly informs her husband the sportsmen are coming down the hill, and he as eagerly drives poultry into an outhouse, perfectly unconscious that one of the sportsmen had taken aim at one of his skittles exactly in the direction, he proceeds, exclaiming, "dang that old turkey-cock, how he stands, I verily believe he has a mind to be shot:" another, alarmed for the safety of a person seated in a tree on one side of the marksman, calls to him, "You sir, up in the tree, take care of yourself, you don't know how a shot may fly."

A second pair of "*Septembrizers*" having fired, terrify a poor deaf woman seated on a style, who, blessing herself, places her hand on the seat of honour, declaring she is so hard of hearing that she could not be certain whether it was a gun, but she felt as if she had received a pellet behind: her favourite cat sits on a fence

a fence near her, and causes her mistress fresh danger, as two other determined dogs start back, convinced that puss is a hare, for Jowler "has a dead nose at game," and he certainly shews his teeth at grimalkin: to conclude, a fifth shoots a crow for a partridge, and a sixth discharges his gun by accident as he rests it on his shoulder: this wiseacre damns the gun, inquiring what it is at now, and speaking prophetically, he is convinced himself and companions will do some mischief before they return to their homes.

"*Billy's Raree Show, or John Bull enlightened.*" 1797. It should be observed that the syllable *en* in the title is erased, consequently John Bull is lightened. The Premier performs double duty, as he attends with one hand to the strings of his shew-box, and with the other "lightens" John of his savings as he peeps through the glass. The Show appears by the banner on the summit to have been licensed by authority, and the Showman wears a trumpet and banner of the royal arms round his shoulder. "Now (addressing Bull) pray lend your attention to the enchanting prospect before you — this is the prospect of peace, only observe what a busy scene presents itself; the ports are filled with shipping, the quays loaded with merchandize; riches are flowing in from every quarter; this prospect alone is worth all the money you have got about you." The total absence of perception and conception *(see Plate* XXX. *fig.* 1.) was never more correctly pourtrayed than in the face of Bull, who answers, "Mayhap it may, Master Shewm, but I canna zee ony thing like what you mentions: I zees nothing but a woide plain with some mountains and molehills upon't; as sure as a gun it must be all behind one of those." One of the natural consequences of war is the decrease of trade, the Raree Show informed the Minister that his repeated assertions respecting the flourishing state of commerce and the country were disbelieved by those for whom they were intended.

"*Billy, or the Modern Colossus amusing himself.*" 1797. Mr. Pitt, unlike the antient Colossus which stood upon opposite shores, has, in this instance, made a kind of horse of the pediment of the Speaker's seat in the House of Commons, where, having free use of his heels, he kicks and spurs Mr. Fox till he bleeds, and overturns other members of the opposition. Rather more tender of his friends, his right boot is without a spur, and the ministerial party, grateful for this act of favour, kneel and bow with great humility. The air of consequence with which he sits is strongly marked in the countenance and throughout the figure: two leathern budgets are strapped round his waist, he rests his left hand

on

on that containing the "remains of the gold and silver coin;" and his right holds the sceptre and a terrestrial globe, which immediately conveys the idea of a very amusing exercise called "cup and ball." The other half of the budget is inscribed, "Resources for the War;" and is filled with assignats of various denominations, and lists of the different species of Militia and Volunteer forces. The influence of the Minister in Parliament, and the act for restraining payments in specie at the Bank, are the objects of this satire.

"*John Bull at his Studies, attended by his guardian Angel.*" Had Mr. Pitt seen this Caricature, he could not have been displeased at the whimsical manner in which he is represented calming the perturbed spirits of the representative of our population. With a countenance most placid and benevolent, he flies into his friend's presence with celestial wings; and tuning his harp, as he peeps from the clouds around him, he plays,

"Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Trust your fortune's care to me."

Never was mortal more perplexed than John; his very feet contract and rise towards his head, which he scratches, as he reads a long scroll, inscribed, "Tax upon Income. A plain, short, and easy Description of the different Clauses in the Income Tax, so as to render it familiar to the meanest capacity. Clause 1. N. B. for a further explanation, see Clause 701. Clause 2. N. B. This Clause will be better understood by reading Clause 2053. Clause 3. N. B. This Clause has no connection with Clause 9075, &c. &c."

A label held on the table by John's Journal, Day-book, and Ledger, presents part of Dibdin's song of Poor Jack:

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the purse [life erased] of Poor Jack."

The following print shews the fruits of Taxation, in the decisive defeats of the fleets of every nation which had then entered the contest between England and France.

"*John Bull taking a Lunch;* or Johnny's purveyors pampering his appetite with dainties from all parts of the world." 1798. The old gentleman seated in state makes a lunch that would excite the envy of an emperor. He is waited upon by admirals, and his food consists of captured ships of the line; puff paste from Brest, brought by Howe; Dutch pudding from Camperdown, by Duncan; a ragout and hashed crocodile, by Nelson; Bridport minced meat; Warren's Irish

Irish stew; Gardner's fricando; fricasee from Cadiz, by St. Vincent, &c. Flourishing his knife, John applies a dismasted ship to his mouth with the fork, and asserts he shall never be able to lay all those up in his wet dock. It should be remembered that the salt-cellar is a mortar, and the pepper-box a cannon. Three heads are seen behind the chair peeping through a window; those, being members of opposition, curse John's cooks and guts together.

"*A Specimen of Scotch Modesty*," 1798. The same jolly countenance, and large white wig, serves to convey twelve different characters to the notice of the inspector, of the specimen of Scotch modesty, whence it would seem the intention of the artist to insinuate one person, holding twelve different places, might be exhibited as a governor of the Charter-house, a joint keeper of the Signet in Scotland, a Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew, patent printer of the Bible in Scotland, Custos Rotulorum for Middlesex, a Treasurer of the Navy, a governor of Greenwich hospital, a commissioner of Chelsea hospital, a commissioner for India Affairs, a governor of the Bank of Scotland, a Secretary, and an elder brother of the Trinity-house. Accordingly, the same person is made to appear in these various characters.

"*Shrine at St. Anne's Hill*," 1798. A large fat dark-complexioned person kneels, with a new Constitution in his pocket, before an altar composed of articles almost too horrid for description. On the drapery in front are crossed daggers tinged with blood; a guillotine, marked in the same manner, forms the back of the altar-piece, from which two tablets are suspended by a tri-coloured riband, inscribed, *Droit de l'homme*. Those declare the right of worshipping whom we please, or to create or bow before what we please, to use any name in vain (alluding to the adoption of a Goddess of Reason in France in place of the Divinity), to work nine days of the week, and do what we please on the tenth, to honour parents when we find it necessary, to kill, commit adultery, bear what witness we please, and covet our neighbour's house or any thing that is his. A stand, with a scull and bones, supports the red cap of liberty, furnished with the French cockade; and busts of Robespierre and Buonaparte complete the "Shrine at St. Anne's Hill."

A flight of *Republican* cherubim descend on the left, which are rather more *aged* than those heavenly attendants usually appear to artists; and they are singular besides in having adopted the cap and cockade of France; and, what is still more extraordinary, they strongly resemble several public characters who flourished *circa* 1798.

"*London Corresponding Society alarmed.—Vide Guilty Conscience.*" 1798. The Engraver has contrived to give each of the characters in this print a peculiar expression of ferocity and terror. The president, with his arms bare to the elbows, seizes the candle from the candlestick, and applies it close to a list of State arrests, in which he finds the names of O'Connor, Binns, Evans, &c. His audience consists of a hair-dresser, a butcher, and other figures, whose occupations may be imagined from their appearance; they surround a table provided with beer and gin; a dark flight of stairs shew them to be in a cellar; prints of Tooke and Paine hang on the wall; and a Journal of their proceedings, signed T. Firebrand, Sec. offers the following designation of delegates: "Forging Sam, Barber Joe, Dick Butcher, Filching Ned, Dissenting Nick, &c. &c."

The two preceding prints have the same object in view: the first intimates that one of our veteran leaders of opposition would have presented us with a new Constitution, composed *a la Française;* and the other exhibits the second class of Reformers, whose intentions were never fully developed, as Government seized all their papers, brought their leaders to trial for high treason (of which they were acquitted), and thus dissolved the Corresponding Society. The French principles, supposed to have actuated the British people, operated more fatally in Ireland, where the deluded multitude had recourse to arms, and met their French invaders as deliverers. This caused

"*The Allied Republics, or France and Ireland,*" 1798. Erin or Ireland, under the semblance of an ass, permits a Frenchman to ride on him, and direct him with the sword of fraternity. The simple animal, braying, treads upon a crown, mitre, and sceptre; is goaded behind by a *blue devil,* and carries a huge bag of potatoes, linen, and barrels of beef, pork, and usquebaugh, for the benefit of his good Ally, whose brethren in arms gibbet the inhabitants and burn their houses. "Erin go brah," the motto adopted by the United Irish at the above period, produced the quibble, "go, bray;" and the latter word naturally suggested the idea of an ass. A song beneath the print illustrates the subject still further, as one verse will serve to prove:

"De linen I get in de scuffle,
Will make de fine shirt to my ruffle,
While Pat may go starve in his hovel,
And Erin may go bray."

"*The*

"*The Royal Soldier in His Majesty's Service*," 1798. There are many subjects and occurrences turned into jest by the Caricaturist, which pass unnoticed by the publick; it was far otherwise with the Volunteer system for the defence of the realm. The former seized upon the subject with avidity; and the *canaille* never suffered a corps of Volunteers to pass them, without exercising their wit upon the aggregate, or individuals who happened to betray any unsoldier-like peculiarities. The mistakes committed at drill, and the irregular fire at reviews, were treated with unmerciful severity.

Two or three instances selected from a very considerable number in which the graver has perpetuated the blunders of our citizen-soldiers, must now be detailed, to illustrate the above brief introductory observations. And first, "*The Royal Soldier*," or Mr. Pitt.

"He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy, o;
The first of all swains
That gladden'd the plains,
All nature obey'd him—the sweet Willy, o."

This is nothing more than the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the uniform of a Volunteer, standing erect, with his musket shouldered; a figure so tall, so thin and meagre, that an army of the same description might reasonably depend upon saving more than half their number of the usual proportion of slain, through the extreme difficulty that would be imposed upon bullets in finding substance to act upon. Something more was certainly intended by this satire than merely exhibiting Mr. Pitt as a tall narrow soldier. It had become the custom at this period for Statesmen to head bands of Volunteers; and it is extremely probable, had the French invaded England, that they would have found either a Cabinet without Ministers, or soldiers without officers.

"*The Awkward Squad.*" A tall, well-made sergeant, in a graceful attitude, gives the command to shoulder arms, at the same time pointing to the fuguelman. The awkward squad, alarmed at the sudden order, lose every spark of recollection; they look aghast; some face about; one presents, and screws his face into a most expressive state of apprehension at the effects of the explosion of his piece; another charges; and a third salutes; and, to complete the jest, their legs are interwoven beyond disentanglement.

"*The Lock Step, or drilling for the Review.*" The sergeant, in despair, orders his men to lock up; declaring at the same time they will never do for a review, which

which the soldiers amply confirm, by beating the skin off of each other's heels, as they march. One of the aggrieved party, enraged at the damage received by his flesh, storms at the offender; and the last man in the file rejoices that he is not the first.

Justly alarmed at the necessity which existed for additional loans and taxes to carry on the war in 1798, Mr. Pitt and his colleagues thought it expedient to call on the affluent for voluntary aids to the Government, which having been obtained to a limited extent, they were so far relieved from their embarrassment in meeting the publick with the budget of that year.

"*Voluntary Subscriptions,*" 1798. The celebrated financier, assisted by a Scotch gentleman, subsequently greatly honoured by the House of Lords in Westminster Hall, attend within an apartment of the Treasury; the latter near a table, in an attitude of surprize and pleasure, occasioned by a crowd seen through a window, reaching quite to Charing Cross, each individual bearing his bag of gold, impatient to subscribe their names in a vast book, opened, as the caricaturist has it, "for the preservation of our places, our pensions, our candle-ends, our cheese-parings, our bishoprics, our rectories, our grandmothers, our wives, our sisters, &c. &c." A door half-opened conceals a person behind it, whose nose, mouth, and hands, only appear; above which hangs a portrait of one of the Kings of Corsica. The Financier alluded to puts his finger to his nose, and says to the mouth and hands, "Mum—a good draw—soon come back—look well in the list;" to which the mouth replies, "Can't afford it, I tell you—always some new-fangled nonsense or another; I wish you would let us be at peace and quietness." A gentleman, standing within the door, holds a borough remonstrance; and asks, "Will he bleed? if he don't, I'll prick him again." The door has several representations pasted on it, particularly of Quiberon, Toulon, and the Dunkirk Races; with a plan for starving the French, referring to places where our arms had been less successful than had been expected.

"*The gallant Nelson bringing home two uncommon French Crocodiles from the Nile.*" 1798. The idea of this caricature is singular enough. Each crocodile has an human head attached to his enormous upper jaw, which are tolerably correct likenesses of the same number of persons, celebrated for their oratorical powers in one of the branches of our Legislature. They weep in concert at their captivity, and that they are secured by padlocks and chains from any attempt to injure their conductor, who tells them he supposes they are grieved for what they have

have done, but that he shall conduct them to his master. Mr. Bull attends, staring and scratching his head, and exults that "Horatio has got un at last;" "why (he continues) these be the old cock devils."

"*A Messenger from the Nile: agreeable News for the Directory, or the runaway Admiral's unexpected arrival.*" 1798. The five directors of French affairs are assembled in council at a table, in their grand costume of office. Maps of England and Ireland are spread before them; and instructions for Admiral Bruyes on his leaving Egypt. At this moment an Admiral, who had escaped from the destruction inflicted on the French fleet at the mouth of the Nile by that of Lord Nelson, bursts into the room, and with the air of a maniac, declares the misfortunes of his companions, and his own, in being singed from head to foot, which alone prevented him from playing the d——l with Nelson. Had Milton seen the horror and infernal expression pourtrayed in the countenances of the Directors on this occasion, his ideas on the subject of Satanic disappointed malice must have been assisted, if not improved. The great Beelzebub himself could not have suspended the passage of snuff from the box to the nose, while he listened to unwelcome news, with a more diabolical air, than one of these gentlemen displays. (*See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 7.)

It will be remembered even now with astonishment, that the French, who are justly celebrated for foresight and sagacity, should have assembled an army of 40,000 men, for an expedition to Egypt, where it was evident to all Europe besides, they must either inevitably perish, through the privations of the country, the hostility of the inhabitants, or be cut off from all communication with France by the superiority of the British navy. Such was soon found to be the fact. The army arrived in Egypt, commanded by Buonaparte. He traversed a desolate soil, harassed by a vigilant enemy; saw the whole of the ships of the line taken, burnt, and dispersed, which had protected him in his passage; found the place unsafe, and unprofitable; fled secretly to France, unobserved by our cruizers; and revenged himself on the five Directors, then the *monarchs* of that wretched nation, by driving them from authority, and nominating himself First Consul, then Emperor.

"*Satan's return from Egypt,*" (erased). Earth discovered in council with Beelzebub and Belial, a sketch after Fuseli. Satan thinks proper to appear on this occasion in the uniform of a French general. He is seated, frowns, droops the corners of his mouth, and applies his hands with distorted fingers to his hat; one foot

foot rests upon a skull, and that upon manuscripts; the other, extended, tramples upon the *Marsellois Hymn*, and the Council of Five Hundred; a nimbus, or glory, beams from behind his head, and *infernal* cherubs flit round a triangle formed of daggers, inclosing his hat, near which are written "*Buonaparte, Ducos, Sieyes.*" Beelzebub and Belial, clothed in white, and furnished with wings, stand on each side of the chair, one provided with Constitutions for all occasions.

"*Buonaparte leaving Egypt.*" 1800. The hero of the print before us advances alone towards a boat, where two of his friends wait for him, loaded with bags of gold. A ship under weigh, at some distance from the shore, explains his intention; and lest it should be misunderstood, he points to a crown, sceptre, and fasces, floating in the air, near a figure of Fame, who takes a short respite to recover her breath, exhausted in spreading his exploits. A groupe of wretched, starved, scarecrow soldiers in the back-ground rush forward, but are too distant and forlorn to overtake him.

It is an opinion very generally received, that however violent the expressions may appear which are uttered in the debates of each session of Parliament, no real animosity exists between the parties who use them. There was an exception in the case of Messrs. Pitt and Tierney. Those gentlemen, exasperated by continual opposition on one side, and a pertinacity of opinion, and a perseverance in measures supposed to be injurious to the country on the other, charged and recriminated, recriminated and charged, till they were sufficiently inflamed to meet in mortal combat, whence they fortunately returned uninjured, to the great satisfaction of their respective friends. The caricaturists, finding it to be a bloodless duel, thought it fair game, and offered their illustrations in

"*The Duel, or Charley longing for a pop.*" 1798. The scene of the duel is on Putney Heath, near an unoccupied gibbet, on which a crow having perched himself informs a political groupe below there is plenty of room for them. The foremost of these desperate men takes an eager aim at a tall slender gentleman, who, holding his pistol pointed to the earth, tells his antagonist, armed as he is with conscious rectitude, he defies them all. A stout person, provided with a blunderbuss, draws his friend the duellist back, and informs him he might as well shoot at a needle; that he cannot hit his mark with a pop-gun; and recommends the blunderbuss, as larger in the bore. In this interval of suspense a Scotch gentleman arrives, crying "Murder!" and "stop the duel!" which is repeated by a mouth projected from behind the margin of the print, with the addition "Ha! what, what!—shot, shot!"

"*Bloody*

"*Bloody News, or the fatal Putney Duel.*" The duellists face each other; Britannia, seated at some distance from them, screams in terror for her darling; and the Lion lies upon his back at her feet. The Scotchman, introduced in the preceding print, attends with Treasury cordial; and tells the genius of England not to fear for her favourite boy, who is in no danger; adding, were he as well made for fighting, he would challenge them all. Alluding to the spare habit of body of the other, Mr. T. declares he might as well shoot at a rush-light. A telegraph behind Britannia communicates the words "bloody news—shot," &c.

"*The danger over, or Billy's return to John Bull.*" The principal actor in the affair of the duel appears with an air of satisfaction before Mr. Bull, and assures him of his safety. The latter, extremely delighted, blesses Mr. P. and expresses his happiness at his safe return; asks him why he risked his precious life; and inquires what would have become of him if he had been killed, left without a soul to have contrived a few new taxes, or tell him he was the happiest old man alive; to assure him his pockets were overflowing with money, and convince him every thing was right.

"*A correct plan and elevation of the famous French Raft.*" This caricature of a vessel, though said to have been engraved from a drawing made by an officer at Brest, carries its own condemnation with it to every person who has seen any description of machine navigated on the Ocean. Although the absurdity and impossibility of such a conveyance for an army to invade England, even across the narrow Straits of Dover, is manifest on a moment's reflection, thousands of people in England contended that it was not only practicable, but that it was actually built for the accommodation of 30,000 men, and provided with heavy metal to protect their landing. We were even informed of the dimensions of this additional wonder of the world; in length 700 feet, and in breadth 600. A vast cone, 180 feet in diameter at the base, and the same number in height, occupied the centre, for the double purpose of accommodation for the men, and to support a yard *only* 500 *feet* in length, which, turning on a pivot, was to move a triangular sail, *hang by a point to the end of the yard*, whichever way occasion required. These are the principal features of the Raft. Had any nation determined upon a scheme for the destruction of their armies, surely it will be allowed that the inventor of the tale of the Raft ought to have been consulted, as his contrivances would dispose of them by the art of sinking, in less time than by scuttling any given number of transports, or even by the operations of a tempest.

"*The*

"*The Raft in danger, or the Republican Crew disappointed.*" 1798. The Raft is greatly *improved* in the print thus intituled; and makes a most formidable appearance, with a citadel and numerous towers, cavalry, infantry, and a complete battery of cannon on each side of the oblong square. Disdaining the use of sails, the tremendous machine makes its approaches by wind-mills, and water-wheels and oars. An enormous flag, displayed on the citadel, announces "Liberty and Equality;" another on the front "Plunder;" several less conspicuous are inscribed Regicides—Parricides—Deism and Atheism—Robbery—Murder—Torture, &c. &c. The guillotine and cap of liberty stand *in terrorem*, at both extremes of the Raft.—We must now turn our attention to England, where a capstan, placed upon a cliff, is turned by five persons; from which a cable passes to the head of the Raft. Three of those disinterested Englishmen wear the red cap, and French national cockades; another, a hat; and the last has no covering for the head. The principal in this encouragement of invasion has on other occasions been represented with the head of a Fox. He looks pleased, labours hard, and cries "Pull away, citizens." The next behind him is a handsome man; and bears a treatise under his arm, entituted "Bedfordsh— Agriculture." Another, whose nose appears to have profited by libations of *Sherry*, follows the example of one before him, in mutually agreeing to take care of the rope. And the last, a short, fat man, dressed in half mourning, starts, asserting that a storm is approaching, for he hears thunder. The storm he alludes to is caused by three heads, intended for the King, Mr. Pitt, and perhaps Lord Melville. The two former scatter the names of our naval commanders towards the Raft; and the other those of celebrated Bow-street officers, in the direction of the capstan. A British army, encamped on the heights, wait the approach of the enemy; and our fleets are seen closing in the rear of the Raft. Three Republican heads, furnished with wings, hover in the character of gannets near the Raft.

"*Equality is the go, d—e.*" 1798. Refinement and economy having reached their *ne plus ultra*, the caricaturist presents us with the consequences in the print before us, in which a mean-looking person, in lank dark hair, wrapped in a six-caped great coat, with a coarse-coloured neck-kerchief, sits in his chaise, driving from Edinburgh to London; his groom (who usually rode on horseback behind his master's carriage before this period) sleeping soundly by his side. So much for economy. To explain the equality from the figures would be no great stretch of capacity, because the groom looks quite as respectable a man as his master; but

but upon examining more minutely, we discover on the body of the chaise a ducal coronet under the initial *H.* whence we must conclude that dukes had actually exchanged places with their servants when this print was etched, and that the meanly-dressed man is one of those very dukes.

"*Improvements in weights and measures, or Sir John See-clear discovering the balance of the British Flag.*" 1798. Sir John, ludicrously long and narrow, holds aloft in his right hand steel-yards, inscribed "*Vive la Egalité.*" On one side are suspended turnips, cabbages, carrots, a cap of liberty, and labels of the advantages of cold economy, proposing to retain as the navy of England half a dozen ships of war, to send 50,000 sailors to plant potatoes, with 1000 weighty reasons for giving the enemy a chance of escaping from their ports; these kick the beam by the simple means of the Union flag. A table offers to view books on improvement in the art of political dunging; the pursuits of agriculture, &c. with the apostate laird, a parliamentary romance; and the loss of the agricultural chair. A placard on the wall is a table of weights and measures laid down upon the true democratic principle of the steel-yard of *Egalité;* and a picture represents three hogs feeding in the trough of democratic verbosity, which is called pigs meal, or new method of feeding the swinish multitude.

"*A visit to the Irish Pig, with reflections physical and moral.*" 1799. The enormous pig exhibited in London some years past is represented so large as to occupy nearly half of the print. A personage of high rank, and once a good practical farmer, condescends to visit the overgrown animal; and they both examine each other with great attention, except that the latter is deficient in his observation, through the want of a glass. A military gentleman, decorated with a key of office, or the key of the sty, (which the caricaturist pleases,) assists at the inspection with a lantern, and remarks, "That pig is the tallest, fattest, properest pig to stand before the ——; the most wonderful I ever had the honour to shew. It is arrived from Ireland; truly worthy of the inspection of the curious; an amazing animal." "True, true, very fat, very fat—Ireland—ha! ha!—hope he did not eat any of the rebels; sha'n't like the pork if he has; stick to Fetterlane—clean and wholesome that—pretty sausages, ha! ha!—what does he say? Talks French, ha! ha!" "We, we, we," answers the pig.

The great political measure of uniting the kingdoms of England and Ireland, under the superintendance of one legislature, excited considerable warmth of discussion in both countries. Predictions were confidently pronounced, as to the

practicability, utility, and beneficial results of such an union; and the disgrace, resistance, and dis-union which would occur on the part of Ireland. Thus balanced were the opinions of the public, when the graphic satirist offered the representation of

"*An Irish Union; if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance.*" 1799. The principal figures are Mr. Bull and his cousin Patrick. The former, though apparently extremely stupid, appears an inoffensive character; but the latter is represented as a ruffian from head to foot. Mr. Pitt, with half-closed eyes, performs the ceremony of joining their hands; and my Lord Melville obliges the Irishman with an extract from the History of Scotland, which he reads in an attitude of considerable self-importance, tending to prove that since the Union with that nation many had "made the siller;" and thence inferring, that Patrick must become much happier and more independent in his new situation than he had ever been before. The strange unpleasant countenance of the Irishman only enquires in return, "Now is it blarneying you are at?" Mr. Pitt requests him to believe what the gentleman says to be right; declares he unites Mr. Bull and him as friends; and concludes with "whom I put together, let no man put asunder." Mr. Bull, with vacant stare, thinks "it may be nation good fun," but is as ignorant "what it is about" as his cousin Paddy.

"*A new Irish Jaunting Car;* the Tandem, or Billy in his Sulky." 1799. The frail and slender car or sulky, well-suited to the delicate frame of the driver, is drawn by two Bulls, the foremost marked J. B. and the other P. B. John tugs away with perfect good will, but complains of the difficulty of getting his Irish brother along, adding, he is not quite satisfied with so close a connexion, as Master Patrick plunges and kicks most violently, not a little alarming the driver, who endeavours to persuade him to follow the example of John, especially as he finds the vehicle descending a hill, and in danger of being overturned by large stones in the road, inscribed "Irish resolutions," "Irish objections," and "The Voice of the People."

"*A flight across the Herring-pool.*" 1800. Mr. Pitt stands on the coast of England, provided with a vast Imperial pouch, the mouth of which he extends, and exhibits several little gentlemen, adorned with insignia of nobility, standing amidst stars and garters and ribands. Those view with great attention the flight mentioned in the title of the print, composed of a variety of characters, who glide through

through the air in attitudes various as whimsical. Mr. Pitt kindly encourages them; and tells them he has plenty of room in his budget. A very pleasant Scotch gentleman, seated upon a list of very pleasant sinecure and other places, calls to the aërial travellers, and informs them, if they have any conscience, there is sufficient to satisfy them all. Two men kneeling, and a lady in an attitude of intreaty, are near a temple on the opposite shore, whence the flight proceeds; and lament, "Och! och! do not leave us, consider your old house; it will look like a big walnut shell without a kernel."

"*Foreign Amusement, or the British Lion on the watch.*" 1801. A Bear, whose collar has the word "Paulo" engraved on it, sits on his hind parts, and holds a padlock and chain, with which he secures several vessels carrying the British flag. A hill in the back-ground is ascended by a two-headed eagle, crowned, bearing a banner, and followed by birds of the same description, armed. A huge Lion lies extended in the front of the print, resting his head on his paws, which exhibit a most formidable row of talons; those, and the keen expression of his eye, augurs eager attention to passing events, and much resentment. The Bear seizes the vessels, under the conviction that Mr. Bull has plenty of them. The Eagle wishes him success; but the Lion observes, they find it pretty sport at present, though they will think otherwise when he takes a leap amongst them. A northern confederacy, composed of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, aimed at the maritime rights of England, took place at the beginning of the present century. The Bear above denotes Russia, whose Emperor Paul acted with great barbarity towards the crews of the ships he seized in his ports. Lord Nelson fully verified the threat of the Lion; and soon dissolved the confederacy, by his spirited and successful attack on Copenhagen.

"*The Vision of the three Cats*, a Fable." 1800. This Sultan reposes at length, richly habited, and supported by magnificent cushions. Thus far we observe nothing more than what is common to Eastern monarchs; but upon examining the features attentively, we discover a strong accidental likeness of his present Majesty. Three Cats, seated on light clouds, constitute the vision. One is oppressed with fat; a second is little better than a skeleton; and the third is blind. The Sultan thought his dream singular, and commanded a Dervise to expound it, who, being a shrewd man, declared his opinion that the fat cat was symbolical of his ministers, the lean of the people, and the blind of himself.

"*Citizens worshiping their Idol.*" The Idol is Buonaparte, and the Citizens several

several well-known British faces: one of the number repeatedly excited the attention of the Caricaturist, who has represented him in another print as the

"*Common Garden Orator;* or, aut Cæsar aut nullus." "I am ever ready to exert my abilities for my constituents, but I am best judge where." The Orator stands before a table covered with the materials for drinking and smoking, and vociferates, with clenched fist, to an auditory composed of the lowest description of persons, whose features seem to have been collected from all that is vicious and detestable in the wide circle of human depravity, and their attitudes form all that is vulgar and ungraceful. The speech of the gentleman alluded to is to the following purport. Addressing them as his dear friends and constituents, he tells them, had not his principles suited all occasions, he could not have retained a seat in the Legislature so long as he had done, remarking at the same time that the coalition with Lord North was a proof of his abilities in a certain way; as well as his support of the Prince in his claim of the Regency, without their consent, and the exalted character given by him to O'Connor, was of his intrepidity. He then enquires why he should continue his attendance in the House, as the members composing it insisted all he said was an old story: *here* he knew he should receive attention; here he was sure of a majority, of safety in abusing the Ministry, disputing the acts of the Senate, and of spreading sedition in defiance of law. "D—n the law; bad luck to Pitt; to the Bank to-morrow;" exclaim his constituents.

"*A Muddy; a Sketch in Bond-street,*" 1800. It became the fashion, at the time this print was engraved, to build the coaches of people of rank so extremely low, and reduce the height of the wheels to such a degree, that the Caricaturist, in common with the publick, called them Muddys. The former demonstrated the propriety of the term by sketching one with the lower part of the body of the coach almost touching the filth in the streets; the footmen behind it elevated half their length above the top; the coachman buried in the rising sides of the box till his head only is visible; and the gentlemen who stop to converse with the ladies inside, looking down upon them. Another wag went still farther; and representing the sudden check of motion, sends the footman fairly over the top of the vehicle to break his head against that of the coachman.

Two very good etchings were published in 1805 without names, intended as a satire upon the extremes to which students at our Universities sometimes proceed. The first exhibits an emaciated figure, with his hair in disorder and nails uncut, so deeply

deeply involved in study, that the fire in the grate departed unobserved: impelled however by natural feelings and instinct, his body has crept forward to the edge of the fender, and the legs have ventured upon the sides of the former; and thus he sits with spectacles on nose, and his book rested on the mantel piece. The nature of his pursuits is pointed out by scraps on the geography of the moon, finite matter divisible in infinitum, &c. &c. The motto,

Mediamque Minervam.

Luctantur paucæ, comedunt coliphia paucæ.

The other presents us with the student completely equipped as a jockey, with his academic habit suspended on the wall. This choice spirit, elevated by the contents of the bottles behind him, fancies himself on a winning horse; and to make the matter complete, he sits doubled in three portions, dragging by a bridle fastened to the chimney-piece, in the exact attitude of a person riding a race; his whip in his mouth, his spurs stuck into the edge of the falling table, and the decanters and glasses spinning from it to seek the books his eagerness had previously sent upon the floor.

"*Birds of a Feather flock together,*" 1800, was intended as a satire upon the general equality of dress. Two pickpockets stand at the bar for examination by a Police-office Magistrate. The savage features of these miscreants alone distinguish them from the groupe of sufferers from their skill, who attend to state their losses. The thief, habited in a blue coat with gilt buttons, leather breeches, and half boots furnished with tassels, rests his hands, covered with gloves, on the bar; and his brother in iniquity returns a stare through a glass at one of his accusers. In short, such is the similarity of costume, that we find no difference between the parties, except the thieves have performed an involuntary act of politeness, by taking off their hats.

"*Devils angling for Lawyers,*" 1800. The gentlemen of the law are unfortunately situated, constantly balancing between fees and conscience. It cannot be supposed a conscientious lawyer ever became a subject for satire; and where shall we find a lawyer who will grant he is without a conscience? Who has a right to advance that lawyers solicit employment as tradesmen do custom? Are not the wrong sides of questions adopted by numerous clients; and do they not solicit the lawyer to defend them? And now we arrive at the precise point where the balance prevails, where the Devils angle or fish for lawyers; conscience on

one

one side, the bait on the other. The Caricaturist has seized on this very critical moment; and he presents us with the high enclosure that fences out the auditors in a Court of Justice, over which several devils peep, each furnished with a rod, line, and hook, baited with purses of 100 and 500 guineas. The groupe of long-robed gentry sitting under the enclosure would discompose the muscles of eighteen judges out of twenty; one is fairly caught, another bites, and a bait suspended between two produces such doubtful, delighted, and impatient looks, that a very dull devil might perceive he had a fair chance, not for a *nibble*, in the fishing phrase, but a downright snap. This is a genuine caricature, and is accompanied by

"*Devils Parson shooting;*" in which we discover no traits of humour, as the Clergy seated round a table at their wine are merely fired at by devils, without reference to any peculiarity in the profession or actors.

A small print, neatly engraved, and amply illustrative of the riot and confusion of an Election, was published, without date or name, to satirize Sir Francis Burdett and his political friends. Sir Francis harangues the electors; and several well-known characters appear on each side of him. A fiend, with a cockade on a point of his horns, almost faints with heat, although fanned by an imp, and declares, "It is so hot, I'll return to the place whence I came." Boxing, casks, and bottles of gin, a key and fetters, marrow-bones and cleavers, "No Bastille," and a number of ludicrous incidents, are crowded both in the fore and back grounds. Those who do not approve of Sir Francis as a politician describe him as a democratical reformer. It is certain that the peculiar turn of his parliamentary motions have secured him the approbation of the multitude; and they have repeatedly, openly and roughly expressed their attachment at Elections where he was concerned. On the occasion of his instituting an enquiry into the state of the Coldbath Fields prison, and after he had been ordered to the Tower for a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons, the riots in the neighbourhood of his mansion became truly alarming.

"*An Attack on Le Livre Rouge;* or Champions of Liberty reducing an overgrown Red Book." This is one of the very numerous caricatures in which Sir Francis Burdett is the principal figure. John Bull lays prostrate, borne down by the weight of the list of his place-men and sinecure-men; and although the artist intended his three friends, Burdett, Whitbread, and Calcraft, should relieve him from the pressure, there are few who would wish to lie extended with a book

a book on their back to be cut to pieces on it by two enormous axes and a huge broad sword. We have Sir Francis, besides, as a Modern St. George attacking the monster Despotism, ycleped Ministers — as a model for Patriots, elevated on the rock of Integrity in the sea, standing on the Bill of Rights and Magna Charta, with the best of characters inscribed on it, and surrounded by ministerial fish, rather of the non-descript order, which hiss spite, envy, and malice against him in vain — as a Political Sampson, rather in danger by pulling down two pillars, called Corrupt Representation and Unlawful Privilege, which have supported a gallery of Ministers, that must inevitably brain him as they tumble, if the laws of *gravity* prevail in caricature or architecture. In another, Britannia laments the arrest of her favourite son by two persons, one very much alarmed, and the other in an official gown and wig, who calls Britannia "A blink-eyed B—h;" this ill usage did not, however, operate to prevent "Britannia's visit to the Tower," where we find the prevailing party have contrived to muzzle the Lion.

And now, that we may not be charged with partiality, we shall notice one print on the other side of the question, called "*Francis the First crowned*, or the Dream realized." The Baronet is supposed to be in the Tower, and dreaming that he was at large in the room where the regalia is kept. Like another Blood, he seized what he supposed to be the chief emblem of royalty, which he eagerly placed on his head; but, alas, it proved to be a very common utensil, and the contents being inverted, the poor dreamer awaked to all the horrors of night, a prison, and a wet shirt, dripping on the Westminster Petition.

"*Don Quixote, Commander-in-chief, reviewing his troops previous to the Campaign*," 1810. The Minister, cased in armour, and resting on the Standard of the United Kingdom, appears before the door of the Treasury, and musters his yea and nay men, who stand in a hollow-square, each provided with a roll, inscribed "Ministerial Military Exercise, aye and no," which they use instead of muskets. Two clerks attend the Don, to register the names of defaulters and those of staunch men. A trumpeter and an officer are ready to proclaim a "treaty for an armistice for fourteen days if necessary." And the whole party seem much delighted with the contents of the military chest, whence a *Rose* in January presents a bank note with one hand, and gathers more with the other. Behind him a Scotch nobleman and his friends peep from an adjoining gate; and the first

says

says to the Minister, "An ye should want a set a brae fellows for any service, I ha them here ready for ye." The general orders printed below this print characterise the persons satirised with some spirit. Mr. P— directs the army to be in readiness on the 23d, as he has intelligence the enemy muster in great force, well provided with ammunition from Walcheren, Spain, and Portugal; and makes many arrangements, amongst which are the following, that the "Potatoe Rangers," who are apt to talk in the ranks, should be entirely silent on this occasion, as the attack would probably take place in the night; that all sutling coffee-houses near the fort should be searched for deserters. The post of the late Commander-in-Chief at Walcheren to be near the Royal Standard, who will not be in the field *early*. And finally, he gives the charge of the military chest to the veteran Adjutant-general G— R—, with orders to distribute one pound marching-notes to young recruits, and to render every assistance to deserters surrendering themselves before the day of battle.

"*The Contractor and the Contracted*," 1810. The Minister having been in the minority on more occasions than one about this time, the Caricaturist has introduced us to a scene supposed to have occurred in a great assembly of provincial and other characters, "What, you thinks as how I can't see further than my nose," cries a short fat man in a sailor's dress, with an enormous red nose and a brandy bottle in his pocket, to Mr. P. who weeps—"but you're mistaken. I sees how things are going, and you thinks I've forgot the Ass in the fable, but I a'nt; I knows well how to butter my biscuits on both sides. So a speedy exit and soon—d'ye see, I knows 195 is more than 186." This termination of an unpleasant subject between two friends will remind the reader of a toast said to have been drank on a public occasion by a rich citizen, now a baronet, "A speedy peace and soon." Facetious as this rubicund face generally appears, its frown strikes terror to the heart of poor P. and he exclaims, "What, will you also leave me before my time, oh, Sir Willy, Sir Willy, this stabs me to the soul!" "Whereas, P. and Co. bankrupts, to surrender, and partnership dissolved," is placed above the premier.

"*A new Game of Shuttlecock*, as played by his Majesty's Servants, for the Amusement of John Bull," 1810. The Shuttlecock in the instance before us is the toy made in the usual form, set with feathers "plucked from a Somersetshire-goose," and converted into the Speaker's warrant by those words written on it, and

and bearing the Serjeant at Arms seated on the top. The groupe of Ministers aim at the persecuted warrant with violent individual exertion. Mr. Perceval cries, "Curse the thing, I wish I had never seen it; away with it." Lord E. is fearful it should be knocked in his direction, as he had not power to strike it. A great Law-officer prepares for a furious blow, saying, "D— it, I'll hit it as hard as I can, though I am almost afraid to meddle with it."—A gentleman in a black gown and great wig bawls, "Don't strike it to me again; I'll have nothing more to do with it: I have sent it to Bow-street, and one of the Magistrates of the office in that street declares he cannot *Read* it. *Die Veneris*—why it is Spanish to me—we don't understand them there warrants." Alluding to each branch of the Administration declining to acknowledge himself concerned in the warrant for committing Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower.

"*The last Resource, or supernatural Committee employed*," 1810. A parody upon Macbeth consulting the Weird Sisters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in an attitude the most extravagant, with his legs and arms spread, exclaims, "I conjure you, by that which you profess, answer me: though you untie the winds, and let them fight against the Churches, answer me what I ask you."—— "Demand—We'll answer—Come high or low, thy self and power daftly shew," reply the Witches; when from behind a cauldron arise the ghastly forms of Messrs. Fox, Pitt, and Burke; the first of whom bids the enquirer "Be bloody, bold, and resolute;" the second, "Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care—who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;" and the last, "Laugh to scorn the power of man." A Speaker, who very seldom speaks, inclosed by a flight of steps, laments that they have tied him to a stake, whence he cannot fly, but, bear-like, must fight the cause.

"*Country Independence, or Cambridge Butter too hard for York Dumplings*," 1810. We are to infer from this title, that Cambridgeshire and Yorkshire are celebrated for butter and dumplings: hence arises part of the allusion; but the dumplings seem to be an exuberance. Mr. Yorke, who enforced the standing order which produced the Burdett-contest, as to the legality of the Speaker's warrant, having appeared as a candidate for re-election at Cambridge, met with decided opposition; and the Caricaturist has thought proper to represent that opposition in a way peculiar to himself. "Gentlemen," says Mr. Yorke from the hustings, "I have had the honour of representing this city; but I never found the

butter so firm before," which speech is occasioned by the blows inflicted as rolls of that useful article reach his breast and body hurled by the Cantabs beneath: "D—n their butter," adds a friend, as a lump takes his nose, "I wish they had melted it first."

"*Modern method of carrying a Majority, or Prime deep Pockets for banging up Opposition.*" 1810. Mr. P. standing before the door of the Treasury, with a pair of pockets to his coat of extraordinary dimensions, containing an assemblage of little "Independent gentlemen," vociferating "aye, aye, aye," is accosted by his taylor with "Please your honour, I called to know what size the pockets of your new coat are to be, as you thought the last not large enough; I know the Treasury cut." To which he answers, he fears he shall not require large ones long, but requests they may be deep, as he would not wish every body to know what is in them.

"*The Triumphal Entry into St. James's, or the Downfall of the Modern Colossus.*" 1811. A spirited white horse, furnished with a human face *set in* the front of that peculiar to his species, bows, in *his way*, to a groupe in the gate of the Palace, headed by Fame, who bids them bow the knee before him. The horse is richly caparisoned, and bears a crimson cushion and coronet on the saddle. The modern Colossus, crowned with a cap and bells and grasping a sceptre, who does not appear to have learned the art of riding from the Astleian equestrians, totters as he stands on the cushion, apparently removed from his balance by a bundle of protests, which an officer informs us are the greeting of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and Gloucester. A party of friends behind him draw back alarmed, all of whom wear *Spencers*, and one bears a banner inscribed "Honourable Band of Blue Spencer Pensioners;" an empty purse serves as a tassel to this flag, and, in imitation of the Colossus, each wears the cap of Folly. A gentleman, deeply and indelibly marked by the juice of the grape, and who need fear no *Rivals* when writing for the stage, is not a little pleased with the disaster of the Colossus; and another of his party observes, "He had better have mounted one of *his* dray-horses."

It seems almost superfluous to say these prints relate to the presumed pertinacity of Mr. Perceval in retaining his place after the sense of the House of Commons had more than once been found to be against his measures. They insinuate inferences of dishonourable ways and means to procure votes in order to defend the

the unfortunate Walcheren expedition and other unpopular schemes. — The succeeding caricature alludes to a memorial presented by an unsuccessful commander to his sovereign on that occasion, in defence of himself: and lastly, in "The Triumphal Entry," they anticipate the expulsion of Mr. Perceval, as Minister, by the Prince Regent; the reverse of which was the fact, as that gentleman stepped from the full enjoyment of health and power into the grave, impelled by the hand of an assassin.

"*Secret Influence, or a Peep behind the Screen.*" 1810. A gentleman richly habited in scarlet, seated in a chair of state under a purple canopy, and decorated with a blue riband, is partly concealed by the "Caricature Screen, or Fun Concentrated. N. B. Most to be seen on the other side." An officer of distinction enters a door facing him, and bowing, hides all his face except the profile with his hat held in the right hand, and with the left presents a "Memorial of the Expedition to —" the remainder of which is concealed by a part of the screen covered with prints of Captain Bobadil, Sir John Falstaff, the Copper Captain, and Hudibras. The officer declares he has mended his pen and written the memorial again, "It is now more intelligible:" to which the gentleman replies, "I do not like second editions, give it to my servant." The idea and execution of this print is very excellent, and it is impossible to fail in appropriating the subject.

"*The Hottentot Venus,*" exhibited for some time in London, has been a fruitful source of profit to the Caricaturist; and though this modern goddess cannot boast of statues erected to her honour, she may securely boast of the honours of the pencil and graver. In one instance we are presented with her *elegant* form in the centre of a planet as an "Astronomical phænomenon, first seen in this country in the year of Jubilee;" in a second she stands in the full display of beauty as Sartjee, the Hottentot Venus, from Gamtoos River, South Africa; in a third, as one of three Graces: this whimsical print exhibits her between Miss Risdale, thirty-five years of age and *thirty inches in height*, and Miss Harvey, an Albiness, with perfectly white hair and *pink* eyes; in a fourth she becomes an addition to the broad-bottom family, which is of necessity nameless; and finally, *quant. suff.* the Lady accommodates Master Cupid on her enormous bottom, whence he takes aim with his bow and arrow, warning the observers to take care of their hearts.

"*Banyan*

"*Banyan Day, or a Gloomy Ninth of November.*" 1810. A worthy character who has often been the subject of this description of satire, and who really must wish a *speedy end and soon* to the freedom with which he is treated, is presented to the publick kneeling amidst turtle, prize beef, fish, dead game, and wine, lamenting his hard fate with streaming eyes and watering mouth, "Oh this," he sighs, "is grieving with a vengeance, we might be sorry, but fasting, —all my eye; I don't know which waters most, my mouth at the delicious food, or my eyes at the disappointment."

"Lord Mayor's Day — no shew — no feast — no turtle — no venison — no hare — no pies — no puddings — no wine — no fruit — no barges — no man in armour." The cause of Banyan Day, or no feast at Guildhall on the 9th of November, was the King's violent illness at that period, and the Princess Amelia's decease.

"*The Berners-street Hoax.*" 1810. The Lady who really was the subject of this practical wit, starts back, amazed at the entrance of a groupe consisting of the first magistrate of a great city, a jew pedlar, an apothecary, an undertaker's man loaded with a coffin, a brewer, a gun-maker, an optician, frizeur, &c. &c. one of whom says, "Madam, the street is full of trades-people after we have done." "Oh lord, oh lord," gasps the lady, "what can all this mean: I sent for none of you; I know nothing about it — for —— sake do not torment me to death."

Posterity should be informed that it has lately been the practice of certain merry gentlemen to write circular letters to professional men and tradesmen, appointing them to attend at an appointed hour and place, with their terms and various articles of sale and manufacture, which place is invariably the habitation of a person perfectly unconscious of the approach of the proposed assembly, whose confusion and dismay, and the uproar caused by the disappointed persons, forms the reward of the deceiver or *hoaxer.*

"*The Brazen Image set up at Oxford.*" 1810. An excellent Caricature as to the execution. Three laymen surround the pedestal, two endeavour to erect the statue, and the third a very stout man, points to the defective parts of the figure. Two students, aware of this fact, amuse themselves by repeating the action of his hand by one of theirs directed to the vast protuberance with which nature has furnished him behind. Three divines of equally vast dimensions are admiring

admiring spectators. The pavement of the Hall is scattered with an Address to the Monarch from one of the Universities respecting the Roman Catholic Question, and a Petition to the same purport. The pedestal has an inscription setting forth, that *Grenouille* collected individuals in every capacity, from the Vice Chancellor to the Bed-makers and the Beadles, to attend "the Dedication of the Image which was to be set up." This image, we are informed below, was derived from the munificence of the Pope to the University of Oxford, who entrusted it to the care of Captain *Coal*, of the Isis Packet, many years chief mate of the Company's ship Exeter. The modern Lady of Babylon had nearly been lost in the channel, owing, it is said, to the Portland lights not being discernible: on that occasion the lady received some damage, particularly in the seat of honour and on the nose, damages which Messrs. Frogum and Grenouille, the Phidias and Praxiteles of the day, promised to restore.

"*Rowlandson's Views in Oxford and Cambridge*," 1810, deserve notice for the slight and pleasing manner with which he has characterised the architecture of the places mentioned; but it is impossible to surpass the originality of his figures: the dance of students and filles de joy before Christ-church College is highly humorous, and the enraged tutors grin with anger peculiar to this artist's pencil. The Professors in the view of the Observatory at Oxford are made as ugly as baboons, and yet the profundity of knowledge they possess is conspicuous at the first glance; and we should know them to be Masters of Arts without the aid of the back ground. The scene in Emanuel-college Garden, Cambridge, exhibits the Learned in a state of relaxation; several handsome lasses remove apples from a tree, and the indolent curiosity with which they are viewed by these sons of ease is very characteristic. *(See Plate* XXX. *fig.* 5.)

CHAP. VI.

IT is presumed that a sufficient number of subjects have been described in the preceding pages to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself as to many points which form the basis and intention of this work. Had I been so inclined, and had it been probable the publick would have approved of the plan, there are hundreds of Caricatures that deserve and might have received attention, which must remain unnoticed, because the present pages are to be considered as a History of *Caricaturing*, and not of Caricatures. It is now my province to make such observations on the invention, humour, allegory, inferences, or malignity, of the subjects described, as may occur on examination, by which an opinion may be formed as to the degeneracy or improvement of the art at particular times, and of its present state. — I have before observed, it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the Caricaturist first felt himself partially at liberty; I shall therefore commence my remarks from that æra.

"*Batman's Christ covered,*" demonstrates that the germ of this species of satire existed in great perfection inherent amongst our population, which is so contrived as to pay a handsome compliment to the Sovereign by placing her badges as supporting the Saviour free from human intervention, while a portion of her subjects closed him from view with the utensils and articles used in their worship, which are so artfully and whimsically disposed as to produce the resemblance of a hideous head, calculated to confirm the protestant charges of corruption and degeneracy in the Roman Catholick faith.

"*Spain and Rome defeated,*" a production of the time of James I. possesses none of those delicate traits which amuse as well as correct. The artist grossly introduces infernal agency by personifying Lucifer and several of his imps, and associating them with the enemies of his religion; by this means he disseminated his own angry suggestions, and would have made his friends hate them rather than guard against their machinations: the ideas that occur on examining this print are in fact excited on almost every occasion when religion was made the motive

of

of satire. I shall therefore notice all those of this description at once.—"*The Wren's Nest defiled,*" is a ridiculous pun on the name of *Wren,* without a concurring reason for adopting it, as the involuntary act of a bird cannot be assimilated to the voluntary defilement of the human mind. Archbishop Laud, weighed down by the sacred book, supposed to condemn the errors of popery, is a happy allegorical illustration of his situation, as he was charged with an intention to revive those errors. The person who represented the same unhappy Prelate with his chin held to a grindstone, knew nothing of the keen edge of satire, and therefore sent him to undergo a punishment that could only have been inflicted by a savage.

"*Time carrying the Pope,*" conveys nothing offensive to the most fastidious observer. Time, we all know, causes the greatest changes in things and opinions; the Roman Catholick Religion becoming useless in England, through one of those changes, the inventor of the print returns the Pope, the grand representative of that faith, safe and loaded with his attributes and implements to the country, where it originated, borne by the symbol of past ages. The term of Roundhead, as a mark of reproach to a sect, was happily retorted upon the Monks in one of the prints of the "*Interregnum.*" The Puritan is said by his enemies to have shorn his locks in outward proof of the peculiar sanctity of his life and tenets, and that he might more readily accomplish the improper ends of his hypocrisy. The Puritan thus called the shaven crown of the Monk, Roundhead, and insinuates the same motive in the Devotée.

"*The Kingdom's Monster,*" has nothing to recommend it to the enlightened Christian, who views the schisms in Christianity with the deepest regret. The monster with three groupes of heads and four arms, by which massacre, civil war, and incendiary acts, are attributed to a peculiar religion, strongly resembles invective in speech, which is ever more injurious to a cause than well-directed satire is useful. Rome's Monster is also replete with the venom peculiar to religious animosity. We cannot deny that the author of this print possessed a large portion of genius and invention, but it is impossible to discover the least spark of humourous suggestion. The Pope rides upon a beast with dreadful heads, all of which are appropriated to different orders of priesthood; this beast is elevated upon stilts to denote pride, but why a barrel envelopes its body I know not, nor can I imagine how the author could think of blending any idea of religion with the discharge behind; it corresponds, however, with those of a bigot who could think

think of precipitating even an allegorical representation of his opponents into the infernal regions.

" *Carters Nail hit on the Head,*" seems rather the fancy of an eccentric character, than an attempt at allegory or satire: he makes a better use of his Wheel in the former way. — Nelson's " *Janus Bifrons*" introduces the infernal being as advising the Jesuits and Puritans.

The idea of personifying Lent and Shrovetide, and loading them with their respective accompaniments, is one of the first attempts at humour in this branch of the art, which is convincing that had the bad passions of mankind been less indulged, artists might have been found who were capable of seizing upon the ridiculous and weak sides of characters and sects, and of converting them into whimsical and severe reproofs. " *Lent,*" meagre and exhausted by deprivations, surrounded by strings of shell and other fish, threatens to starve the sleek and rotund " *Shrovetide,*" provided with every dainty of the season; Aminidab's declaration has some humour in the lower part of the print, where the singularities of the Friends in their meetings and gesticulations are pourtrayed nearly to the life, but the upper part is disgraced by the monster often before condemned. " *Tartuff's Banquet*" is a still further proof that malignity was not necessary to censure religious error, or even deviations from the dictates of religion in individuals; for here we have contrast, the fat opposed to the lean, a metaphorical magic circle to keep dependents from making free with their superiors' viands; and the contempt in which pride holds indigence is pourtrayed by the insolence of a dog wetting the garments of his master's guests, who starve in the midst of plenty, to shew that a Prelate may trample upon his Rectors or Vicars, or those upon their Curates with impunity.

I have thought it prudent not to dwell upon particular prints which originated from the acts of the Clergy, either as bodies or individuals; but it may be perfectly safe to say that the graphic satirist has arrived to a degree of eager attention, that no event occurs, however reverend the actor, but he immediately sees himself in all the excess of distortion, placed in such situations, and coloured in such glaring tints, as were enough to terrify vice herself. The " *Banging Bishop*" may be cited as an instance: a Prelate who departed from his sacerdotal character so far as to beat a person he disputed with, was exhibited in as many forms as the antient gladiators had attitudes; and a Divine, who was thought to visit the Mount Coffee-house rather too often for repletion, appeared in hideous resemblance,

resemblance, with the words below, " And Moses came down from the Mount, and *his face shone.*" Indeed we find that a gentleman of this profession must be precluded from the enjoyment of the bottle and pipe, the sports of the field, and even good eating, if he would escape the lash of the self-created censor. There never was, perhaps, a more ridiculous distressed figure represented, than the Divine situated between a very excellent dinner and a very beautiful female, who sighs, " Alas! which way shall I turn me?" All these latter prints, it may be observed, refer to facts, and well-known transgressions from the path of propriety; they are therefore allowable, if not quite commendable, and I must do the Caricaturists the justice to add, that I believe very few of their prints are now aimed at doctrines and whole bodies of Christians, and I am pretty well satisfied that a sincere, plain, worthy clergyman, let his sect be what it may, has no reason whatever to dread them.

I shall dismiss the Religious Subjects, and turn to the Political and those which refer to Society and Manners. " *Stultifera Navis*" has wooden cuts of various subjects, and it would be wrong to say none of them offer slight traits of humour, though they are very thinly scattered; this may in some measure be attributed to the author of the work, who confined the artist to the representation of a variety of fools; besides, he had many difficulties to contend with in working upon wood, as curved lines cannot be made correctly, nor any of those touches given which have so happy an effect in etching, then very little practised in England. Most, indeed, of the satirical prints of the Interregnum were of the former description, and I strongly suspect some of the best on copper were engraved in Holland, or by Germans or Dutchmen resident in London. Hollar, we are aware, did some things of this description.

The print of " *Old News newly revived*" was engraved on wood, and with some others I shall mention, strongly resembles those terrific engravings which appear at the fronts of contemptible pamphlets and ballads at present, the productions of miserable authors, fifth rate printers, and bad engravers. We look in vain for a trace of genius, the deputies ghost rises from the ground, and is as large from the head and shoulders as a whole length of a man on the same line, and thus proceeds the design.

The print noticed as having been engraved by Hollar in a very masterly manner, of a nobleman seated in a state of dejection, with the faces of his numerous mistresses pourtrayed on his robe, offers an unfavourable contrast with the English

works of that date, though there is no exertion of genius or fancy in the attitude, or brilliancy in the satire. "*Magna Britannia divisa*" was engraved at Amsterdam by Vanderpill on copper; the idea, however, certainly originated with an Englishman. Still we advance without humour or satire, if we except the calling the primum mobile of the design a procession formed of a groupe of Catholics; besides this, there is nothing more to be discovered than detached sketches of historical facts, something allegorized.

"*The English Irish Soldier*" comes nearer to our present criterion of Caricature; but he is deficient in that peculiarity which should distinguish the man who would rather "bait than fight;" and the whole whim of the piece consists in giving him a coat of culinary armour, and the means to use it.

"*Heads of all Fashions*" is a wooden cut, and the execution is truly wooden. Of all the heads introduced, not one differs from the unmeaning scratches of a school-boy, though the thought is sufficiently brilliant to have produced a gradation of whimsical features to the acmé, the complete puritanical Roundhead, who are well lashed by Mrs. Hutchinson, in the Memoirs of her husband.

"*Mad Fashions*," also in wood, advances no further in irony than informing us, by the power of the graver, that the political and religious state of the country was reversed. The illustrations are silly, because the design is composed of impossibilities; the horse driving the cart; the wheelbarrow the man, &c. &c.

We may rank "*Syon's Calamity*" with "*Britannia Divisa*," without further comment.

"*Charles I. as King of the Dead*" must be called an effusion of malice against a monarch who had ceased to offend his subjects; it could not be satire, as satire is applied to amend the living, but cannot reach the dead; nor is it caricature, for caricature cannot be applied to a skeleton; nor is the design correct in the inference, for there is no distinction in the grave, and there can be but one Lord of the dead. It should be observed here that not one of the subjects I have still to notice is engraved on wood.

As I have already condemned the idea of grinding the chin of Laud, it cannot be supposed the placing of the nose of Charles II. on a grindstone will meet with that approbation which "*The Picture of an English Antick*" deserves. This appears to be a true representation of a very fine gentleman of 1646, without any of that exuberance we should discover in a modern print of the same tendency. Here we have him as he was; at present we caricature away almost all resemblance

blance of man. Nalson's frontispiece to his copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice, &c. is an allegorical print, in which he very properly compares civil war to a fiend drawn in his car by monsters, and driven by Satan; and, with equal sagacity, the three figurative persons of the three kingdoms are chained, while he seizes the crown; and, suspending the scales of Justice *on his own sword*, tramples the goddess under foot. There perhaps never was a better or closer allegory than this. The satirical print on the subject of Elections, though indifferently executed, has more of humour than any of those already noticed; but it is rather in the speeches of the parties, than the whimsicality of their persons, features, or attitudes. The whole tends to insinuate bribery to be the grand engine of success. The humours of a country election approaches nearer to the idea of a Hogarth, in the condescending manœuvres of the candidate, who salutes the vulgar woman, and promises to become godfather to the infant she expects.

The observations which naturally occurred on a review of Hogarth's performances are already familiar to the reader; and as the prints described become far more numerous as we approach our own time, I shall dwell only on those which appear to come nearest to perfection; amongst which we cannot venture to include the engravings aimed at Walpole, who became the target of a host of archers, composed of most inveterate enemies, that spared no species of obloquy capable of being expressed by the art of drawing; thus we find him ripping the bowels of an infant, suffering under the pangs of a cholera morbus, taught dancing by a French Minister, and always as trampling beneath his feet every thing noble, every thing generous, and every thing that a Minister ought to cherish. We cannot even smile on viewing these prints, for their suggestions lead to the scaffold or guillotine, if it had then been in use.

The engravings aimed at the Pretender are nearly of the same description as those against the above-named Minister, and drawn in serious sadness of enmity, with the exception of "*Bella, horrida bella!*" the representation of a civic drunken battle, in which we still search in vain for the truth and skill of Hogarth. "*The noble Game of Bob-Cherry*" is a merry thought, highly illustrative of the difficulty of catching the Ministerial offices of that day; and "*English Credulity,*" in which the silly visitors of the bottle conjurer are led in a string by Folly, with the "*Military Prophet,*" are proofs that Hogarth had not monopolized all the whim and fancy of his countrymen; or that his prints had called into action those latent seeds of talent since fully expanded. Indeed, as I have already observed, the

the last mentioned plate would do him honour as to the sketching of the ludicrous in our population, and certainly exceeds him in the neatness of the engraving. "*The Court Conversation*" is even a better engraving than the "*Military Prophet*" and "*The Interlocutors.*" "*Anser the Goose,*" and "*Reynard the Fox,*" are irresistibly laughable. "*Bung Triumphant*" is exactly the reverse, though produced by the same political event. In this, Admiral Byng is placed at the gallows; and the artist would recommend, by vulgar insinuations, that he deserved, and should receive, brutal insults in his last moments. In the same censure we must include the blood-stained suggestions of "*The Vision.*" The time when Bunbury began to amuse the community with his inoffensive exaggerations next occurring, I must beg leave to refer the reader to my remarks on his works, which though less distinguished by strength and firmness in the drawing than the Caricatures of more modern artists, must always maintain their ground with the judicious, whose approbation will be secured by their unassuming merit; while Rowlandson, Gilwray, and others, command it by an unbounded spirit and fire of genius, which glows in every line of their works.

"*The Flying Machine*" is in the style of the works alluded to, although more than fifty years have elapsed since it was engraved; and it cannot but be considered as singular, that so whimsical and bold an engraving should have appeared amongst the comparatively tame brethren of its day. Lord Bute, who like Walpole underwent every sting that the Caricaturist could inflict, seems to have excited but few ludicrous ideas; that of a Scotchman stuck in a Jack Boot has more drollery in the conception than any other relating to him.

Mr. Bamfylde, an amateur artist like Mr. Bunbury, deserves honourable mention for the humour of his sketches, which are a pleasant contrast to the Wilkes and Liberty caricatures, the result of furious political passions. The "*Bas Relief found at the Opera House*" belongs to the school of Bunbury and Bamfylde, and is equally satirical and laughable.

Lord North, a fellow-sufferer in the cause of the Government with Walpole and Bute, at a later period sustained a torrent of satire, reprehension, abuse, and obloquy. He, too, appears in caricature as every thing that is disgraceful and detestable. With him has been associated the late Mr. Fox; but, in numerous instances, that gentleman forms the hero of each piece. The character of the latter gentleman for easy gaiety of disposition kept his persecutors in good humour, and they laughed while they lashed. "*The Mask*" is a keen satire on the pair; one

half

half stupidity and obstinacy, the other leering and cunning; both strong likenesses of the parties. Whether the above mentioned circumstance produced an improvement in the temper of the graphic censors contemporary with Mr. Fox, or whether the amendment arose from some other cause, I am not competent to decide; but it is a positive fact that a degree of levity, and mirth-exciting fancy, plays in Caricatures for the last twenty-five years, which merely dawned in the days of Hogarth, who forces a smile, when the moderns excite hearty laughter. The plain matter-of-fact man cannot comprehend the extensive powers of those employed almost exclusively in this pursuit. Like the composer in music, whose mind, turned to the art he professes, produces sounds and combinations he knew not, or thought not of, before, the Caricaturist takes his subject, and borne away by his fancy, he nearly creates a new order of beings and things, all of which are subservient to the fact he illustrates: he plays with the features and persons of well-known characters; and, while the object before us seems scarcely human, through exaggeration, we immediately appropriate the distorted portrait. *(See Plate* XXX.) This branch of the art was unknown till about the period I have mentioned; and the facility with which these persons exercise a species of allegory peculiar to themselves is equally original. A Genevese clergyman, who had visited all parts of Europe, and was particularly attached to such productions, once assured me the Caricatures of the Continent seem all forced and unnatural, and entirely destitute of that fire and freedom, and invention, conspicuous in our own.

It has been the practice on remarkable public events occurring, to offer them in Caricatures as speedily as possible; and as there are many artists who subsist on this species of employment, a rivalry exists which requires the utmost promptitude in the parties to secure a sale for their works. He that would ensure success is aware that he is expected to draw with great correctness; which having attained, he flies to his pencil, and thence to etching; and thus he gives a spirit in every touch of the needle that could not be effected were he compelled to proceed with caution. By these means, his labours resemble the first conceptions of the greatest masters, in the rough sketches of their most celebrated performances, and which they invariably degenerate from by endeavouring to amend them.

I shall conclude with giving some instances, selected from the remaining prints described, which are particularly ludicrous, rejecting those altogether that bear any marks of a brutality of disposition in the artist.

"*The Loves of the Fox and Badger.*" Both the suggestion and execution are ironical and excellent; Lord North the badger, Mr. Fox the fox. "*Female Influence*" ranks high in droll expression; and "*The Political Rat-catcher*" is patience and expectation personified. "*The Origin of the Gout*" whimsically insinuates the fiery tortures of that disorder in the application of a coal by a fiend. The "*Political Locust*" is deeply satirical, and shows the consequences of war and taxation at the first glance. "*Billy's Raree-show*" also is replete with humour. The statesman, loud in his boasts of the prosperity of the country, would persuade the personification of the English population his assertion was correct. The stupid vacant stare of Bull, copied in the Miscellaneous Plate, is a comprehensive epitome of the countenance of every bumpkin in the country, particularly if accompanied by the conclusion of his observation, that he could see nothing of the fine prospect; "as sure as a gun, it must be all behind one of those."

"*The Marriage of England and Ireland,*" with Mr. Pitt in the character of the priest, and his "*Invitation to the Irish Members,*" are instances of a rich fund of ideas in the minds of the artists; and the application of the vision of "*The Three Cats*" is severe in the extreme. "*The Devil angling for Lawyers*" equals the preceding print in satire, and is far more ludicrous.

Were I to proceed further, I might exhaust the patience of the reader, who, I think, will agree with me that Caricaturing has reached its full maturity of perfection in this country; surely a land of freedom in Caricatures, as our Patriots, as well as Ministers and other eminent men, can *feelingly* testify.

LIST OF PLATES.

THE END.

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